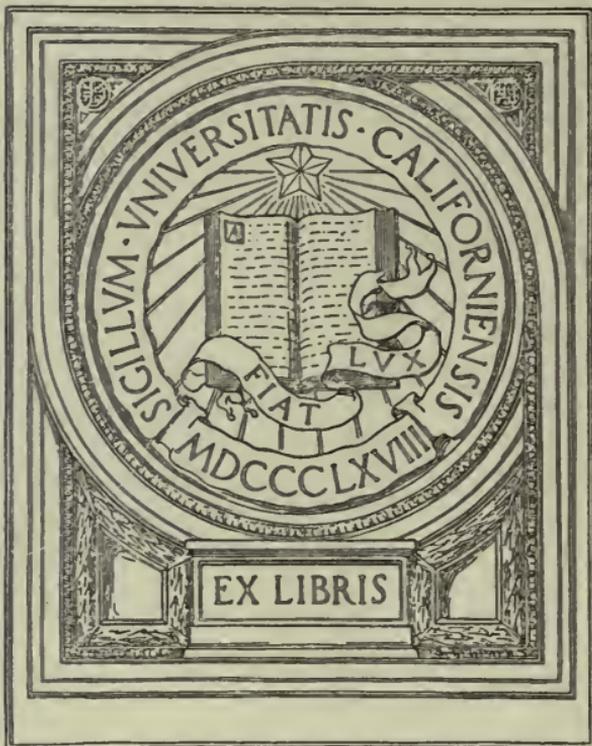


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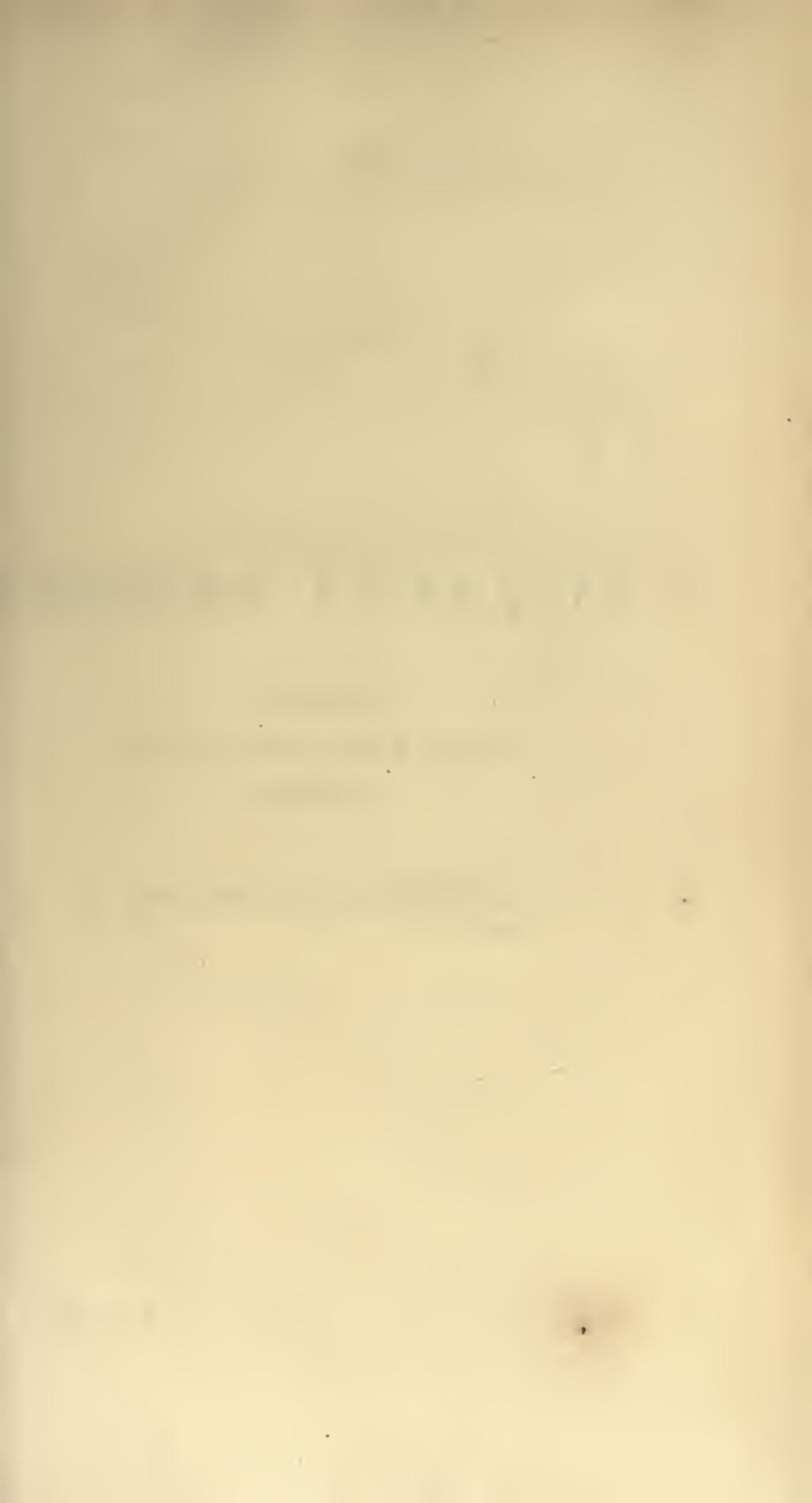


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CENSURA LITERARIA.

VOL. VI. OF THE NEW SERIES.

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VIRGIL.

9 082 6

REVISTA LINGÜÍSTICA

REVISTA LINGÜÍSTICA
VOLUME 10, NUMBER 1
1962

10 1 1962

CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING

TITLES, ABSTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

OF

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,

WITH

ORIGINAL DISQUISITIONS, ARTICLES OF BIOGRAPHY
AND OTHER LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

By SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, K. J.

VOLUME IX.

BEING THE SIXTH OF THE NEW SERIES.

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MEMORANDUM

The following information was obtained from the records of the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management, regarding the land owned by the United States in the State of California. The land is situated in the County of [illegible] and is described as follows: [illegible text describing land parcels, acreage, and location details].

APPENDIX

This appendix contains a list of the names of the persons who have been granted patents for the land described in the foregoing memorandum. The names are listed in alphabetical order and are as follows: [illegible list of names].

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXXIII.

[Being Number XXI. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *Old Madrigals.*

i. *

“ Ev’ry singing bird that in the wood rejoyces;
Come and assist me with your charming voices;
Zephirus come too; and make the leaves and fountains,
Gently to send a whispering sound unto the mountains;
And from thence pleasant Eccho, sweetly replying,
Stay here playing where my Phillis now is lying;
And louely Graces, with wanton satyres come and play;
Dancing and singing, a hornpype or a rundelay.

* “ *Superius. The first sett, of Italian Madrigalls Englished, not to the sense of the originall dittie but after the affection of the Noate. By Thomas Watson, Gentleman. There are also heere inserted two excellent Madrigalls of Master William Byrds, composed after the Italian vaine, at the request of the sayd Thomas Watson. Imprinted at London by Thomas Este, the assigne of William Byrd, and are to be sold at the house of [the sayd T. Este, being in Aldersgate-street, at the signe of the Black Horse, 1590. Cum privilegio Regiæ Maiestatis.*” 4to.” Has two pieces of Latin poetry prefixed, to Luca Maienzio and the Earl of Essex, by Watson. Twenty-eight songs; not in Herbert.

ij •

This sweet and merry month of May,
 While nature wantons in her pryme,
 And birds do sing and beasts do play,
 For pleasure of the ioyfull time,
 I choose the first for holy daie,
 And greet Eliza with a ryme;
 O beauteous Queene of second Troy,
 Take well in worth a simple toy.

iij.

When all alone my bony loue was playing,
 And I saw Phœbus stand at a gaze staying;
 Alas, I fear'd there would be some betraying.

iiij.

How long with vaine complaying;
 How long with dreary teares and joyes refraining;
 Shall we renewe his dying,
 Whose happy soull is flying;
 Not in a place of sadnes,
 But of eternall gladnes; [weeping
 Sweet Sydney† liues in heau'n, O! therefore let our
 Be turn'd to hymns and songs of plesant greeting.

v.

All yee that joy in wayling,
 Come seat your selues a-rowe and weepe beside me;
 That while my life is fayling,
 The world may see in loue whall ill bety'd me;
 And after death doe this in my behoue,
 Tell Cressed Troyilus is dead for loue.

* Byrd, who set the same words for four and six voices, as "two excellent madrigals."

† Sir Philip Sydney died 16th of October 1586.

vj.*

Now is the month of maying,
 When merry lads are playing; Fa la la,
 Each with his bonny lasse,
 Upon the greeny grasse. Fa la la.

The spring clad all in gladnesse
 Doth laugh at winter's sadnesse;
 And to the bagpipes sound,
 The nimphs tread out their ground.

Fye then, why sit wee musing,
 Youth's sweet delight refusing;
 Say daintie Nimphs and speake,
 Shall wee play barly-breake? †

vij.

Sing wee and chaunt it,
 While loue doth grant it; Fa la la.
 Not long youth lasteth,
 And old age hasteth;
 Now is best leysure,
 To take our pleasure. Fa la la.

All things inuite vs,
 Now to delight vs.

* "*Cantvs of Thomas Morley the first booke of ballets to five voyces.*" De-vice, &c. same as Quintvs. Herbert, 1019. Contains twenty-one songs.

† "A game generally played by young people in a corn-yard. One stack is fixed on as the *dule* or goal; and one person is appointed to catch the rest of the company, who run out from the dule. He does not leave it till they are all out of his sight. Then he sets off to catch them. Any one, who is taken, cannot run out again with his former associates; being accounted a prisoner; but is obliged to assist his captor in pursuing the rest. When all are taken, the game is finished; and he who was first taken is bound to act as catcher in the next game."—*Jamieson's Etymological Dictionary of Scottish Language*, 1808.

Hence care be packing,
 No mirth bee lacking;
 Let spare no treasure
 To live in pleasure.

vii.

You that wont to my pipes sound,
 Daintily to tread the ground,
 Jolly shepherds and nymphs sweet! Lirum lirum.
 Here met together
 Vnder the weather, [Lirum lirum.
 Hand in hand uniting, the lovely god come greet.
 Lo triumphing brave comes hee
 All in pomp and majesty,
 Monarch of the world and king;
 Let who so list him,
 Dare to resist him,
 We, our voice uniting, of his high acts will sing.

viii.

About the May-pole new with glee and merriment,
 While as the bag pipe tooted it,
 Thirsis and Cloe fine together footed it; Fa la la.
 And to the wanton instrument,
 Still they went too and fro, and finely flaunted it,
 And then both met again, and thus they chaunted it;
 Fa la la.

The shepherds and nimphs them round enclosed had,
 Wond'ring with what facility
 About they turn'd them in such strange agility;
 And still when they unlosed had,
 With words full of delight they gently kissed them,
 And thus sweetly to sing they never missed them.

x.*

Fly if thou be flying,
 Foe to my heart most wrathfull,
 Which more and more grows faithfull;
 Desire pursues the crying,
 To tell thee of his torment and of my dying;
 But if my heart's desire be not with grief confounded,
 I hope by love to see thee caught or wounded.

xj.

Brown is my love, but graceful! and each renowned whiteness
 Matcht with thy lovely brown, looseth his brightness.
 Fair is my love, but scornfull! yet have I seen despised
 Dainty white lillies, and sad flowers well prised.

xij.

The wine that I so dearly got,
 Sweetly sipping, mine eyes hath bleared;
 And the more I am bar'd the pot,
 The more to drink my thirst is steered;
 But since thereby my heart is cheered,
 Maugre ill luck and spiteful slanders,
 Mine eyes shall not be my commanders,
 For I maintain, and ever shall,
 Better the windows bide the dangers,
 Then to spoil both the house and all.

xij.

So saith my fair and beautiful Licoris, when now and then
 she talketh
 With me of love; love is a sprite that walketh,

* “*Musica Transalpina, Cantus. The seconde booke of Madrigalles, to
 5 & 6 voices: translated out of sundrie Italian authors, & newly pub-
 lished by Nicolas Yonge. At London, printed by Thomas Este, 1597, 4to.*
 Dedicated “to the right worshipfull and true louer of musicke, Syr Henry
 Lennard, Knight.” Contains twenty-four songs. Only the first book
 noticed by Herbert, 1017.

That soars and flies, and none alive can hold him,
 Nor touch him, nor behold him;
 Yet when her eyes she turneth,
 I spy where he sojourneth;
 In her eyes, there he flies;
 But none can touch him,
 Till on her lips he couch him;
 But none can catch him,
 Till from her lips he fetch him.

xiiiij.*

Ay mee, can every rumour
 Thus start my lady's humour?
 Name ye some gallant too her,
 Why straight forsooth I woo her;
 Then bursts she forth in passion,
 You men love but for fashion;
 Yet, sure I am that no man
 Eyer so loved woman:
 Yet, alas, love be wary,
 For women be contrary!

xx.

Dear pity how, ah how, would'st thou become her?
 That best becometh, beauty best attiring!
 Shall my desert deserve no favour from her?
 But still to waste myself in deep admiring,
 Like him that calls to Eccho to relieve him;
 Still tells and hears the tale, O tale! that grieves him!

xxj.

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
 When clad in damaske mantells deck the arbours,
 And then behold your lips, where sweet lone harbours,
 My eies presents me with a double doubting;

* "*Cantus, the first set of English Madrigals to 3, 4, 5, and 6 voices. Newly composed by Iohn Wilbye at London, printed by Thomas Este, 1598.*" 4to. contains thirty songs. "Tenor" the same.

For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes,
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.

xvij.

I soung sometimes my thoughts and fancies pleasure,
Where then I list, or time seru'd best, and leasure;
While Daphne did inuite me,
To supper once and drank to mee to spite mee;
I smil'd yet still did doubt her,
And drank where she had drank before to flout her.
But, O! while I did eye her,
Mine eyes drank love, my lips drank burning fire.

xviij.*

So light is loue in matchles beautie shining,
When she reuisits Cypris hallowed bowers;
Two feeble doues, harness in silken twining,
Can draw her chariot midst the Paphian flowers;
Lightnesse to lone, how ill it fittith?
So heauy on my heart she sitteth.

xviij.

There is a iewell which no Indian mines can buy,
No chymick art can counterfait;
It makes men rich in greatest pouertie;
Makes water wine, turnes wooden cups to gold;
The homely whistle to sweet musick's strain;
Seldome it comes, to few from heauen sent,
That much in little, all in naught, Content.

* "Cantus. The second set of Madrigales to 3, 4, 5, and 6 parts, apt both for Veyals and Veyces. Newly composed by Iohn Willye, 1609. London, printed by Tho. Es'te, alias Snodham, for Iohn Browne, and are to be sould at his shop in S. Dunstones Churchyard in Fleetstreet." 4to. Dedicated "to the most noble and vertuous Lady the Lady Arbella Stuart," contains thirty-four songs.

xx.

Change me, O heauens! into the ruby stone,
 That on my loue's fair locks doth hang in gold;
 Yet leaue me speech to her to make my moane,
 And giue me eies her beauties to behold.
 Or if thou wilt not make my flesh a stone,
 Make her hard heart seem flesh that now seems none.

xxi.

Loue not me for comely grace,
 For my pleasing eye or face;
 Nor for any outward part,
 No nor for my constant heart;
 For those may faile or turne to ill,
 So thou and I shall seuer;
 Keepe therefore, a true woman's eye,
 And loue me still, but know not why,
 So hast thou the same reason still,
 To dote vpon me euer.

xxij.

Happy, oh happy he, who not affecting
 The endlesse toyles attending worldly cares,
 With mind repos'd, all discontentes reiecting,
 In silent peace his way to heauen prepares;
 Deeming this life a scene, this world a stage,
 Whereon man acts his weary pilgrimage.

xxiiij.*

With angel's face and brightnesse, [tripped,
 And orient hew faire Oriana shining, with nimble foote she
 O're hills and mountaines, at last in dale she rested;
 This

* " *Cantus. Madrigales. The triumphes of Oriana, to 5 and 6 voices: composed by diuers seuerall aucthors. Newly published by Thomas Morley, Batcheler of Musick, and one of the gentlemen of hir Maiesties honorable Chappell, 1601. In London printed by Thomas Este, the assigne of Thomas Morley. Cum &c.*" 4to. Dedicated "to the Right Honorable the

This is that maiden Queene of the Fayrie land,
 With scepter in hir hand! [lightnes ;
 The faunes and satiers dauncing, did shew their nimble
 Faire Nais and the nimphs did leaue their bowers,
 And brought their baskets full of hearbs and flowers.
 Then sang the sheperds and nimphs of Diana,
 Long liue, long liue faire Oriana!

xxiiij.

The nimphs and shepheards daunced,
 Lauoltos in a dazy tapstrid vally;
 Loue from their face lamps glaunced,
 Till wantonly they dally;
 Then in a rose bankt ally,
 Bright maiestie aduanced.
 A crown grac't virgin whom all people honor,
 They leaue their sport amazed;
 Runne all to looke vpon hir;
 A moment scarce they gazed,
 Ere beauties splendor all their eies had dazed,
 Desire to see yet euer fixed on hir.
 Then sang the shepherds and nimphs of Diana,
 Long liue faire Oriana.

xxv. *

Now eu'rie tree renewes his sommers greene,
 Why is your hart in winter's garment clad?
 Your beautie saies, my loue is sommers queene,
 But your cold loue, like winter makes mee sad;

Then

Lord Charles Howard, Earle of Notingham, Baron of Effingham—" Contains twenty-five songs, the composition of twenty-four several musicians, to commemorate the beauty and virginity of Oriana, *als.* Queen Elizabeth, in the sixty-eighth year of her age.

* "*Cantus piuno. Madrigals to 3, 4, 5, & 6 voyces. Made & newly published by Thomas Weelkes at London, printed by Thomas Este, 1597.*"

Then either spring with buds of loue againe,
Or else congeale my thoughts with your disdain.

xxvj.

Ovr cuntry swains, in the morris daunce,
Thus woo'd and win their brides;
Will, for our towne, the hobby horse*
At pleasure frolike rides;
I wooe with teares and ne're the neere,
I dye in grieve and liue in feare.

xxvij.

Lady your spotles feature,
Noteth a heauenly creature;
And heauenly things, by course of kind,
Both liue and loue desire to find.

410. The dedication to "Master George Phillpot, Esquire," where Weelkes presents "these six dishes full of diuers Madrigalls, the first fruiets of my barren ground." Contains twenty-four songs.

* The morris dance upon all occasions appears to have been formed for a representation of several distinct characters, and it is probable that when set on foot by a village some of those characters were dispensed with. The idea preserved in this line of the hobby-horse being attached to a town seems also supported by the passage in Samson's play of the *Vowbreaker*, 1636. "Let the major play the hobby-horse among his brethren and he will; I hope our *towne-lads* cannot want a hobby-horse, &c." See Illustrations of Shakspeare, by Mr. Douce, V. II. 468.

In the Qvaternio of Tho. Nash *Philopolitem*, whose work is a store-house of translation from various languages, occurs a notice of the morice dance. Theologus the divine describes himself as first studying Camden's *Brittannia* to become acquainted with the most famous cities, towns, and villages of his own country; and after visiting them, proceeds, "I tooke my flight at last over the seas into Fraunce, where, I must confesse, I was a little daunted and disanimated at my first arrivall, when I saw others make themselves merry with discourse, and I stood by like the picture of Erasmus in Roterodame, or of Gresham in the Exchange, staring vpon them, not able to answere a word, and one while I did envie the ages of our forefathers, to see them so wittie, as to be able in Moris-daunce *with their feete and fingers*, to expresse *whole Histories*, and I not able, with all my art, without a greate deale of difficultie, to make myself to be vnderstood." Further notice of this work in notes, p. 24.

xxviij. Retire

xxviii.

Retire my thoughts vnto your rest againe,
 Your proffred seruice may incur disdain;e;
 The dice is cast, and if the gamsters please,
 I'll take my chance, and rest myself at ease.

xxx.

Those spots vpon my ladyes face apering,
 The one of black, the other bright carnation;
 Are like the mulberries in dainty gardens growing,
 Where growes delight and pleasure of each facion;
 They grow so high, and warily kept from mee,
 Which makes mee sing, aye me, 'twill neuer bee!

xxxi.*

To shorten winter's sadnesse,
 See where the nimphs with gladnesse, Fa la la.
 Disguised all are comming,
 Right wantonly a mumming. Fa la la.

xxxij.

Whilst youthfull sports are lasting,
 To feasting turn our fasting; Fa la la.
 With reuels and with wassals,
 Make grief and care our vassals; Fa la la.

For youth it well beseemeth,
 That pleasure he esteemeth;
 And sullen age is hated,
 That mirth would haue abated.

* "*Cantos. Ballets and Madrigals to five voyces, with one to 6 voyces; newly published by Thomas Weelkes, at London, printed by Thomas Este, 1598.*" 4to. Dedicated "to the Right Worshipful his Maister Edward Darcy, Esquier, Groome of hir Maiestie's Priuie Chamber." Contains twenty-four songs. "Tenor" of same pieces "*In London, printed by Thomas Este, the assigne of William Barley, 1608.*"

xxxij.

Sing shepherds after mee,
 Our hearts do neuer disagree; Fa la la.
 No war can spoile vs of our store,
 Our welth is ease, we wish no more;
 Black are our lookes, we goe not braue,
 A merry heart is all we haue.

xxxiiij.

I loue, and haue my loue regarded,
 And sport with sport as well rewarded, Fa la la:
 Which makes me laugh when others weep,
 And play with loue when others sleep. Fa la la.

xxxv.*

Cold winter's ice is fled and gone,
 And sommer brages on eu'ry tree;
 The red-breast peepes amidst the throng,
 Of wood-borne birds that wanton bee;
 Each one forgets what they haue beene,
 And so doth Phillis, sommer's queene!

xxxvj. (*First part.*)

Why are you ladies staying,
 And your lords gone a Maying;
 Runne apace and meete them,
 And with your garlands greeete them;
 'Twere pittie they should misse you,
 For they will sweetly kisse you!

* "*Canto. Madrigals of 5, and 6 parts, apt for the viols and voices. Made and newly published by Thomas Wielkes of the Coledge at Winchester, Organist. At London printed by Thomas Este, the assigne of Thomas Morley. 1600. 4s. Dedicated "to the truly noble, vertuous, and honorable, my very good Lord Henry Lord Winsor, Baron of Bradenham."* Contains ten songs.

(*Second*)

(Second part.)

Harke, harke, I heare [the dauncing]
 And a nimble morris prauncing;
 The bagpipe and the morris bells,
 That they are not farre hence vs tells;
 Come let vs all goe thether,
 And daunce like friends together.*

xxxvij.

Lady the birds right fairely,
 Are singing euer earely;
 The larke, the thrush, the nightingale,
 The make sport cuckow, and the quaile;
 These sing of loue, then why sleepe yee?
 To loue your sleepe it may not be!

 xxxviii.† *(First part.)*

Thule, the period of cosmographie
 Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphurous fire
 Doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the skie,
 Trinacrian Ætna's flames ascend not hier;

These

* The bagpipe must be considered as only provincially attached to the Morice-dance. Of its musical estimation in the time of the author there is proof in Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*, where the servant, announcing the arrival of Autolycus, says, "If you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you."—The above lines are too modern to appear like an authority, or "the daunce like friends together" might supply an idea of the undescribed characters which appear in Mr. Tollett's window, and also in the Flemish print given by Mr. Douce.—Upon this subject I shall take the liberty of noticing a slight recollection, (but which I consider may be depended on,) of having heard at a juvenile period, when such trifles make lasting impressions, an old maudlin ditty, containing in one part the following words;

"I am a Morice-dancer,
 And have a tongue within my teeth
 To give the folks an answer."

† "*Caro, Madrigal's of six parts, apt*" &c. (ut sup.) Conclusion of the last,

These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with loue doth fry.

(*Second Part.*)

The Andelusian merchant that returns,
Laden with Cutchinele and china dishes;
Reports in Spaine how strangely Fogo burnes,
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes;
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with loue doth fry.

xxxviiiij.

A sparrow hauke proud did hold in wicked iayle,
Musicke's sweet chorister the nightingale,
To whom with sighes she said, oh set me free,
And in my song, I'll praise no bird but thee;
The hauke replide, I will not loose my dyet,
To let a thousand such enjoy their quiet.

xl.

Mars in a furie gainst loue's brightest queene,
Put on his hearme and toke him to his launce;
And marching to the mount this warrior was seene,
And there his ensignes did the god aduance;
And by heauen's greatest gates, hee, stoutly swore,
Venus should dye, for shee had wrong'd him sore."

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. II. *Admirable Events selected out of Foure
Bookes; VVritten in French by the Right Reverend
Iohn Peter Camus Bishop of Belley; together with*

last, dedicated "to the right noble minded, and most vertuous gentleman,
Maister George Brooke, Esquier." Contains ten songs. Neither of Weelkes's
publications are noticed by Herbert.

morall

morall Relations written by the same Author, and translated into English by S. Du Verger. London: Printed by Thomas Harper for William Brooks, and are to be sold at his shop in Holborn, in Turnstile Lane. 1639. 4to. pp. 357. Both parts.

In the Dedication “to the most excellent Maiesty of Henrietta Maria, Queene of Great Britain,” the translator says “In point of subject, since nothing from mine own conceptions was fit to adventure upon so high a theater, I assign my part to the onely choise and conveyance of an authour, with language intelligible to the English shore, who in the variety and multitude of his writings, both theologicall, morall, and historicall, hath as with a christall streame watered a continent of the greatest extent in Europe.—Give leave then, most gracious Princesse, where I began, there to determine my thrice humble dedication, with homage and binding oblation of these first fruits of my small industry.—The humblest and lowest of all your Majestie’s most devoted servants, S. Du Verger.”

A cancelled leaf in my copy contains a portion of an address from “the translator to the reader,” which precedes “the author’s epistle.” There is a second part, or division, in the volume, with the following title:

“Certain Moral Relations selected out of the two Books written therof in French, by the Right Reverend Father John Peter Camous, Bishop of Belley, Anno Domini 1628. Faithfully translated into English. London (ut sup.)

This continuance has a short advertisement from the author, and a second of “the translator to the reader.”

reader." By the initials subjoined it appears that the continuation was translated by another hand. After noticing, to avoid reiteration, the original preface is omitted, as "not pleasant to the reader. I have" (says the writer) "only given you a little taste of the latter part; the reason chiefly is, that because I ioyned these singular Events and Morrall Relations in one volume, you have an epistle at the beginning which at large informes you of his intents, reasons, and motives, which I think may suffice; my intents and wishes shall ever equall, and accompany the authours, in these his worthy and my poore labours, farewell.
T. B."

The first book contains twelve stories or events, and the continuance seventeen relations. The following is from part the first, and is the induction story to Shakespeare's *Taming the Shrew*. It is evidently taken from Heuterus, but remains to be added to the list given by the annotators.

"The Waking Man's Dreame. The fifth event.

"The Greek proverbe saith that a man is but the dreame of a shaddow, or the shaddow of a dreame; is there any thing more vaine then a shadow? which is nothing in itselfe, being but a privation of light framed by the opposition of a thicke body unto a luminous: is there any thing more frivolous then a dreame? which hath no subsistence but in the hollownesse of a sleeping braine, and which to speake properly is nothing but a meere gathering together of chimericall images: and this is it which makes an ancient say that we are but dust and shadow; our life is compared unto those, who sleeping dreame that they eate, and waking find

find themselves empty and hungry? and who is he that doth not find this experimented in himselfe; as often as he revolves in his memory the time which is past: who can in these passages of this world distinguish the things which have beene done, from those that have beene dreamed? vanities, delights, riches, pleasure, and all are past and gone, are they not dreames? what hath our pride and pompe availed us? say those poore miserable soules shut up in the infernall prisons, where is our bravery become, and the glorious shew of our magnificence? all these things are passed like a flying shadow, or as a post who hastens to his journey's end. This is it, which caused the ancient comicke poet to say that the world was nothing but an universall comedy, because all the passages thereof serves but to make the wisest laugh, and, according to the opinion of Democritus, all that is acted on this great theater of the whole world, when it is ended differs in nothing from what hath been acted on a player's stage. The mirrour which I will heere set before your eyes will so lively expresse all these verities, and so truly shew the vanities of the greatnesse and opulencies of the earth; that although in these events I gather not either examples not farre distant from our times, or that have been published by any other writer, yet I beleve that the serious pleasantnesse of this one will supply its want of novelty, and that its repetition will neither bee unfruitfull nor unpleasing.

“ In the time that Phillip Duke of Burgandy (who by the gentlenesse and curteousnesse of his carriage purchaste the name of good) guided the reines of the country of Flanders; this Prince, who was of an

humour pleasing, and full of judicious goodness, rather then silly simplicity, used pastimes which, for their singularity, are commonly called the pleasures of Princes: after this manner he no lesse shewed the quaintnesse of his wit then his prudence.

“ Being in Bruxelles with all his court, and having at his table discoursed amply enough of the vanities and greatnesse of this world, he let each one say his pleasure on this subject, whereon was alleadged grave sentences, and rare examples; walking towards the evening in the towne, his head full of divers thoughts, he found a tradesman lying in a corner sleeping very soundly, the fumes of Bacchus having surcharged his braine. I describe this man’s drunkennesse in as good manner as I can to the credit of the party. This vice is so common in both the superiour and inferiour [in] Germany, that divers making glory, and vaunting of their dexterity in this art, encrease their praise thereby, and hold it for a brave act. The good Duke, to give his followers an example of the vanity of all the magnificence with which he was invironed, devised a meanes farre lesse dangerous then that which Dionysius the tyrant used towards Democles, and which in pleasantnesse beares a marveilous utility. He caused his men to carry away this sleeper, with whom as with a blocke they might doe what they would, without awaking him; he caused them to carry him into one of the sumptuosest parts of his pallace, into a chamber most state-like furnished, and makes them lay him in a rich bed. They presently strip him of his bad cloathes, and put him on a very fine and cleane shirt in stead of his own, which was foule and filthy; they let him sleepe in that place at his ease, and whilest hee
settles

settles his drinke, the Duke prepares the pleasantest pastime that can be imagined.

“ In the morning this drunkard being awake, drawes the curtaines of this brave rich bed, sees himselfe in a chamber adorned like a paradise, he considers the rich furniture with an amazement such as you may imagine, he beleeves not his eyes but layes his fingers on them, and feeling them open, yet perswades himselfe they are shut by sleep, and that all that he sees is but a pure dreame.

“ As soone as he was knowne to be awake, in comes the officers of the Duke’s house, who were instructed by the Duke what they should do: there were pages bravely apparelled, gentlemen of the chamber, gentlemen waiters, and the high chamberlaine, who all in faire order, and without laughing, bring cloathing for this new guest; they honour him with the same great reverences as if hee were a soveraigne prince; they serve him bare-headed, and aske him what suite hee will please to weare that day.

“ This fellow affrighted at the first, beleeving these things to be enchantments or dreames, reclaimed by these submissions, tooke heart, and grew bold, and setting a good face on the matter, chused amongst all the apparell that they presented unto him, that which he liked best, and which hee thought to be fittest for him; he is accommodated like a king, and served with such cceremonies as he had never scene before, and yet beheld them without saying any thing, and with an assured countenance. This done the greatest nobleman in the Duke’s court enters the chamber with the same reverence and honour to him as if he had beene their soveraigne Prince; (Philip with princely delight beholds

this play from a private place) divers of purpose petitioning him for pardons, which he grants with such a countenance and gravity as if he had had a crowne on his head all his life time.

“Being risen late and dinner time approaching, they asked him if he were pleased to have the tables covered; he likes that very well: the table is furnished, where he is set alone, and under a rich canopie he eates with the same ceremony which was observed at the Duke’s meales; he made good cheere, and chawed with all his teeth, but only drank with more moderation then he could have wisht, but the majesty which he represented made him refraine.

“All taken away, he was entertained with new and pleasant things, they led him to walke about the great chambers, galleries and gardens of the pallace, (for all this merriment was played within the gates, they being shut only for recreation to the Duke, and the principall of his court;) they shewed him all the richest and most pleasantest things therein, and talked to him thereof, as if they had all beene his, which he heard with an attention and contentment beyond measure, not saying one word of his base condition, or declaring that they tooke him for another. They made him passe the afternoone in all kind of sports, musicke, dancing; and a comedy spent some part of the time. They talked to him of some state matters, whereunto he answered according to his skill, and like a right twelfth-tide king.

“Super time approaching, they aske this new created Prince if he would please to have the lords and ladies of his court to sup and feast with him, whereat he seemed something unwilling, as if hee would not abase his

his

his dignity unto such familiarity; neverthelesse counterfeiting humanity, and affability he made signes that he condescended thereunto: he then towards night was led with sound of trumpets and hoboyes into a faire hall, where long tables were set, which were presently covered with divers sorts of dainty meates; the torches shined there in every corner and made a day in the midst of a night; the gentlemen and gentlewomen were set in fine order, and the Prince at the upper end in a higher seat: the service was magnificent; the musicke of voyces and instruments fed the eare, whilst mouthes found their food in the dishes; never was the imaginary Duke at such a feast: carouses begin after the manner of the country; the Prince is assaulted on all sides, as the owle is assaulted by all the birdes when he begins to soare: not to seeme uncivill, he would doe the like to his good and faithfull subjects; they serve him with very strong wine, good Hipocras, which hee swallowed downe in great draughts, and frequently redoubled so, that charged with so many extraordinaries, he yeilded to death's cousin german sleep, which closed his eyes, stopt his eares, and made him loose the use of reason, and all his other sences.

“Then the right Duke, who had put himselfe among the throng of his officers, to have the pleasure of this mummery, commanding that this sleeping man should bee stript out of his brave cloathes, and cloathed againe in his old ragges, and so sleeping carried and layd in the same place where he was taken vp the night before; this was presently done, and there did he snort all the night long, not taking any hurt either by the hardnesse of the stones, or the night ayre, so well was his stomacke filled with good preservatives.

“ Being awakened in the morning by some passenger, or it may be by some that the good Duke Philip had thereto appointed, ha, said he, my friends, what have you done? you have rob’d mee of a kingdome, and have taken mee out of the sweetest and happiest dreame that ever man could have fallen into: then very well remembring all the particulars of what had passed the day before, hee related unto them from point to point all that had happened unto him, still thinking it assuredly to be a dreame. Being returned home to his house, hee entertaines his wife, neighbours and friends, with this his dreame, as hee thought, the truth whereof being at last published by the mouthes of those courtiers who had beene present at this pleasant recreation, the good man could not beleere it, thinking that for sport they had framed this history upon his dreame: but when Duke Philip who would have the full contentment of this pleasant tricke had shewed him the bed wherein hee lay, the cloathes which he had worne, the persons who had served him, the hall wherein he had eaten, the gardens and galleries wherein hee had walked, hardly could hee be induced to beleere what he saw, imagining that all this was mere enchantment and illusion.

“ The Duke used some liberality towards him for to helpe him in the poverty of his family, and taking an occasion thereon to make an oration unto his courtiers concerning the vanity of this world’s honours, hee told them that all that ambitious persons seeke with so much industry is but smoake and a meere dreame, and that they are strucken with that pleasant folly of the Athenian who imagined all the riches that arrived by shipping in the haven of Athens to be his, and that all

all the marchants were but his factors: his friends getting him cured by a skilfull physitian of the debility of his brain, in lieu of giving them thanks for this good office he reviled them, saying, that wheras he was rich in conceit, they had by this cure made him poore and miserable in effect.

“ Harpaste, a foole that Senecae’s wife kept, and whose pleasant imagination this grave phylosopher doth largely relate, being growne blind could not perswade her selfe that she was so, but continually complained that the house wherein she dwelt was dark, that they would not open the windowes, and that they hindred her from setting light, to make her beleeve she could see nothing; hereupon this great stoick makes this fine consideration that every vitious man is like unto this foole, who, although he be blind in his passion, yet thinks not himselfe to be so, casting all his defect on false surmises, whereby he seeks not only to have his sinne worthy of excuse and pardon, but even of praise; the same say the covctous, ambitious, and voluptuous persons in defence of their imperfections, but, in fine, (as the Psalmist saith) all that must passe away, and the images thereof come to nothing, as the dreame of him that awaketh from sleepe.

“ If a bucket of water be as truly water as all the sea, the difference only remaining in the quantity not in the quality, why shall we not say that our poore Brabander was a soveraigne prince for the space of foure and twenty houres: being that he received all the honours and commodities thereof, how many kings and popes have not lasted longer, but have dyed on the very day of their elections or coronations? As for those other pompes, which have lasted longer, what are they

else but longer dreames? This vanity of worldly things is a great sting to a well composed soule, to helpe it forward towards the heavenly kingdome.”

To conclude this article, may be added another short relation of a similar circumstance, as quoted, without authority, in a marginal note by an author, who enriched his work with a crowd of references to earlier productions. “Pyrrhus, seeing a man dead-drunke in the streete, being willing to sport himselfe, caused him to be brought to his pallace, and there to be lodged, clothed, feasted, and attended like a prince; who, waking, over-joyed with so suddaine an alteration, drunke himselfe as he was before, who then caused him to be stript and put into his rags againe, and to be brought where he was first found.”*

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART.

* See p. 72 of *Quaternio, or a Fourefold Way to a happie life, set forth in a Dialogue betweene a Countryman and a Citizen, a Divine and a Lawyer. Per Tho. Nash Philopolitem.* 1633. Another edition, 1639. An attempt was lately made at an auction to raise an opinion that this curious and elaborate performance proceeded from the pen of Thomas Nash, the author of *Pierce Penniless*, and other tracts; but that writer died before 1606, and the address to the reader, prefixed to the *Quaternio*, is dated “from the Inner Temple, the 14th of May, 1632,” to which may be added the following notice at p. 195. “See the picture of this man, [an usurer] lively set forth by Nash, in his booke entituled *Christ's Teares over Ierusalem*, in which I finde that verified of him, in the returne from Pernassus;

“His style was wittie, though he had some gall;

Something he might haue mended, so may all:

Yet this I say, that for a mother-wit,

Few men haue ever seene the like of it.”

This coincidence of names might occasion the singular anachronism* in a modern

* The mistake was probably copied from *Cibber's Lives of the Poets*, I. 347, 348. In that book Nash the poet is placed in the reign of Charles I. and the above *Quaternio* ascribed to him. *Editor.*

ART. III. *The office and ducie of an husband, made by the excellēt philosopher Lodouicus Viues, and translated into Englyshe by Thomas Paynell. Imprinted at London, in Pouls Churcheyarde, by John Cawood, Prynter vnto the Quenes Hyghnes. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum. n. d. eights: to Sig. D d.*

Thomas Paynell, the translator, descended from an ancient family in Lincolnshire. He was very early made a canon regular of Merton Priory in Surrey, and from the interest that place had, according to Wood,* in the college of St. Mary the Virgin, situated in the parish of St. Michael and St. Peter in the Baylie, he was sent there to conclude his education. He afterwards became prior of a monastery of canon regulars, near London, and there is sufficient authority to suppose he for some time held the living of Cotyngham, near Hull and Beverley, in Yorkshire, and died March 22, 1563.

By the Epistle addressed “to the Ryghte Worshipfull Syr Antony Browne, Knyght, Thomas Paynell whyssheth helth and prosperitee.”—“What thing (says the translator) should a man loue or intreate more amiably or more swetely then his owne wyfe, that is to saye, his owne fleshe and bloude; the whiche no man (except he be very brutishe and beastly) can

modern publication, which states Thomas Nash to have been born “at Leostoffe, in Suffolk, in the reign of Charles the First,” and in a subsequent page that “Nash died about the year 1600, and at the early age of forty-two.” *Anecdotes of Literature*, Vol. I. Art. Nash.

• Ath. Oxon. Vol. I. Col. 144.

or ought to mislyke, hate, or in any maner of wise abhorre. But yet how these poore silye wemen are handled, and of theyr owne husbandes misordered, contemned, abhorred, yea, and oftentimes without cause reiected, I reporte me vnto the gentle reader of this booke: the whiche yf he haue anye sparcke of wytt or reason, shall easely conceane this thyng to be true, and the vndiscrete electiō and choise of the wife to be the onely and originall sprynge and occasion thereof; for in thys our time, a time (I saye) mooste lamentable, menne choose not their wiues for their honestie and vertue, but for their intisinge beautie; not for their ciuile and womanly maners, but for their possessions and ryches: not to procreate and brynge forth children to the prayse and lawde of God, but for carnall lust and pleasure: not to be well and vertuously occupied at home, but ydely and wantonly to spend the tyme abroad: not to be godly but wor[I]dlye: not to be humble and meke, but to be prowde and hawte; not to regard theyr husbande's honestie, houshold and profyte, but theyr owne lustes and solace. Wherein is the cause then of theyre wrangelynge and gerre, but onelye in the vndiscrete election and choise of theyre wyues, and because they doo not when they haue them informe them godly, and vertuouslye instructe them; for of whome shulde they be instructed and taughte but of theyr owne husbands?—Counsell wyth Mayster Viues howe to choose a wyfe, and choose her that feareth God and wyll be obedient and reformable, and suche a one, as shall geue no occasion of breache or of diuorcement, the whiche (O Lorde) is nothyng in these oure dayes regarded; for why, to haue many wiues at once, or to refuse her by som cautell or false interpretation

of

of God's moste holy worde, that myslyketh, is at this present but (as men call it) a shifte of descante. O heauen! O earthe!—"

The work is divided into several parts, or chapters, upon "the office and duetie of an husbande; election and choise of a wyfe; accesse and goynge vnto mariage; discipline and instruction of women; of the house; exterior and outward thinges; apparell and rayment; husbandes absence; reprehention and castigation; proceding and going forwardes in matrimony; what vtilities and profites the mutuall love of those whyche are marryed doeth brynge; of those that haue children; and of her that is in age."

By the following anecdote it appears that Vives was not very accurately acquainted with English history. "In Englande King Henry y^e. Second was driuen out of his realme by hys sonne, for after y^t. he had bene longe in love with Philippe's the Frenche Kinge's sister, and that she was sente into England, & married vnto him, his father being in loue with his fayre doughter in lawe, hys sonne making warre in Scotland, defloured her. The yong woman at the firste comynge home of her husband, opened vnto him what had chaunced, and being moued therewith, draue out his father, & occupied the kingdome."*

A panegyric

* The amorous disposition of Henry the Second is universally acknowledged, but the other circumstances related are not founded in fact. Sir John Trevisa,* who translated Higden's Polychronicon, has given the story in the following

* Sir John Trevisa was born at Caradoc in the county of Cornwall. At the time of making the translation, he was vicar of Barkley, co. Gloucester; canon of the collegiate church of Westbury, co. Wilts, and chaplain to Thomas Lord Barkley. He died about 1400. He was entitled to notice in the

A panegyric upon women possessing strength and constancy of mind concludes with a description of the noble superiority that attended the royal patroness of Vives.

“ Christ wold not that euen in our time we should be without an exãple, the whiche shulde flowe & descend vnto our posteritie, left and exhibited vnto vs by Catharine y^e. Spaniard, Queene of Englande, and wyfe vnto Kynge Henrye the Eyghte of moost famouse memorye, of whome that maye be more truly spoken of, then that, that Valerius wryteth of Lucrece, that there was in her feminine bodye a man’s hearte by the error and faute of nature. I am ashamed of myselfe, and of al those that haue redde so manye thynges, when I behold that woman so strōgly to support & suffer so manye and diuers aduersities, that there is not one (although he were wel worthy to be remembred & spoken of among our elders), that with suche constancy of

following manner. “ Also he [the king] had taken somtyme the kepyng of the kynges doughter [sister] of Fraunce, for he sholde marye her to his son Richarde of Peytow, but after the dethe of Rosamonde he laye by this mayde. Therefore his sone Rycharde refused the maryage; therefore the kyng cast to wedde this pucell, and therefore he prayed Huguncio the Cardynall for to come & make deuours bytwene hym and Elyanor the quene. For he hoped so for to haue y^e. more helpe & fauour of Frēsshe men to dysheryte his owne sones. Afterwarde fell warre bytwene hym and the kyng of Fraunce for castelle Raph, and kyng Henry axed this pucell to wedde her to his sonne John, & axed wyth her therldom of Peytow & of Angeo; but the kyng of Fraunce assented not to this axyng, but he sent the letters to Rychard by cause he sholde hem see; therefore aroos a greuous wrath bitwene the fader & his owne sone.” Book 7, Cap. xxvij.

Bibliographia Poetica, and the omission appears singular, from the known researches of Ritson into the old Chronicles.—Ralph Higden was a monk of St. Werburge, co. Chester, and died 1377, aged . *Nicolson’s Eng. Hist. Library*, p. 53. Ed. 1776.

mynd hath suffred cruel fortune, or could so haue ruled flatteryng felicitie, as she dyd. If suche incredible vertue hadde fortunéd then, when honor was the reward of vertue, thys womã had dusked the brightnesse of the heroes, and as a diuine thyng and a godlye sente downe from heauen, had bene prayed vnto in temples; although she lacke no temples, for there can not be erected vnto her a more ample or a more magnificente temple then that, the whiche euery man among al nations, marueylinge at her vertues, haue in theyr owne heartes buylded and erected.”*

In considering the instruction of women, it is questioned “whether it be expedient for a woman to be learned or no. Some there be that doe playnely deny it. But of this matter I haue euen wyth fewe woordes sufficientlye ynough disputed in my first boke of a christen womã. And therefore I wyll only say here that shall be sufficient to confute that opinion the whiche I doe not alowe, and reprove those that of one sorte of letters geue iudgemente by another. And in declaryng of that doctrine wherwith I woulde that the woman should be instructed & taughte, I thinke ther

* To this may be added “a notable sentence of the queene of England. Katherine of Spaine, the wife of Henry the Eight king of England, said, that she loued better a temperate and meane fortune then that which was either too easie and prosperous, or too sharpe and aduerse. Neuerthelesse that if she should be put to her choise which of the two last she would accept, she had rather haue the aduerse then the prosperous: because (said she) commonly they, which are vnfortunate, are not altogether destitute of some consolation and comfort: but they which liue in prosperitie for the most part do want the true vse of vnderstanding, reason and iudgement.” *Memorable conceits of diuers noble and famous personages of Christendome, of this our moderne time. London, printed for James Shaw. 1602. 16mo. pp. 234.*

be but few y^t. wyll repine agaynst my mind & sayinges. Ther be some kind of letters & wrytynges y^t. pertayne only to adourne & increase eloquence withall; some to delite and please; some that make a man subtile and craftye; some to knowe naturall thynges, and to instruct and informe the mynde of man withall. The workes of poetes, the fables of Milesij, as that of the golden asse, and in a maner all Lucianes workes, and manye other which are written in the vulgar tongue, as of Trystram, Launcelot, Ogier, Amasus and of Artur, the whiche were written and made by suche as were ydle & knew nothinge. These bokes do hurt both man & woman, for they make them wyllye & craftye, they kyndle and styr vp couetousnes, inflame angre, & all beastly and filthy desyre. So much knowledge of naturall thynges, as suffiseth to rule & gouerne thys life with all, is sufficient for a woman.”*

Example forms a principal guide for the instruction

* Puttonham talks of “places of assembly, where the company shalbe desirous to heare of old aduentures & valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are those of king Arthur and his knights of the round table, Sir Beuys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like;” but Meres has a censure upon romances in the section of “a choice is to be had in reading of bookes.”—“As the Lord de la Nouue in the sixe discourse of his politike and military discourses censureth of the bookes of Amadis de Gaule, which he saith are no lesse hurtfull to youth, then the workes of Machiauell to age; so these bookes are accordingly to be censured, of whose names follow; Beuis of Hampton; Guy of Warwicke; Arthur of the round table; Huon of Bordeaux; Oliuer of the castle; the foure sonnes of Aymon; Gargantua; Gireleon; the Honour of Chivalrie; Primaleon of Greece; Palmerin de Oliua; the 7 Champions; the Myrror of Knighthood; Blancherdine; Meruin; Howleglasse; the stories of Palladyn and Palmendos; the blacke Knight; the maiden Knight; the history of Cælestina; the castle of Fame; Gallian of France; Ornatus and Artesia,” &c. *Wit's Commonwealth*, Part II. 268.

of a wife, supposed necessary to be given on the part of a husband. "Thou shalt not onely rehearse vnto her olde and aunciente names as Sara, Rebecca, Penelope, Andromacha, Lucretia, Colebolina, Hipparchia, Portia, Sulpitia, Cornelia, and of our sayntes, as Agnes, Catherine, Margaret, Barbara, Monica and Apollonia; but also those that [are] more fresher, as Catherin quene of Englañd, Clara, Ceruerta, the wife of Vallearius, and Blanca Maroa, albet I doe feare to be reproued, that I doe thus commende my mother, geuyng my selfe to muche to loue and pitie, the which trulye doeth take muche place in me, but yet the trueth muche more. There can not lacke in euerye nation and citye honest and deuoute matrones, by whose examples thei may be styrred and prouoked; but yet the familier examples, as of the mother, the beldame,* the aunt, the sister, the cosyn, or of some other kinswoman or frende, shoulde be of more force and value. For why? suche examples as we do see, doe much moore moue vs, and better we folowe theym then anye other."

The volume forms an amusing collection of moral precepts, and appears intended as a conclusion to the *Instruction of a Christen Woman*, noticed in CENSURA, Vol. IV. p. 348.

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. IV. *The History of Great Britanie from the first peopling of this Iland to this presant raigne of o' hapy & peaceful Monarke K. James, by Will.*

* This passage confirms the primary meaning of the word beldame as supposed by Steevens, who appears to have sought in vain for an authority. "Perhaps, he says, beldame originally meant a grandmother." Reed's Shak. Vol. xi. p. 318, note 3.

Slatyer,

Slatyer. London: Printed by W. Stansby for Richd. Meighen, and are to be sold at his shop at St. Clement's Church. Fol.

This is in the centre of an engraved title-page, or frontispiece, which is explained by a poem on the opposite leaf. Anthony Wood gives this work the date of 1621. The chronological table ends with the date of 1619.

It appears by a marginal note to one of the prefatory poems, entitled *Authoris Votum*, that Slatyer was born at Tykenham in Somersetshire, not far from Bristol. His birth was about the year 1587, and in 1600, he became, at the age of thirteen, a member of Oxford University. He took orders, and was beneficed as early as 1611. In 1625 he was presented to the rectory of Otterden in Kent, which he had a dispensation for holding with that of Newchurch.* He was also treasurer of the cathedral church of St. David's in Wales. But by his own poem, just mentioned, it appears that he had preferment in both these situations before the publication of his book; and that he had already had a residence both in Wiltshire and London. After speaking of Oxford he goes on :

“ Thence silver-founted christal Thames,
His forehead deck'd, clear limpid stream,³
With dangling reeds, and flaggy flowers,
Conveyed her down to old Lud's bowers,
Where she beheld with wondring eyes
Both city's pride and courtly guise,
Whom noblest nymphs, that haunt the place,
Gently deign'd more than look'd for grace.
Next courtly troops, the country trains
Did hear her sing, and those wild plains

* Rymer's *Fœd.* XVIII. 647, 665. *Hasted's Kent*, II. 508.

That thee, dear DANIEL, so did bless,
 And ravishing notions first* impress
 Into thy soul! from whence she went
 To CAMBERS wild, and flowry KENT,
 Rhutupian furthest shores i' th' east.
 Old holy *David's*† shrine by west
 Did hear her tunes, and odes she ended
 In those well-hop'd-of bowers intended
 To Phæbus honour, of King James
 Nam'd; west of London by fair Thames."‡

He died Feb. 14, 1646, æt. 59, and was buried in Otterden church.§

The following poetical address is worth transcribing.

*“Poetarum facile Principi, ac Coriphæo, Michaeli
 Drayton, Ar.*

περι της τω δε των Βιβλων Πολυ-Ολβινοος και Παλαι-Αλβινοος
 προς αλληλης παρονομασιας
 Επιγραμμα!
 Φιλικονδε και υπομνημονευτικον.

“Dear divine Drayton, I admire
 Thy lays inspir'd with Delphian fire,
 On whose plain song seld one more blest,
 For Grace's minion, Muse's guest;

* “So Master Daniel writes of himself; and *Wilton*, of which *Wilton, Wiltsbire* (alluded to by some from the wild plains, *quasi Wilde-sbire*) takes her name; ubi in villa Bedwyn antiquitus totius Comitatus pæne nulli secundâ, nec satis ignobili, tam ob incolarum rusticitatem, quam ob suarum olim celebritatum jacturam, aliquandiu moram traxit.”

† “Rhutupiæ, or the coasts of Dover and Sandwich east, and St. David's, called *Menevia*, in the west, are, and are ordinarily accounted the utmost limits, those ways, of Great Britain.”

‡ “Chelsea College is King James's foundation, and in the patent so called of his name.”

§ See Hasted ut supra—and Topographer, I. 406. A list of his other works may be found in Wood's Ath. II. 111.

Seld one more seen in old Folk-mote,
 Descants a most delicious note;
 Do not envy me, though I sing
 In rural tunes such highest things.
 Your lays will live, tho' mine do die,
 Sung long erst, I confess it, I;
 Thy *Poly-Obion* did invite
 My *Palæ-Albion* thus to write.
 Thy songs, mine Odes, thy poesy;
 My harsh tunes, notes rude symphony;
 Thine ancient *Albion's* modern glories,
 Mine modern *Obion's* ancient stories;
 This th' only difference; mine's born dying,
 Thine sure on Fame's wing ever flying.
 Cease then, my Muse, and yet disclose
 A never-dying love to those,
 That wish their country well! All-hail
 Dear *Obion*, may thy fame ne'er fail,
 But be grac'd still, till at Jove's call
 Heaven crown earth's glories, thine and all
 That Britain love, would honour nourish;
 May they ne'er fade, but ever flourish!
 May be, *Albion* then with *Obion* may
 Ken many a fair and happy day!
 Whiles *Avon's* clear source that hears thee sing,
 As she slides from her christal spring,
 Shall teach our *Severn's* banks to sound
 With echces shrill to the sea-nymph round,
 Thy *Obion's* Odes, tuning with joy
Albion's chief pride, *Thames* and her *Troy*."*

The author addresses a copy of Latin hexameters to his friend S. Purchas, (whose Collection of Voyages

* Among the commendatory verses are those in Latin of N. Gwin, Jo. Slatyer, his brother, and Tho. Newton.

has preserved his name), in which he gives an amiable picture of his pursuits and the sentiments which they generate. Indeed his Latin poetry is so far superior to his English, that it seems to be rather his want of command of his vernacular language than his deficiency of genius that gives so uncouth and uninteresting a character to his English rhymes. The ensuing extract will justify my remark.

“ Vivam igitur quocunque solo, aut ubicunque locorum,
 Dissita quamque locis longe, procul inde remotis,
 Cambria sive tenet, teneant seu Cantia rura
 Propitiâ bonitate Dei, me crede scientem
 Vivere contentumque illâque ex parte beatum :
 Sic horas fallo, insumo sic temporis annos
 Lusibus ingenii, ingenuis quoque mentibus aptos.
 Forte equidem dices! Relevaminis otia quærens,
 Talia sollicitus; nulli ut mea carmina prosint.
 At mihi nempe viden! volat ætas; hinc voco Musas
 Quas vereor venerorque volens; sicque invoco Divas;
 His vitæ spatiis et verni temporis ævo
 Florenti stadio: nec me formidine terrent
 Immanes rerum fluctus, quibus æstuat ingens
 Hæc hominum domus, ac mundi væsana vorago;
 Non livor, levis ira, tumens jecur, atraque bilis
 Torquebunt miserum, sapiam modo; sed neque sperem
 Deposuisse, vel ante mea ista cadavera ponam
 Corpus humi moriens, cineres atque ossa sepulchro:
 Cum nemo his vitiis sine nascitur, optimus ille est,
 Quem lacerant minime, retrahantve trahantve sequentem.
 Sum vacuus curis, a turbine liber, amœnum
 Rus geniale colo, lustro, lito, laudo Camœnas
 Sylvestreis, quod aiunt, & agrestia, numina Faunos!”

The poem itself is divided into ten odes; and each ode is divided into many cantos.

1. The first ode contains a brief description of Britain and Ireland, with the first succession of Kings from Samothès, descended A. M. 1787, till Albion, A. 2200, by the space of 400 years.

2. The second, a second race of Kings: Albion & Bergion with their descent, with their defeat by Hercules, circa Ann. 2250.

3. The third sets forth the anarchy or interregnum of the giants that succeeded Albion and Hercules from Ann. 2300 to Brute, A. 2850.

4. The fourth, Brute and his succession from A. 2850 till Malmutius Dunwallo, A. 3500.

5. The fifth, Malmutius and his race, till the Roman Conquest under Julius Cæsar, A. 3900.

6. The sixth, from Cæsar's Conquest till Valentinian's days, A. 4400.

7. The seventh, the coming of Hengist, and seven kingdoms of the Saxons.

8. The eighth, the rapines of the Danes, and the kings of England from Egbert to Harold.

9. The ninth, the Norman Conquest to Hen. VII.

10. The tenth, the Union of England and Scotland under James I. In the end a brief touch of the Scottish, Irish, and French Histories.

The whole is written both in Latin and English verse, the Latin on one side, and English on the other. I will give the sixth canto of the first ode, as the nearest to poetry, and of the most general interest.

“ Εἰδύλλιον σ.

Encomium Britanniae.

“ Sed nimium neque stricta gelu, neque sidere ferves,
Insula, dives opum, studiisque asperrima belli,

Sedes

Sedes antiqua, atque satis famosa Gygantum ;
 O nostræ regionis opes! O florida prata,
 Pascuaque et colles, dumî, campique virentes!
 Cincta O frondoso nemore, alta cacumina montium,
 Umbrosæque specus, liquentia flumine rura!
 Frugiferæ valles, Zephyri prædulcia anheli,
 Flamina, sylvarum saltus, fluviique lacusque,
 Muscosi fontes, et quæ circumfluit humor
 Irrigat arva, hortos, mandataque semina terræ ;
 Totius ac terræ Tempe celebrata per oras
 Thessala! cujus opes si possem, ac ditia dona,
 Dicere, si cultus operosos, denique flores,
 Ordine contextos et junctas vitibus almos!
 Arboris aura comas, hominum tua carmina, Aëdon,
 Turturis et gemitus dimulcent suaviter aures:
 Alma quies, cum mobilibus sopita susurris,
 Auræ, inter frondes densas, umbrasque virentes,
 Prætentat sensus suadenti languida somno,
 Ponere membra, super viridi lanugine ripam,
 Prætextum, lene labentis murmure rivi ;
 Colle Lyæo uvæ, Bacchi pendere racemo ;
 Vellus ovis manibus tondentis, ut Indica Serûm
 Lanugo! Dea Gargaridas succidier uncâ
 Falce stupet messes! Tellus mitissima fruges
 Producit! nostra O cœloque soloque beata
 Insula: quid Scythicis nascens aconiton in oris,
 Nescia, quid posset Pontus virosa venenis."

“ CANZ. VI.

The quality and richness of the soil.

“ Thus lies our Isle, our pleasant seat,
 Nor vex'd with cold, nor Cancer's heat: *

* In the temperate zone, the south parts of Britain, about the degree of 50: of north latitude reaching thence 10 degrees north; the longitude thereof being from the degree 17 to 25, or thereabouts. So the degrees of latitude measuring the length, of longitude the breadth of the island.

Doubtful whether for giants bold,
 Or wealth, or war, most fam'd of old
 O our rich flowry fields and plains,
 In summer's pride, when Flora reigns;
 Green meadows, mountains, dales, and downs,
 Whom many a grove with shadows crowns;
 Lakes, riverets, floods, and fountains fair,
 Where zephyr breathes his sweetest air
 Plenty and pleasure temper'd are,
 So sweet, scarce Tempe may compare;
 Those famous fields of Thessaly,
 With this our pleasant Arcady:
 Such beds of flowers and Hybla thyme,
 The loving elm and spreading vine, *
 Soft gentle air, sweet Philomel,
 Kind turtle's moans, and shady cells;
 Intice one's yeilding ears and eyes,
 To taste such daintiest novelties:
 Or rest or sleep by river's sides,
 Whose streams with gentle murmur glides.
 Our land doth yield Lyæan † vines,
 The golden fleece, or twist as fine,

* That there hath been store of vines and vineyards in England as at Windsor and other places, appeareth in the records kept by the Clerk of the Pleas for that castle, the honours and forests; where is set down the charge of the vineyard in the little park, and making the wine, whereof tythe was paid to the abbot of Waltham.

† To these praises of the land, for the people's honour, add this as a corollary: since arts taught, scarce any nation more ingenious: since Christianity, more zealously given and religious; witness the many schools of learning, the universities, besides those in Scotland, two in England, comparable with any in the world; the fair churches, buildings, hospitals, monasteries, religious houses and colleges, though a multitude swept away and defaced, in the reign of K. Hen. VIII. yet monuments of the piety, art, wisdom, and industry of our ancestors, in such abundance, as scarce any nation able to equal, at least to surpass them.

Almost

Almost as Indian Seres weave;
 Pomona's fruit, and Ceres' sheaves;
 Thrice happy soil for earth and air,
 Scarce knowing what (the less her care!)
 To Scythian Aconitum stroug,
 Or Pontus poisons doth belong."

ART. V. *Palladis Tamia. Wits Treasury. Being the second part of Wits Common Wealth. By Francis Meres, Maister of Artes of both Vniuersities. Viuiter ingenio, cetera mortis erunt. At London printed by P. Short, for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be solde at his shop at the Royall Exchange. 1598. Small 8vo. leaves 174.*

[Engraved title] *Witts Academy, a Treasurie of Goulden Sentences, similies and examples. Set forth cheefely for the benefitt of young Schollers. By Fr. M. M^r. of Aris of both Vniuersities. Printed at London for Richard Royston, 1636. 1o. Droe-shout scul.* [In an arch having two whole-length figures of "Wisedome" and "Salomon," and on the plinth "Oxford" and "Cambridge." Second title same as above.] *London, printed by William Stansby, and are to be sold by Richard Royston, at his shop in Iuie Lane, 1634.*

Francis Meres was the son of Thomas Meres of Kirton in Holland, in the county of Lincoln. He was entered of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and took the degree of B. A. 1587, and of M. A. 1591. He was incorporated at Oxford July 10, 1593, and about that period was a minister and schoolmaster. He be-

came rector of Wing, in the county of Rutland, sometime in or near 1602, and held the same for the remainder of his life, which terminated in 1646, at the advanced age of 81.*

The Wits' Common Wealth was first printed 1598, and there is one, if not more, editions than the above. Wood considers it "a noted school book," which accords with the engraved title as "set forth chiefly for the benefit of young scholars." From the comparative discourse upon our English poets, the work obtained considerable repute. Heywood, in his Apology for Actors, calls him an approved good scholar, and tells us his account of authors is learnedly done.† Oldys speaks him "of no small reputation at that time for his moral and poetical writings."‡ His reading was general and extensive, and the connecting his numerous transcripts shews taste, research, and strong critical judgment. It is not to depreciate his labour upon the subject of the "comparative discourse," that I notice the greater portion to be derived from the first book of Puttenham's Art of English Poesy, in particular the thirty-first chapter. § By the additions it forms a valuable chronology for that period, and the discovery of Henslowe's latent papers establishes its credit as being just and correct. As a new edition of Puttenham's work is reported to be in the press, and as it is not probable the booksellers will venture to reprint the Wit's Treasury, though scarce and of some pecuniary value, giving the whole discourse

* Wood's Ath. Oxon. Vol. I. Fast. 146, and MS. notes by Dr. Farmer, in a copy of Mercus.

† CENSURA, Vol. VI. p. 343.

‡ Biog. Brit. Art. Drayton, p. 1746. § CENSURA, Vol. I. p. 339.

at this juncture appeared an useful article. To the readers of the CENSURA many of the names must be familiar as household ones; but to some I have ventured to add a few notes, and trust they will obtain candour and indulgence amidst their imperfections.

“ *A comparative discourse of our English Poets, with the Greeke, Latine, and Italian Poets.* ”

“ As Greece had three poets of great antiquity, Orpheus, Linus, and Musæus, and Italy, other three auncient poets, Liuius Andronicus, Ennius, & Plautus: so hath England three auncient poets, Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate. ”

“ As Homer is reputed the Prince of Greek poets, and Petrarch of Italian poets, so Chaucer is accounted the god of English poets. * ”

“ As Homer was the first that adorned the Greek tongue with true quantity, so Piers Plowman was the first that obserued the true quantitie of our verse without the curiositie of rime. † ”

“ Ouid writ a Chronicle from the beginning of the world to his own time, that is, to raign of Augustus the Emperour: so hath Harding the Chronicler (after

* Whetstone has censured the old bard in a stanza of Cressid's Complaint, in the first part of the Rock of Regard, 1576.

“ But as the hawke to gad, which knowes the way,
Will hardly leaue, to cheake at carren crows,
If long unserude, she waites and wants her pray;
Or as the horse, in whom disorder growes,
His iadish trickes againe wil hardly loose:
So they in youth, which Venus ioye do proue,
In drouping age, Syr Chaucer's iestes will loue.”

† Piers Plowman, i. e. Robert Langlande, flourished 1530. A specimen of his work may be found in Cooper's Muse's Library, p. 7.

his manner of old harsh riming) from Adam to his time, that is, to the raigne of King Edward the Fourth.*

“As Sotades Maronites y^e iambicke poet gaue himselfe wholly to write impure and lasciuious things, so Skeltoⁿ† (I know not for what great worthines, surnamed the poet laureat) applied his wit to scurrilities and ridiculous matters; such amōg the Greeks were called Pantomimi, with vs Buffons.

“As Consaluo Periz, that excellent learned man, and Secretary to King Philip of Spayne, in translating the Vlysses of Homer out of Greeke into Spanish, hath by good iudgement auoided the faulte of ryming, although not fully hit perfect and true versifying: so hath Henrie Howarde that true and noble Earle of Surrey in translating the fourth book of Virgil’s Æneas, whom Michael Drayton, in his England’s heroycall epistles hath eternized for an epistle to his faire Geraldine.

“As these Neoterickes Iouianus Pontanus, Politianus, Marullus Tarchaniota, the two Strozæ, the father and the son, Pahingenius, Mantuanus, Philelphus, Quintianus Stoa, and Germanus Brixius haue obtained renown and good place among the auncient Latine poets: so also these Englishmen being Latine poets, Gualter Haddon, † Nicholas Car, Gabriel Haruey, Christopher Ocland, § Thomas Newton, with his

* John Hardinge supposed to have died 1451, very aged.

† His life, taken from Wood’s Ath. Ox. V. i. p. 22, was reprinted some time since in black-letter, 12mo. without date or printer’s name. I am told there are only twenty-five copies. He died 1529.

‡ President of Magdalen College, and Doctor of Civil Law, Oxford. His poems were printed 1567. Died 1572, aged 56. A copy of his monument may be found in Stowe’s Survey of London.

§ See title of his work. CENSURA, iv. p. 349.

Leyland,* Thomas Watson, Thomas Campion, † [John] Brunswerd, ‡ and [Richard] Willey, || have attained good report and honorable advancement in the Latin empyre.

“As the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, Aeschilus, Sophocles, Pindarus, Phocylides, and Aristophanes; and the Latine tongue by Virgill, Ouid, Horace, Silius Italicus, Lucanus, Lucretius, Ausonius and Claudianus: so the English tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeously inuested in rare ornaments and resplendent abilitments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlow, and Chapman.

“As Xenophon, who did imitate so excellently, as to giue vs *effigiem iusti imperij*, the portraiture of a iust empyre vnder y^e. name of Cyrus (as Cicero saith of him) made therein an absolute heroicall poem; and as Heliodorus writ in prose his sugred inuētiō of that picture of loue in Theagines and Cariclea, and yet both excellent admired poets: so Sir Philip Sidney writ his immortal poem, the Countesse of Pembrookes Arcadia in prose, and yet our rarest poet.

“As Sextus Propertius saide, *Nescio quid magis nascitur Iliade*: so I say of Spencer's Fairy Queene, I knowe not what more excellent or exquisite poem may be written.

* *Illustrim aliquot Anglorum Encomia*. At the end of Jo. Leland's *Encomia Trophea*, &c. Lon. 1589.

† “Tho. Campiani poema,” licensed to Richard Field, 1594. He is mentioned in Camden's list of “pregnant wits,” and by Wood as “an admired poet and musician.”

‡ Or Brunswerd, educated at both universities; settled at Macclesfield in Cheshire. Died Ap. 15, 1589, the same year his poems were printed.

|| Ricardi Willeij poematum liber. 1573. Her. 820.

“As

“ As Achilles had the advantage of Hector, because it was his fortune to bee extolled and renowned by the heavenly verse of Homer: so Spenser's Elisa, the Fairy Queen, hath the advantage of all the Queenes in the worlde to bee eternized by so diuine a poet.

“ As Theocritus is famoused for his Idyllia in Greeke, and Virgill's for his Eclogs in Latine: so Spencer, their imitatour in his Shepheardes Calender, is renowned for the like argument, and honoured for fine poeticall inuention, and most exquisit wit.

“ As Parthenius Nicæus excellently sung the praises of his Arete: so Daniel hath diuinely sonnetted the matchlesse beauty of his Delia.

“ As euery one mourneth, when hee heereth of the lamentable plangors of Thracian Orpheus for his dearest Euridice: so euery one passionateth, when he readeth the afflicted death of Daniel's distressed Rosamond.

“ As Lucan hath mournefully depainted the ciuill wars of Pompey & Cæsar: so hath Daniel the ciuill wars of Yorke and Lancaster; and Drayton the ciuill wars of Edward the Second, and the Barons.

“ As Virgill doth imitate Catullus in y^e. like matter of Ariadne for his story of Queene Dido: so Michael Drayton doth imitate Ouid in his England's Heroical Epistles.

“ As Sophocles was called a bee for the sweetnes of his tongue, so in Charles Fitz-Iefferies' Drake,* Drayton is termed golden-mouthed for the purity and pretiousnesse of his stile and phrase.

* Charles Fitzgeffrey's poem was entituled “ Sir Francis Drake, his honorable life's commendation, and his tragical death's lamentation, newly printed, with additions, 1596,” 12mo. *Review of the new edition of the Theatrum Poetarum*, written by Mr. PARK. Fitzgeffrey was rector of St. Dominic, Cornwall, and died Feb. 22, 1636, aged 61.

“ As Accius, M. Attilius, and Milithus were called Tragædiographi, because they writ tragedies: so may wee truly terme Michael Drayton Tragædiographus, for his passionate penning the downfals of valiant Robert of Normandy, chast Matilda, and great Gaueston.

“ As Ioan. Honterus in Latine verse writ 3 bookes of Cosmography w^t. geographicall tables, so Michael Drayton is now in penning in English verse a poem called Polu-olbion, geographical and hydrographicall, of all the forests, woods, mountaines, fountaines, riuers, lakes, flouds, bathes and springs, that be in England.

“ As Aulus Persius Flaccus is reported among al writers to be of an honest life and vpright conuersation, so Michael Drayton (*quæ toties honoris & amoris causa nomino*) among schollers, souldiours, poets, and all sorts of people, is helde for a man of vertuous disposition, honest conuersation, and wel gouerned cariage, which is almost miraculous among good wits in these declining and corrupt times, when there is nothing but rogery in villanous man, & whẽ cheating and craftines is counted the cleanest wit, and soundest wisdom.

“ As Decius Ausonius Gallus in *libris fastorum*, penned the occurrences of y^e. world from the first creation of it to his time, that is, to the raigne of the Emperor Gratian, so Warner, in his absolute Albion's Englande hath most admirably penned the historie of his own country from Noah to his time, that is, the raigne of Queene Elizabeth; I haue heard him termed of the best wits of both our vniuersities, our English Homer.

“ As Euripedes is the most sententious among the Greek poets, so is Warner amo^g our English poets.

“ As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to liue in
Pythagoras,

Pythagoras, so the sweete wittie soule of Ouid liues in mellifluous & hony-tongued Shakespeare, witnes his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugred sonnets among his priuate friends, &c.

“As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare, among y^e. English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witnes his Gentlemeⁿ of Verona, his Errors, his Loue Labor's Lost, his Loue Labour's Wonne, his Midsummer's Night Dreame, & his Merchant of Venice: for tragedy, his Richard the 2. Richard the 3. Henry the 4. King Iohn, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Iuliet.

“As Epius Stolo said that the muses would speak with Plautus' tongue if they would speak Latin, so I say that the muses would speak with Shakspeare's fine filed phrase, if they would speake English.

“As Musæus, who wrote the loue of Hero and Leander, had two excellent schollers, Thamaras & Hercules: so hath he in England two excellent poets, imitators of him in the same argument and subiect, Christopher Marlow, and George Chapman.

“As Ouid saith of his worke,

*Iamq. opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abclere vetustas.*

“And as Horace saith of his; *Exegi monumentum ære perennius; Regaliq; situ pyramidum altius; Quod non imber edax; non Aquilo impotens possit diruere; aut innumerabilis series & fuga temporum:* so say I seuerally of Sir Philip Sidney's, Spencer's, Daniel's, Drayton's, Shakespeare's and Warner's workes;

*Non Iouis ira; imbres: Mars: ferrum: flamma, senectus,
Hoc opus, vnda: lues: turbo: venena ruent.*

*Et quanquam ad pulcherrimum hoc opus evertendum tres
illi Dij conspirabunt, Cronus, Vulcanus, & pater ipse gentis;
Non tamen annorum series, non flamma, nec ensis,
Æternum potuit hoc abolere Decus.*

“As Italy had Dante, Boccace, Petrarch, Tasso, Celiano and Ariosto: so England had Mathew Roydon,* Thomas Atchelow,† Thomas Watson, Thomas Kid,‡ Robert Greene, & George Peele.

“As there are eight famous and chiefe languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latine, Syriack, Arabicke, Italian, Spanish and French: so there are eight notable severall kindes of poets, heróicke, lyricke, tragicke, comicke, satiricke, iambicke, elegiacke & pastoral.

“As Homer and Virgil among the Greeks and Latines are the chief heróick poets, so Spencer and Warner be our chiefe heroicall makers.

“As Pindarus, Anacreon and Callimachus among the Greeks, and Horace and Catullus among the Latines are the best lyrick poets: so in this faculty the best amõg our poets are Spencer (who excelleth in all kinds) Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Brettõ.

“As these tragicke poets flourished in Greece, Aes-

* Author of some occasional introductory lines in commendation of his cotemporaries, and of an epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney, inserted in “The Phœnix Nest,” 1593.

† Or Acheley. See CENS. Vol. vii. p. 167.

‡ The title of Kyd to be considered the English Tasso appears at present very slender. He has been pointed out by Mr. Park as a contributor to the “Belvedere,” and also “England’s Parnassus.” It is conjectured by Hawkins, he wrote the tragedy of “Soliman and Perseda,” which arises from an apparent connection it seems to have with his play of “The Spanish Tragedy, containing the lamentable end of Don Horatio and Bel-imperia.” Upon the last he was universally ridiculed, and the effect seems to have been an increased demand by the public. The editions were, besides one without date, 1602, 1603, 1610, 1615, 1618, 1623, 1633. It is inserted in Dodsley’s Collection, as also his other play of Cornelia.

chylus, Euripedes, Sophocles, Alexander Aetolus, Achæus Erithriæus, Astydamus Atheniësis, Apollodorus Tarsensis, Nicomachus Phrygius, Thespis Atticus, and Timon Apolloniates; and these among the Latines, Accius, M. Attilius, Pomponius Secundus, and Seneca: so these are our best for tragedie, the Lorde Buckhurst,* Doctor Leg of Cambridge,† Doctor Edes of Oxforde,‡ Maister Edward Ferris, the authour of the Mirrour for Magistrates,§ Marlow, Peele, Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker, and Benjamin Iohnson.

“As M. Anneus Lucanus writ two excellent tragedies, one called Medea, the other de Incendio Troiæ cum Priami calamitate: so Doctor Leg hath penned two famous tragedies, y^e. one of Richard the 3, the other of the destruction of Ierusalem.

“The best poets for comedy among the Greeks are these, Menander, Aristophanes, Eupolis, Atheniensis, Alexis Terius, Nicostratus, Amipsias Atheniensis, Anaxãdrides Rhodius, Aristonymus, Archippus, Atheniësis, and Callias Atheniësis; and among the La-

* Jointly with Thomas Norton wrote *Ferrex* and *Porrex*. See Dodsley's Collection, 2d Edit. Vol. i. p. 101.

† Vice-chancellor of Oxford, author of two tragedies not printed. Died 1607, aged 72.

‡ Dean of Worcester, died Nov. 19, 1604.

§ Dr. Farmer had noticed in the margin the christian name of Ferrers as George, which seems a doubtful question. The words in Puttenham are “that for tragedie, the Lord of Buckhurst and Maister Edward Ferrys for such doings as I have sene of theirs do deserue the hiest price:” and Warton was inclined to consider them the same person, but Ritsen has attempted to prove the contrary, in the *Bibliographia Poetica*. If Puttenham alluded to the writer in the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, does it not appear singular th^t omitting to mention Baldwin and the other persons concerned in that production?

tines, Plautus, Terence, Nævius, Sext. Turpilius, Licinius Imbrex, and Virgilius Romanus: so the best for comedy amongst vs bee, Edwarde Earle of Oxforde, Doctor Gager of Oxforde,* Maister Rowley once a rare scholler of learned Pembroke Hall in Cambridge;† Maister Edwardes, one of her Maiestie's Chappell;‡ eloquent and wittie Iohn Lilly, Lodge, Gascoyne, Greene, Shakespeare; Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Mundaye, our best plotter, Chapman, Porter,§ Wilson,|| Hathway,** and Henry Chettle:††

* William Gager. Baker, in his *Companion to the Play House*; 1764, has the following passage.—“The commendation which Anth. à Wood gives of him as to his poetical talents is somewhat extraordinary. He was (says that author) an excellent poet; especially in the Latin tongue, and reputed the best comedian (by which I suppose he means dramatic writer) of his time, whether, adds he, it was Edward Earl of Oxford, Will. Rowley, the once ornament for wit and ingenuity of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, Richard Edwards; John Lylie, Tho. Lodge, Geo. Gascoigne, Will. Shakespeare, Tho. Nash, or John Heywood. A combination of names, by the bye, so oddly jumbled together, as must convince us that Mr. Wood was a much better biographer than a judge of dramatic writings.” This “odd jumble” is continued in the *Biographia Dramatica* by Reed; the origin of which the reader will now easily discover. Dr. Gager was living 1610. His controversy with Rainoldes respecting stage-plays is known to all readers of theatrical works.

† I consider this as *Samuel* Rowley the player, as well as poet; and that a portion of the character of *William* Rowley, given in the *Biographia Dramatica*, should be transferred to the preceding article. Reed's *Shak.* Vol. 3. Henslowe's list *passim*.

‡ Author of various poems in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*. Died about 1566.

§ Wrote the pleasant history of the two angry women of Abington, printed 1599, a second part acted 1598, n. p. and *Love prevented*, acted 1598. || See note *postea*.

** Richard Hathwaye was concerned in writing six dramatic pieces, not printed. The researches of Mr. Malone first discovered their titles, which are enumerated in *Barker's Continuation of the Theatrical Remembrancer to 1803*.

†† This writer assisted in 29 pieces also mentioned by *Barker*.

“ As Horace, Lucilius Iuuenall, Persius & Lucullus are the best for satyre among the Latines, so with vs in the same faculty these are chiefe, Piers Plowman, Lodge, Hall of Imanuel Colledge in Cambridge; the author of Pigmalion’s Image, and certaine satyrs;* the author of Skialetheia.†

“ Among the Greekes I wil name but two for iambicks, Archilochus Parius, and Hipponax Ephesius: so amongst vs I name but two iambical poets, Gabriel Haruey, and Richard Stanyhurst, bicause I haue seene no mo in this kind.

“ As these are famous among the Grecks for elegie, Melanthus, Mymnerus, Colophonius, Olympius Mysius, Parthenius Nicæus, Philetas Cous, Theogenes Megarensis, and Pigres Halicarnassæus; and these among the Latines, Mecænas, Ouid, Tibullus, Propertius, T. Valgius, Cassius Seuerus, & Clodius Sabinus: so these are the most passionate among vs to bewaile and bemoane the perplexities of loue, Henrie Howard, Earle of Surry, Sir Thomas Wyat the elder, Sir Francis Brian, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Rawley, Sir Edward Dyer, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Whetstone, Gascoyne, Samuell Page, some time fellowe of Corpus Christi Colledge, in Oxford,‡ Churchyard, Bretton.

“ As Theocritus in Greeke, Virgil and Mantua in Latine, Sanazar in Italian, and the authour of Amyntæ Gaudia and Walsingham’s Melibæus are the best for pastorall, so amongst vs the best in this kind are Sir

* Printed 1598, by Mars:on.

† CENS. LIT. IV. p. 137.

‡ Vicar of Deptford, als. West Greenwich, Kent. Died Aug. 8, 1630, aged about 56. His poetical pieces are unknown, and his name is omitted in Ritson’s Bib. Poetica.

Philip Sidney, Master Challener,* Spencer, Stephen Gosson,† Abraham Fraunce and Barnefield.

“These and many other epigrammatists y^e. Latin tongue hath; Q. Catulus; Porcius Licinius, Quintus Cernificus, Martial, Cn. Getulicus, and wittie Sir Thomas Moore, so in English we haue these, Heywood, Draite, Kendal, Bastard, Dauies.

“As noble Mecænas that sprung from the Hetruscan kinges not onely graced poets by his bounty, but also by beeing a poet himselfe; and as Iames the 6. nowe king of Scotland is not only a fauorer of poets, but a poet, as my friend master Richard Barnefelde hath in this disticke passing well recorded;

‘The King of Scots now liuing is a poet,
As his Lepanto and his furies show it.†

So Elizabeth our dread soueraign and gracious Queene is not only a liberal patrone vnto poets, but an excellent poet herselfe, whose learned, delicate, and noble muse surmounteth, be it in ode, elegy, epigram, or in any other kinde of poem heroicke, or lyricke.

“Octauia, sister vnto Augustus the Emperour, was exceeding bountifull vnto Virgil, who gaue him for making 26 verses, 1137 pounds, to wit, tenne sestertiaes for euerie verse, which amount to about 43 pounds for euery verse: so learned Mary, the honorable Countesse of Pembroke, the noble sister of immortall Sir Philip Sidney, is very liberall vnto poets; besides shee

* Ritson has a probable conjecture of this being Sir Thomas Chaloner. Mears, copying verbatim from Puttenham, might retain the style of master; although he was knighted in 1591.

† Born about 1556, and alive 1615. His *pastoral* pieces are unknown.

‡ See Royal and Noble Authors by Mr. PARK, Vol. I. p. 117.

is a most delicate poet, of whom I may say, as Antipater Sidonius writeth of Sappho :

*' Dulcia Mnemosyne demirans carmina Sapphus,
Quæsiuit decima Pieris unde foret.'*

Among others in times past, poets had these fauourers, Augustus, Mecænas, Sophocles, Germanicus, an emperour, a nobleman, a senatour, and a captaine; so of later times poets haue these patrones, Robert King of Sicil, the great King Francis of France, King James of Scotland, & Queene Elizabeth of England.

“ As in former times two great cardinals, Bembus & Biena, did countenance poets, so of late yeares two great preachers haue giuen them their right hands in felowship, Beza and Melancthon.

“ As the learned philosophers Fracastorius and Scaliger haue highly prized them, so haue the eloquent orators Pontanus and Muretus very gloriously estimated them.

“ As Georgius Buckananus' Iephthe, amõgst all moderne tragedies, is able to abide the touche of Aristotle's precepts, and Euripedes examples, so is Bishop Watson's Absalon.*

“ As Terence for his translations out of Apollodorus & Menander, and Aquilius for his translation out of Menander, and C. Germanicus Augustus for his out of Aratus, and Ausonius for his translated epigrams out of Greeke, and Doctor Johnson for his Froggefight out of Homer, and Watson for his Antigone out of Sophocles, haue got good cominendations,† so these
versifiers

* Bishop of Winchester, died Jan. 23, 1583, aged 63.

† “ That no reader may be misled (says Warton upon this article) I observe here, that Christopher Johnson, a celebrated head master of Winchester school, afterwards a physieian, translated Homer's Frogs and Mice into

versifiers for their learned translations are of good note among vs, Phaer for Virgil's *Aeneads*, Golding for Ouid's *Metamorphosis*, Harington for his *Orlando Furioso*, the translators of Senecae's *Tragedies*,* Barnabe Googe for Palingenius, Turbeuile for Ouid's [*Epistles and Mantuan*, and Chapman for his inchoate Homer.

“ As the Latines haue these emblematis, Andreas Alciatus, Reusnerus, and Sambucus, so we haue these, Geffrey Whitney, Andrew Willet,† and Thomas Combe.

“ As Momius Panapolyta writ the gospell of Saint Iohn in Greeke hexameters, so Ieruis Markham hath written Salomon's *Canticles* in English verse.

“ As C. Plinius writ the life of Pomponius Secu- dus, so young Charles Fitz Jeffrey, that high touring falcon, hath most gloriously penned the honourable life and death of worthy Sir Francis Drake.

“ As Hesiod writ learnedly of husbandry in Greeke, so hath Tusser very wittily and experimentally written of it in English.

“ As Antipater Sidonus was famous for extemporall verse in Greeke, and Ouid for his *Quicquid conabar dicere versus erat*, so was our Tarleton, of whome Doctour Case that learned physitian thus speaketh in the seuenth booke, & seuenteenth chapter of his poli-

Latin hexameters, which appeared in quarto, at London, in 1580. Thomas Watson, author of a Hundred Sonnets, or the passionate century of Love, published a Latin *Antigone* in 1581.” *Hist. of Eng. Po.* V. iii, p. 433.

* Jasper Heywood; John Studley, Thomas Nuce, Alexander Nevyle, and Thomas Newton. A critical account of the work may be found in Warton, Vol. iii. p. 382; and further specimens will be found in the present volume.

† See *CENS.* Vol. I. p. 312.

tikes; *Aristoteles suum Theodoretum laudavit querendam peritum Tragædiarum actorem; Cicero suum Roscium: nos Angli Tarletonum, in cuius voce & vultu omnes iocosi affectus, in cuius cerebroso capite lepidae facetiæ habitant.* And so is now our wittie Wilson,* who, for learning and extemporall in this facultie, is without compare or compeere, as to his great and eternal commendations he manifested in his chalenge at the Swanne on the Banke side.

“As Achilles tortured the deade bodie of Hector, and as Antonius, and his wife Fulvia tormented, so Gabriell Haruey hath shewed the same inhumanitie to Greene that lies full low in his graue.†

“As Eupolis of Athens vsed great libertie in taxing the vices of men, so dooth Thomas Nash, witnessse the broode of the Harueys.

“As Actæon was wooried of his owne hounds, so is Tom Nash of his Ile of Dogs. Dogges were the death of Euripedes, but bee not disconsolate gallant young Iuvenall: Linus, the sonne of Apollo died the same death. Yet God forbid that so braue a witte should so basely

* “Robert Wilson was one of the Earl of Leicester’s servants, to whom the theatrical license was granted in 1574.” (Chalmers’s Supp. Apology, p. 161). Whether this was the “witty Wilson,” also noticed by Thomas Heywood, in his Apology, 1612, (CENS. Vol. vi. p. 341) may admit of some doubt, though there is little hazard in considering the preceding notice of “one of the best for comedy,” and the actor as the same person. He was author of five plays alone, and six more conjunctively with others. Of these only one is known, and that scarce; the title is “The Cobler’s Prophecie, written by Robert Willson, Gent. Printed at London by Iohn Danter for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be sold at his shop near the Royal Exchange, 1594.” It may be added Mr. Reed did not consider this author alluded to by Mears. Biog. Dram. Vol. I. p. 473.

† I have to notice an omission (in Vol. viii. p. 386,) at No. 9, in the list of Greene’s works, of the dates 1655, and 1664.

perish; thine are but paper dogges, neither is thy banishment like Ouid's, eternally to conuerse with the barbarous Getes. Therefore comfort thy selfe sweete Tom, with Ciceroe's glorious return to Rome, and with the counsel Aeneas giues to his sea beaten soldiers. Lib. 1. Aeneid.

' Pluck vp thine heart, & driue from thence both feare and care away:

To thinke on this may pleasure be perhaps another day.
Durato, & temet rebus seruato secundis.'

" As Anacreon died by the pot, so George Peele by the pox.

" As Archesilaus Prytanæus perished by wine at a drunken feast, as Hermippus testifieth in Diogenes, so Robert Greene died of a surfet taken at pickeld herrings,* & rhenish wine, as witnesseth Thomas Nash who was at the fatal banquet.

" As Iodelle, a French tragical poet, being an epicure and an Atheist, made a pittifull end, so our tragical poet Marlow, for his epicurisme and atheisme, had a tragical death; you may read of this Marlow more at large in the Theatre of God's iudgments, in the 25. chapter, entreating of epicures and Atheists.

" As the poet Lycophon was shot to death by a certain riuall of his, so Christopher Marlow was stabd to death by a bawdy seruing man, a riuall of his in his lewde loue."

Conduit street.

J. H.

* This epicurean treat appears to have continued in vogue several years. Sir Toby, in Twelfth Night, exclaims " A plague o' these pickle herrings!"

ART. VI. *Mar-Martine.*

*I know not why a trueth in rime set out
Maie not as wel mar Martine and his mates,
As shamelesse lies in prose-books cast about
Marpriests, & prelates, and subvert whole states.
For where truth builds, and lying overthroes,
One truth in rime, is worth ten lies in prose.*

This farrago of rimes appears to be the performance of more than one writer. There are eighteen pieces, of various length, from the galling couplet to the string of desultory stanzas, and equally dissimilar in point of measure.* They are printed on four leaves, in folio, without date or name of printer. The first page is occupied with the above lines as a title, and which general title is considered sufficient for the whole; the only division between the respective pieces being a black line. The following is the second piece; it is the longest and the lightest.

“ England was wont by auncient rites,
To stand and so endure:
But now new faulkeners make men birds,
And call vs to the lure.
The painted lure the hauke deceaues,
Men find no grapes on painted leaues.
This catching sport will scratching make,
The quarrell heere will grow
Twixt hauke and faulkener at the last;
Each one will make a showe;
I flew, I caught, the hauke may say,
The faulkener what? I’le haue the praie.

* Herbert says it “ consists of different epitaphs, or satirical verses, of various metres.” It has only *one* epitaph at the end.

The cleargie man like sillie hauke
 Hath flowne at lai-man's lore ;
 And nowe perceaues that flying still
 Yet flie he may the more ;
 If ought be caught by flight of thine,
 The lai-man saith all must be mine.
 I swoopt at fair'st bothe church and lande
 To lay to cleargie vse ;
 But lai-man laies, lai-man so calde,
 And vowes to lay abuse ;
 O greedie dirt thy craft I see,
 Be hauke and faulkener both for me.
 Is this thy sigh, thy hand devout,
 Turn'd vp with white of eie ?
 Thy gape, thy grone, to cosen him
 That sits in heauen so high ?
 O greedy dirt, O hellish hart,
 Thy cunning coven will make thee smart.
 Poore John and Ioane are eaten vp,
 The country cleane forlorne,
 Men turn'd to sheepe, let *pecus* fight,
 Men cannot long be borne ;
 O blessed Prince, looke wel to this,
 'Twill shorten soone our countrie's blisse.
 Abbots were fat & friers frimme,
 The whoresons lov'de their ease ;
 Yet standing house by them was kept,
 Which did the poore man please ;
 Now much of theirs to them is gone,
 Who having much yet spend they none.
 They fly to wood like breeding hauke,
 And leaue old neighbour's loue,
 They pearch themselues in syluane lodge,
 And soare in th' aire aboue ;

There magpy teacheth them to chat,
And cookow soone doth hit them pat.

When winter comes our Eues lacke heate,
And cast off Adam olde;
And then hot sprites must needs be had,
To put in heat to colde;
To townes they goe, within a while,
Looke home old Adam. Marke this wile

The holy whore no fellow hath,
The Pruritane is shee;
That midst her praiers sends her eie,
The purest man to see;
The purer man, the better grace,
The clearest hue the cherefulst face.

Sprite moues her first to wish him wel,
And discipline decaied
Doth make her seeke so far from wood,
To haue God's word obaied;
I'le tel you plaine, the matter is fresh,
They gin in sprite, but end in flesh.

A displing rod must needs be had;
Good Martins say not so;
This displing rod, will make you nod,
And cause your heads to grow:
Get home, keepe house, ware tounes so pure:
Their zeale is hot, they'le plaie you sure.

When home you come, ioine faith & loue,
Let priest his portion haue,
Let neighbours field be as it was,
Cast off your garments braue;
Loue God and gospel as you ought,
And let that goe, that was il sought.

Must churches doune to maintaine pride
 And make your sailes to swel?
 Few mighty subjects fit a state,
 A few doe verie wel.
 Crack me this nut, thou gentle blood,
 Whose father was but Robin-hood.

Shall prince say no, and pearlesse men
 Detest this wrangling broode;
 Who neither prince nor peere will knowe
 In this their traiterous moode?
 And do they liue, and liue they stil
 Their poisoned cup of gal to fil?

Martin's farewel, and let's be friends,
 And thanke God for his word,
 And prince and peers, and peace and al,
 And skaping forraine sword;
 Yet no man's sword could strike so sore
 As Martin's would. I'le say no more."

This is succeeded by six ten-line stanzas of a strange epithetical compound of garbled sentences, with a studied phraseology, in part imitating the Scottish language. A few lines will suffice.

"Thou caytif kerne, vncouth thou art, vnkist thou eke sal bee,
 For aiming thus in coverture at prelatis hie in gree.
 Thy spell is borrell, spokis bin blunt, thy sponce rude rusticall,
 But to the hecfor fell and fierce short hornis done eft befall.—St. 1.

Quhat zeale were thilke that kingis gwerdons, whae are iclad in clay,
 Quhilk they bequeathit to the kirke as monuments for aie,
 Should be so robd and ransackit, contrair to their behests;
 To make new vpstart Iacks Lor-Danes, with coin to cram their chests?
 That they whaes fathers were bot kernis, knauis, pesants, clownis, &
 booris,
 Mocht perke as paddocks, ligg in soft, & swath their paramoris.—St. 3.

Thilke

Thilke men of elde that han from God the sprite of prophecie,
 Quhilk thou dost reke, did not as thou, spekes scoffes and ribaudrie.
 Weil lettred clarkis endite thair warkes (quoth Horace) slow & geasoun,
 But thou can wise forth buike by buike at every spurt & seasoun.
 For men of litrature t' endite so fast, them doth not sitte,
 Enaunter in them, as in thee, thair pen outrun thair witt;
 The shaftis of foolis are soone shotte out, bot fro the merke they stray,
 So art thou glibbe to guibe and taunte, but rouest all the way.
 Quhen thou hast parbrackt out thy gorge, & shot out all thy arrowes,
 See that thou hold thy clacke, & hang thy quiver on the gallowes."

St. 5.

The epigrams have more abuse than wit.

"New-fangled bores I thought to terme the birdes of Martin's nest,
 But that I see in getting boies, like men they doe their best.

The veriest knaves cheefe Pruritans, and Martinists are found;
 And why? they saie where sin was great, there grace will most abound."

The merit or demerit of controversial publications is seldom a matter worth inquiry; their ephemeral purpose served, they are generally destroyed and forgotten. In the present instance, tracts that once created an universal ferment in this kingdom, now only occur among the rarest preservations of chance, and the most industrious research will not gratify the collector with obtaining possession of the whole pro and con. Literary curiosities they must remain while the history of the press forms a prominent feature in that of our country; but of their origin the following lines give such an indifferent description, as to leave that scarcity unregretted by general readers.

"If any mervaile at the man, and doe desire to see,
 The stile and phrase of Martin's booke, come learn it here of me.

Holde my cloke boy, chill haue a vling at Martin, O the boore,
 And if his horse play like him well, of such he shall haue store.

He thus bumfzges his bousing mates, and who is Martin's mate?

O that the steale-counters were knoune, chood catch them by the pate,

Th'

Th' vnsauorie snuffes first iesting booke, though clownish, knauish was,
 But keeping still one stile, he prooues a sodden headed asse.
 Beare with his ingramnesse awhile, his seasoned wainscot face,
 That brought that godly cobbler Cliffe,* for to disproue his grace.

But, O, that godly cobbler Cliffe, as honest an olde lad,
 As Martin (O the libeller) of hangbyes ever had:
 If I berime thy worshipnes, as thou beliest thy betters,
 For railing see which of vs two shall be the greatest getters.
 But if in flinging at such states, thy noddle be no slower;
 Thy brother hangman will thee make, be pulde three asses lower.
 Then mend these manners Martin, or in spite of Martin's nose,
 My rithme shall be as dogrell, as vnlearned is thy prose.

These tinker termes, and barber's iestes first Tarleton on the stage,
 Then Martin in his bookes of lies, hath put in euery page:
 The common sort of simple swads, I can there state but pitie,
 That will vouch safe, or deygne to laugh at libelles so vnwittie.
 Let Martin thinke some pen as badde, some head to be as knavish,
 Some tongue to be as glibbe as his, some rayling all as lavish;
 And be content, if not because we know not where to find thee,
 We hope to se thee where deserts of treason haue assign'd thee."

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. VII. *Supplement to some articles in the letters
 on Simon's coins.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

I now find that the second tom. of Kircher's *Œdipus* was published at Rome in 1653, but as the transmission of books from foreign countries was not then so quick as it has been since, it is still very possible that Walton might know nothing of the contents of that book when he published his own in 1657. I find

* See Herbert, p. 1687.

however

however that the coins of Simon had been made known to the public before the appearance of Kircher's book by a Jew of the name of Moses Alaschar; for that book of Alaschar is quoted by Morinus in his tract *de Samarit. pentat. p. 209*, which was published as early as 1631: it does not however appear whether Alaschar had or not discovered the name of *Simon* on them, but he had deciphered the legend of *liberation of Zion*, yet this alone was not sufficient to prove to Walton that they were coined since the captivity.

All legends, which had been found on Jewish coins before Alaschar, were only *shekel of Israel* or *Jerusalem the holy*, and they were of the larger kinds called shekels, which are now generally conceived to be all of them forgeries by the Jews to impose on Europeans, who were studious of Jewish antiquities: so that the too confident assertions of Scaliger, Walton, and Prideaux, were founded merely on error, or at best on coins not so sufficiently authenticated as those of Simon have been since.

Hence we see how very slowly truth comes to light; but for the examiner of Mr. Hurwitz to remain under such an old error, and make use of an exploded argument after better evidence and more certain and later facts have been laid before the public, is less excusable: As to Prideaux it seems scarcely possible, but that he must have known the name of Simon to have been found on the only Jewish coins now esteemed genuine; since I have pointed out so many authors by whom that name is mentioned before 1715 as found on such coins: his omission then of all notice of them seems to have arisen from his conviction, that coins struck
under

under the Maccabees in so late an age as 500 years after the captivity could never prove the use of Samaritan letters before the captivity; and yet the examiner of Hurwitz has taken up as a capital evidence that very one which Prideaux rejected, and so have others. But the date of the coinage of the larger shekels was also at least uncertain, if not worse proof for Prideaux to employ.

To my former catalogue of authors who had mentioned the name of Simon being on those coins before 1715 I may now add M. Simon in his *Bibliothèque de Sanjore* in 1708, on account of his remarkable recantation of that argument in favour of the *pristine antiquity* of Samaritan letters founded on Jewish coins: his 27th and 28th chapters of tom. 2 are expressly concerning this subject. He begins thus: "One ought not to be surprised, that I have in some measure changed my opinion concerning the antiquity of Samaritan letters among the Jews; in matters of criticism one often makes new discoveries: when I first published my works, I was in the common opinion concerning this subject with almost all other learned men; but I have since had evident proofs that what has been generally said concerning the antiquity of shekels in Samaritan letters, is not altogether well founded." P. 389.

"Ancient Jews, and others who have followed them, did not know that these shekels were struck long after Solomon under the Maccabees; as appears visibly, because they were struck in the name of the chief priest Simon, which name is to be found on several coins where some learned authors have read different legends." P. 400.

"It

“It cannot be denied that the Maccabee chiefs made use of Samaritan letters, but it does not necessarily follow hence, that the Jews made use of them in their *most early* times.” P. 409.

Possibly Prideaux might have been as well convinced as M. Simon, or by him that no argument in favour of the antiquity of Samaritan letters could be drawn from those coins having the name of Simon on them, yet he appears to have thought otherwise concerning the shekels with the legend of *Jerusalem the holy*; and yet Reland and Ottius had before 1715 equally reprobated these for not affording any adequate evidence, as M. Simon has both classes. But thus it happens, that some well-known and popular authors instead of assisting us to make further advances in knowledge often pull men back again into the errors of a century or two before, and mislead others to adopt their own exploded errors: it is the business then of those, who sit in judgment upon new books, to form such a better acquaintance with the criticisms of former times as to be able to correct such errors, instead of lending a helping hand to lead us back again into an age of ignorance; of which misconduct the examiner of Mr. Hurwitz has by no means afforded any singular specimens among the public critics.

M. Simon goes on to support the propriety of his recantation by quoting some further information concerning Jewish coins from *Bouteroue* in his *Recherches des Monnoyes de France*, published as early as 1666; which being a scarce book, and containing some particulars not noticed by Reland and Ottius, I shall copy some articles in further illustration of my preceding letters. Now *Bouteroue* mentions one silver coin,
which

which is exactly like the coin of Henrion, having a bunch of grapes on one side and on the other a lyre with the legend *liberation of Jerusalem*; but in this coin the first letter of *Schemoun*, namely *S*, is visible as well as the last two letters: he mentions also another coin, on which it is only the two last letters, which are defaced. These confirm the name to have been *Schemoun*. The *former* of these is in silver, but the *latter* is in bronze: this confirms that the four silver ones of the second class, struck on coins of Trajan, were of the same nature in other respects with the bronze ones, and relative to the same event with those coins examined by Reland and Ottius, which were *all* in bronze with *liberation of Jerusalem* on them also; and it does not appear that they knew of any silver ones of those smaller sizes, but only of the large silver shekels worth two shillings and four pence. Bouteroue calls the *latter* of his above two coins, viz. that in bronze a *quarter shekel*, but another in bronze he calls *a shekel*; which cannot be rightly *surnamed*, yet it still shews how great a difference there must be in the *sizes* of those bronze coins as well as *values*. Which then of these different sizes in bronze did Barthelemy mean to say were conformable to the *fabric* of coins of Syrian kings?

It appears by Bouteroue's account of their types and legends, that these were *all* the very same with those on the smaller bronze coins of Reland and Ottius, which Ottius also had found to be of very different *weights*. Bouteroue seems more right in the *name* with respect to the silver coins; for his *first*, which was like the silver one of Henrion, he calls a *quarter shekel*, or *dracme*, of silver. Now a *dracme*, in French,

is an eighth part of an ounce troy; if then an ounce was worth five shillings, the eighth would be seven pence halfpenny, and thus be a quarter part of two shillings and four pence, the greatest value of a shekel. It would be curious therefore to know, whether the two silver ones, in Mr. Hunter's collection, struck on coins of Trajan, weigh a *dracme* likewise: if they do, or apparently did so before worn and defaced, it would prove that *all* these silver coins were rather formed in *conformity* to the silver coins of the Roman Emperors than of Hebrew weights or the Syrian kings. It is indeed possible even that these silver ones of Bouteroue might have been originally coins of Trajan also, although so well superstruck, as that the Roman letters were all obscured: it would also be of some use to know whether there be any others of these silver coins of a different weight from those of a *dracme* (except the shekels,) or whether all of them are not conformed to the weight of Trajan's silver coins, rather than to Hebrew weights, or to the coins of the Syrian kings. Without knowing some more of these particulars it is impossible to make any thing of Barthelemy's proof of there being a *first* class conformable to Syrian royal coins: for as Bouteroue confirms the account of Oxtius, that the bronze ones are of very different *weights* and *sizes*, did Barthelemy mean that *all* of these were conformable to royal Syrian coins, or only *some* of them; if the latter what are we to think of the rest? Which nevertheless Reland and Oxtius thought to be *all* equally coins of Simon Maccabee; and can any distinction in point of antiquity be made while they are *all* so similar in their types and legends? Every way then that we can survey Barthelemy's argument from such

such conformity, for making a difference between the *first* and *third* classes it amounts to nothing satisfactory: all the above authors have indeed omitted to mention many necessary articles of information; for which reason I have added those of Bouteroue from Simon's *Bibliothèque*, as the work itself of Bouteroue is scarce.

It appears further from Morinus in his *Exercitat. Samaritan.* p. 125, that a Moses Nachman, who lived before 1300, had mentioned his seeing some Jewish shekels of the larger class, which had on them *shekel of Israel and Jerusalem the holy*, together with pots of manna and Aaron's rod for types: if these were genuine, still from the similarity of their types to the lesser ones there is no reason to suppose these also to be of greater antiquity than those having Simon on them; therefore Prideaux had no sufficient authority for speaking so confidently of their antiquity, and of the proof arising from such shekels concerning the antiquity of Samaritan letters. But possibly Bayer, whose book is scarce also, may have cleared up some of the above articles of insufficient information; at present I can find no foundation for attributing greater antiquity to *some* than to others; and as four of them are now with certainty proved not to be more ancient than Trajan, the same is probably the case with *all* the rest, especially as I have pointed out several circumstances attending them more suitable to Barcochebas than to Simon Maccabee.

After having thus invalidated this favourite evidence for the antiquity of Samaritan letters, readers possibly may wish to know whether there be any other which is more solid. I confess that I think there is not;

what Mr. Hurwitz has urged against them I am ignorant, having not read his book; but the only other evidence for them is from Jewish tradition in the Talmud. M. Simon however himself acknowledges, that the traditions there on this subject are in direct opposition to one another, as Buxtorf has also proved ever since 1662, in his *Dissert. de origine ling. Hebr.* He says "that he is convinced that Buxtorf has sufficiently proved from the Talmud, that although in one passage [*according to the common interpretation of it*] Mar Sutra affirms the antiquity of the Samaritan letters, yet in the same place of the Gemara of the same tract, *Sanhedrin*, R. Simeon says the directly contrary after Rabbi Eleazar, and affirms that neither the Jewish language nor letters had undergone any change by Ezra." P. 425, tom. 2.

Such contradictory traditions then can amount to no evidence, especially since Simon adds, "that no dependence whatever is to be placed on any traditions in either of the Talmuds." *Les traditions qui n'ont point d'autre fondation que le Talmud sont peu croyables; ce vaste ouvrage est si plein de contradictions, que le plus souvent il ne merite pas qu'on y ait egard: on y voit des docteurs, qui se combattent avec force les uns les autres sur leurs traditions,*" p. 427. Accordingly, learned Jews themselves have had different opinions on this subject ever since; but one further evidence has occurred to me of which I have seen no hint before, which is, that even that passage of Mar Sutra, above mentioned, which has been made the *only* foundation for the antiquity of Samaritan letters, appears to me to have been altogether misinterpreted by Raf Chasda, whose interpretation of it is subjoined in

in the Talmud; and that Mar Sutra actually *meant* to affirm the directly contrary to what Raf Chasda supposes him to mean: now it is that interpretation by Raf Chasda which the Jews and Christians have adopted ever since, but I apprehend very erroneously, and this is the only passage in the Talmud in favour of Samaritan letters.

I was led to this opinion by a remark in the above work of Simon, in which he asserts "that there is *one* evident *error* in the common interpretation of that passage in question (which I will mention afterwards) in regard to one assertion in it," p. 426. Now I wonder that the perception of this *error* did not carry him further, and as far as myself to perceive that the *whole* interpretation was erroneous, and has made Mar Sutra affirm the directly contrary to his real meaning. Let me first quote the whole passage itself, and then point out the above *error*; the words added in *Italics*, between crotchets, ascertain the senses which Raf Chasda gives to the preceding words, and which have been given to them ever since; but the question is whether those be the right senses. "Dixit Mar Sutra; in principio data est lex Israeli scripturâ Ebræâ (*Samaritanâ*) et linguâ sanctâ (*Ebræa*): iterum data est ipsis in diebus Ezræ scripturâ Assyriacâ (*Ebræâ*) et linguâ Aramæâ (*Chaldæica*). Elegerunt pro Israelitis (*Judæis*) scripturam Assyriacam (*Ebræam*) et linguam sanctam (*Ebræam*); et reliquerunt Idiotis (Samaritanis) scripturam Ebræam (*Samaritanam*) et linguam Aramæam (*Chaldaicam*). Quinam sunt Idiotæ? Raf Chasda dixit Cuthæi (*Samaritani*). Quænam est scriptura Ebræa? Raf Chasda dixit Libonaah (*Samaritana*)."

Now, at the mere reading of the above so interpreted, I think that every reader must find himself astonished at almost every *national* name being made to have a sense quite different from what he had ever been used to before; yet such is the interpretation of Chasda, if *Israelitis* means *Judæis*, as it must do if *Idiotis* means *Samaritanis*; and accordingly so all Jews and Christians understand those words, even Simon himself. But what is the *error* above referred to? It is “that these Rabbins do not say what is really *true*, when they affirm “that there was left to the Arthæans (*Samaritans*) the *scriptura Ebræa* and *lingua Chaldaica*.” For it is certain that the Samaritan pentateuch is in *lingua sacra (Ebræa)* not in *Chaldaica*, and in the same language with that of the Jews themselves, although it is writ in Samaritan letters, not in the letters of the Jewish pentateuch.”

This is such an evident and gross blunder, that it seems very wonderful how the interpretation by Raf Chasda could be so generally adopted, and he must therefore certainly have mistaken the sense of *Idiotis*, when he explains it to mean the *whole nation of Samaritans* instead of the *private commonalty of the Jews*, which is the most proper and general meaning of *Idiotis*; and of whom it is actually true that their paraphrases of the pentateuch in the *lingua Chaldaica* were writ in the letters of the *lingua sancta*, i. e. in Hebrew letters; but it is not true of the Samaritans, as Simon rightly remarks: the latter had indeed a paraphrase likewise, but this was in Samaritan letters as well as language. Now this alteration of the sense of *Idiotis* necessarily alters the sense of every *national* name throughout the whole passage, and restores them

to such senses, as they have every where else and ought to have here also. The explications in the crotchets will then stand thus. “Dixit Mar Sutra: In principio data est lex Israeli (et Judæis et Israelitis) scripturâ Ebræâ (Ebræâ et linguâ sanctâ (Ebræa): iterum data est lex ipsis diebus Ezræ scripturâ Assyriacâ (Syriaca et Samaritana) et lingua Aramæâ (Chaldaica). Elegerunt pro Israelitis (Samaritanis) scripturam Assyriacam (Samaritanam) et linguam sanctam (Ebræam) et reliquerunt Idiotis (privatis Judæis) scripturam Ebræam (Ebræam) et linguam Aramæam (Chaldaicam).”

Thus every assertion is true and every name has its right and common sense: but it must be observed that when Mar Sutra says that *iterum data est lex scripturâ Assyriaca et linguâ Aramæâ*, he cannot mean that these two innovations were united in *one* and the same copy, for this would not be true; but only that these *two* innovations were certainly made under Ezra, in two *different* copies however of the pentateuch. For the Samaritan copy was afterwards writ in Samaritan *letters* for the *Samaritans* (Assyriaca,) and the Jewish copy was afterwards paraphrased in the Chaldee *language* (Aramæa) for the use of *private Jews*. That Sutra thus meant *different copies* for the use of *different persons* is evident by his subsequent words, *eligerunt* and *reliquerunt*. When persons make *choice* of any thing, they must necessarily choose one out of *two* or more things; and thus out of the *two* innovations they *chose* Assyrian letters for the Samaritans; but thus the *second* innovation of Chaldee language they left (*reliquerunt*) to the *private Jews*. He could not have used *reliquerunt* with any propriety,

priety, if he had not meant that what was thus *left* was the remainder of the *two* innovations before mentioned, and which were after this manner *divided* between the copies by the Jews and Samaritans.

By this exposition, which necessarily results from giving the right sense to *Idiotis*, it appears that even this passage in the Talmud, if rightly explained, affirms the present Hebrew letters to have been the original letters of the pentateuch, not the Samaritan ones: and this also several Jews have asserted in the same chapter of the Talmud, and others expressed their astonishment that *Sutra* should say that the Samaritan letters were the original ones, as Simon himself thus affirms, “in the very same place of the Gemava of the tract *Sanhedrin*, R. Simeon says expressly after R. Eleazar the directly contrary to Mar *Sutra* above; he there affirms, that as the language of the people of Israel was not changed by Ezra, so also there was no change in their letters at that time.” P. 425.

Buxtorf also produces the testimony of R. Abraham Harophe in these words—“*Obstupescit cor meum, quomodo id ascendere potuerit in animum Mar Sutræ: an instar hominis est Deus, ut mutet aliquid circa scripturam legis, prout ab ipso metest data lex publice in oculis totius Israelis in monte Sinæ? Aut ut peniteat ipsum linguæ illius propriæ Judæorum—mutando eam in alienam scripturam tempore Ezræ,*” p. 199. He was misled by the false interpretation of *Sutra*'s words, which Raf Chasda had given in the Talmud, as all others have been ever since, and his implicit reverence for the Talmud would not permit him to suppose that there was any mistake concerning the *sense* of any thing affirmed there: he differed so far
however

however from Raf Chasda, that he attempted to explain *Assyriaca* in a little different sense, but it is a puerile and unsolid evasion; he did not perceive where the real and original error existed, i. e. in the erroneous sense of *Idiotis*; and if this word be capable of such a further sense in Hebrew as it has sometimes in Greek and Latin of expressing contempt on account of ignorance, I should not wonder if Chasda was not hence only induced to apply it to the *Samaritans* rather than to the Jews; but almost certainly he has given a blundering explication of the true facts which Mar Sutra had expressed both properly and intelligibly, and also agreeably to the common senses elsewhere of the words he employed. Chasda is moreover equally singular in the use of his own word *Libonaah*, which, I believe, does not occur any where else to mean *Samaritans*: once I supposed it to be derived from *Libanus*, that mountain being the boundary between Cœlosyria and Palestine, beyond which latter the Jewish territories did not extend; but then it would rather denote Syrian than Samaritan letters. Therefore I rather presume the word to be formed from *Lebonah*, a town mentioned in Judges, xxi. 19, and situated near Bethel and Sichein in Samaria. We know, that in Ecclesiasticus, chap. 50, Samaritans are meant by *men of Sichein*, and might therefore be as well denoted by men of Lebonah.

Upon the whole then it hence appears, that there never was from the first any good foundation for conceiving the Jewish scriptures to have been writ in Samaritan letters originally, from any ancient traditions in the Talmud any more than from any ancient Jewish coins discovered in modern times, and the opinion has
 been

been founded altogether upon error in both cases; in the one case upon an error in language, in the other on an error in reasoning, or in reading, or both.

It is however true that there is so much similarity between Hebrew letters and Samaritan ones, that they seem to have been originally both of the same stock, and either that the less complicated Hebrew letters were an abridged manner of writing Samaritan letters, or else contrariwise the Samaritan ones a more laborious and intricate mode invented afterwards for forming Hebrew letters. M. Simon is of the former opinion, that Hebrew letters were a cursory and epistolic mode of writing Syrian ones, which may thus be considered as capitals when contrasted with a small running hand. But I do not perceive how we can hence form any conclusion as to which of the two is most *ancient*. For mankind sometimes indeed refine through time by adopting greater simplicity, but at other times by introduction of more intricate modes of ornament; thus the Saxon letters were only Latin letters spoilt by an excess of intricate ornament, while, on the contrary, Greek and Latin letters seem to have been simplifications of the more intricate oriental letters. No objection then against the *pristine antiquity* of Hebrew letters in the Jewish scriptures can be formed upon this foundation any more than on any others: and possibly the sole cause of any such opinion having become current among the Jews, as that Ezra had introduced a new species of letters, may have been, that those Jews and Israelites who remained in Judea and Israel during the captivity, had then so entirely lost the use of their pristine Hebrew letters, and so universally along with the Samaritans adapted Syrian letters, that upon the
return

return from captivity they thought the original Hebrew letters of the Jews to be quite a new set brought with them from Babylon; although they were in reality only the ancient Hebrew letters preserved there, when they had been lost and forgot every where in Judea itself and in the kingdom of Israel.

Lastly, the above right explication of Mar Sutra's words gives information also concerning a fact, which has been much disputed among learned Christians, this is, what the *origin* was of the Samaritan pentateuch, and what *antiquity* ought to be attributed to it; for some have supposed it to be a copy derived from such as were current in the kingdom of Israel, before it ceased to be a kingdom; but this is no way probable, for Hebrew letters were then understood and current there, not Samaritan ones, which were not introduced there until afterwards. Leclerc again has supposed it to be derived from that copy of the scriptures, which was carried to Samaria by the priest, whom Esarchaddon sent there to teach the Samaritans the law of the Jews, and who turned, as he supposed, the Hebrew letters into Samaritan ones. Others have ascribed a later origin to it, but without being able to determine the precise time. Now Mar Sutra has there determined the time, so far as his own opinion and information are able to determine it, namely, when Ezra formed a corrected copy of the Hebrew bible; and this seems no way improbable: for Ezra finding, that all the Jews as well as Israelites, who had not quitted Palestine had forgot the Hebrew letters, and many of those also who returned from captivity were better acquainted with Chaldean or Syrian letters than the original Hebrew ones; might just as naturally direct the Hebrew letters

to be turned into Syrian or Samaritan ones for the benefit of the Israelites, as to paraphrase the Hebrew language by a Chaldee translation for the benefit of those Jews who had lost the Hebrew tongue. And Simon is himself of opinion that *Chaldee paraphrases* were in use as early as the time of Ezra, although not the same paraphrases which we have now; why then also not just as well the scriptures be writ then first in *Samaritan letters*, both alterations being of equal benefit to some or other of the Jews and Israelites. “Les paraphrases Chaldaïques on peut à la vérité faire remonter jusqu’ au tems d’ Esdras,” p. 426. These circumstances confirm the fact asserted by Sutra, *that the law was then given in two new modes, namely, of Samaritan letters, and also of the Chaldee language; the former for the benefit of the Israelites, the latter for that of the Jews chiefly.* The above true state then of the question concerning the antiquity of Samaritan letters shews with what caution readers ought to trust implicitly to the opinions even of such writers, as in general appear to be writers of fidelity; for sometimes they hastily or negligently take up with ill-founded facts, and draw from them such ill-founded consequences as to form an intricate mass of error, from which the subject is scarcely ever altogether extricated in future times to the perfect satisfaction of all parties, while the authority of former learned men stands so much in contradiction to the evidence of our own reason, that many are almost tempted to disbelieve it, when thus opposed by the respect due to the reason of others during a century or two before. It is fortunate, however, that I have been anticipated by an
author

author so intelligent concerning such subjects as M. Simon. S.

P. S. It seems probable that the Hebrew word expressing *Idiota* does admit of a like contemptuous sense as in Greek and Latin, because I find that it admits it in Arabic. In the *Coran Sur lxii. 2*, Mahomet says, "that he was sent *an apostle among Idiotas*," and immediately adds, *for they were before in gross error*. Also in the Arabic translation of Erpenius of the N. Test. *Greeks* as opposed to Jews is rendered by *Idiotas* in Acts xix. 10 & 17; also in xxi. 28, as being still in error from ignorance. And this sense might mislead R. Chasda to apply it to Samaritans, when it only meant to distinguish *private* Jews from their rulers and teachers. S.

ART. VIII. *Reply to S.'s Defence of Grotius.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

The kind but flattering *note*, appended to the learned and ingenious vindication of Grotius, by your correspondent S. obliges me to say a few words, contrary to my original intention, explanatory of my first letter on that subject. It was very far from my wish to be drawn into a controversy concerning the merits of Grotius, for which I have neither time nor inclination; and my only reason for writing any thing concerning him, was to obtain some account of the story of Nehumias. Being satisfied in that by the obliging attention of your friend S. I should have left your readers to draw their own conclusions from our different ideas of Grotius's theological writings, had you not, by your *note*, seemed to think it incumbent on me to explain some part of my meaning, which S. has perhaps mistaken.

On

On referring to my letter, p. 92, I believe it will be found that I accused Grotius, first, of paying too much attention to Jewish and Talmudic writings; and, secondly, of contradicting himself; of which I produced what appeared to me to be an instance. Concerning the first of these, I spoke from the general impression upon my mind, occasioned by a not inattentive perusal of his observations upon those prophecies principally which are commonly referred to the Messiah. And I think this impression justified, not only by his frequent quotations of the opinions, both of the ancient and modern Jews, and what seems, to me, his general disinclination to apply to the Messiah several prophecies which are usually so applied by Christian writers; but also, because in his own preface, he avows that he was chiefly guided by the Jewish interpretations in his Commentary on the Law;* in which division of the Old Testament several of the most remarkable prophecies of the Messiah are included.

But this, as your correspondent *S.* justly observes, is merely an opinion; and those who study Grotius, will of course judge for themselves, and form their own conclusions. Of the second accusation I produced an example; but concerning this, let it be observed, that I did *not* say that Grotius took his explication of the 52d and 63d chapters of Isaiah from the Talmud. I know that several passages of the Talmud apply parts of those chapters to the Messiah, though the more modern, and some of the ancient Jews did not. The expression with which I introduced it, was “ Mised

* As I have not at present that preface by me, I mention this particular from memory.

in this manner;" i. e. by this too great attention to the opinions of the Jews after Christ; and it seems remarkable, that in his observations on this prophecy, in his book "De Veritate, &c." he never mentions the name of Jeremiah at all, nor seems to think it worth his while to contradict the application of it to him. Whether, when a writer says of the very same passage, "Hæ notæ in Jeremiam congruunt prius sed potius in Christum;" and "Quis potest nominari aut regum aut prophetarum in quem hæc congruunt? nemo sane," he contradicts himself or not, I leave to your readers to determine.*

With respect to the rest of your correspondent's able defence of Grotius, I have only to observe, that it is nothing to my argument, whether Le Clerc, and other Christian writers, have agreed with him or not. For I have said nothing concerning them, nor mentioned Le Clerc's name, but as a translator of Grotius. If I had, it would not have been in a very favourable manner; nor can I think him a sincere friend to the Christian religion, who wrote with so much violence against Leslie, one of the most close and powerful reasoners that has ever exercised his pen in the cause of that religion.

I cannot find by my own observation, nor have I heard before, that the criticism of Grotius was chiefly

* Since I made the observat'on upon this passage, I have found it strongly confirmed by the respectable opinion of Whitby, in his note on Acts viii. 31. "And though Grotius, in his notes upon this chapter, *endeavours* to interpret the words concerning the prophet Jeremy, yet in his excellent book of the Truth of the Christian Religion, having cited this whole chapter (Isaiah liii.) he inquires, *Quis potest nominari, &c.*" The word *endeavours* clearly shows Whitby's idea of the commentator's bias.

applied to the *literal* sense of the Bible, as *S.* affirms. Neither in his own, nor in the more elaborate preface of Moody, is there, I believe, any intimation of that kind. In his own, if I remember right, he says, that in his Commentary on the Prophets, he has principally endeavoured to reconcile the historical with the mystic, or prophetic sense. He professes, therefore, to attend to them both; for which reason it has always seemed very strange to me, that he should take so little, or sometimes even no notice, of passages in his Commentary, upon which he lays a considerable stress in his treatise *De Veritate Relig. Christ.*

That the story of Nehumias rests upon no sufficient foundation is very evident; but I never said that Grotius took it either from the Talmud, or from the Jews. Jenkin said he found it in the Talmud; and Le Clerc thought he remembered that he said he had received it from a Jew. But it is obvious that it could not be a Jewish fable, because it would be so strong a proof against them; and in that light Grotius certainly considered it, and therefore introduced it, though very injudiciously, into his work, in confirmation of a truth which stands in need of no such assistance.

And here, Sir, I must enter my protest against Rosemuller's doctrine, as quoted by *S.* that the New Testament is of no authority in determining the sense of passages in the prophets supposed to relate to the Messiah. It is well known, that not every accommodation, or coincidence of local circumstances or expression, which is merely introduced by *that it might be fulfilled*, shews that the passage so applied was really a prophecy; but when a prophecy is expressly cited, and the attention of the people called to the present accomplishment

accomplishment of it, it cannot be supposed but that the prophecy was really completed by such event. In the instance which Rosemuller brings, of Matt. xii. 18, &c. there seems to be a strange mistake; for the passage there quoted, "locus noster," does not relate to the chapters of Isaiah there spoken of, the 52d and 53d, but to the 42d. But that prophecy is quoted by St. John, ch. xii. 38, and applied in a manner so remarkable, as to leave no room to suppose it to be a mere accommodation: *These things said Esaias, when he saw his glory, and spake of him.* It is also applied directly by Philip, Acts viii. 35, when the Ethiopian eunuch was reading the prophecy without understanding it, "He opened his mouth, and began *at the same Scripture*, and preached unto him Jesus." Can there then be a doubt, that both John and Philip understood that prophecy to relate to Jesus?

I am very glad to find that S. intimates his opinion to be different from Rosemuller's concerning that wonderful prophecy, which I consider as one of the bulwarks of Christianity; and wholly inapplicable to any other person, or persons, than Jesus. It was indeed very little to be expected that any scholar of the present age would revive the obsolete application of it to the Jewish people, which has been so often proved to be unfounded, by men; at least, as eminent as Rosemuller. But this is not the place to enter upon such a controversy; and in taking my leave of Grotius, I would willingly make him an *amende honorable*, by quoting his refutation of this opinion first broached by Celsus's Jew; but that the passage is

too long, and the work itself to be found in every library.*

P. M.

P. S. Since I wrote the above, upon looking into Dr. Gregory Sharpe's "Second Argument," I find these words, in [speaking of the prophecy of Micah, used by that able and eminent author: "If Grotius had not wrested every word of this oracle from its obvious meaning, that, *blinded with Jewish prejudices*, he might apply it in a primary sense to Zerubbabel," p. 188. Again, in the next page, after quoting Grotius, he adds, "Here one would be almost tempted to think that the Jew had snatched up the pen, and inserted the word *recte*." And again, in another place, p. 190, "Strange interpretation of an oracle, so hard to be wrested from the Christians, by a Christian; though in his interpretation of ancient oracles, applied to Christ, *recte dicatur*, a Jewish interpreter." To this Dr. Sharpe adds, in p. 361, Houbigant's opinion of his Commentary: "Pere Houbigant, who has reason to be displeased with Grotius for interpreting so many prophecies concerning the Messiah, as if in a primary sense they related to other persons, here entirely agrees with him," &c. These passages need no comment.

P. M.

Aug. 12, 1808.

* See Grot. de Verit. &c. Lib. v. sect. xix. See also upon this interesting subject, Chandler's very able, learned, and masterly "Defence of Christianity;" Leslie's Truth of Christianity demonstrated;" Lowth's Isaiah; Dr. Gregory Sharpe's "Second Argument;" and Granville Sharp on the Prophecies.

ART.

ART. IX. *Old Poetry.*[*Robert Davy,*

Author of a few compositions in verse inserted in the MS. volume repeatedly noticed in this work as of the age of Elizabeth. His name is believed to be now first known. The pieces are of a religious cast, and are remarkable for their smoothness of numbers, when compared with some of the contemporary writers: If there are not the words that burn, there is sufficient merit to claim preservation.]

“ *A Dittie of Defence against the fleshe, the worlde,
and the Devill.*

“ Each wight geeve eare to this approved lore;
that I shall singe in waie of good advice ;
Call to thy mynde the lief thow ledd before,
and thinke what thinges to sinne did the entice :
Bewaile with teares, for that thow did offend,
And vowe in harte hereafter to amend.

Abhor in mynde thy lawlesse lothsome lust,
that yeldes in fine, but poisoned sweet delight :
With most chaste mynde, his force subdue thow must,
by sober foode and by continuall flight.
Doe thus, defie the fleshe and all his force,
To keep the sowle in safetie have remorse.

The worlde likewise with glittring glimse of toyes,
bedecked and full fraught with vanitie
regarde thow not, respecting heavenly ioyes :
his peevishe pompe doe vtterly defie ;
Make wealth a slave to serve thee at thy need,
And God (no dowte) will geave thee better speed,
The Divell also that fowle filthy fende,
that doth but seek to geeve thee overthrowe ;
Abhorr his baites working thy wofull ende,
and shone likewise the dainger of his bowe :
Tread downe his seed, cutt of occasion sought ;
by praier to God his sleighte shall come to nought.

Oh God, our God! graunte pardon wee thee praie
 for each offence, that wee committed have;
 Be thou our guide, to lead vs in the waie,
 to shunne the wiles that wold vs soone deprave;
 And be our strength, their force for to defend
 Our deadly foes that seek our dolefull end.

RO. DAVY."

[Upon a slight retrospect of the history of letters in the last century, imposition and intended fraud are leading characteristics. The Formosa island of the cannibal Psalmanazar; the forgery of Lauder; the yet doubtful Ossian; that offspring of sportive genius Rowley, and the truly venal attempt hight pseudo-Shakspeare:—a combination sufficient to engender some new monster more malignant than Suspicion to slur with venom every discovery in the range of literature.—To preclude doubt, the MS. referred to in any article by me may be easily inspected.]

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. X. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

Nº. XLIV.

On the Latin poems of Cowley.

The Latin poems of Cowley,* which are not printed among the common editions of his works, are not so

* First printed 1668, 8vo. in which are included *Plantarum Libri Duo*, which had been printed Lond 1662, 8vo. The title of the second edition runs thus: *Abrahami Couleii Angli, Poemata Latina: in quibus continentur Sex Libri Plantarum, viz. Duo Herbarum, Flerum, Sylvarum; et unus Miscellaneorum.*

Habeo quod carmine sancti & verbis. Ovid Metam. 10.

Huic editioni secundæ accessit Index Rerum antebac desideratus. Londini typis M. Clarke, Impensis Jo. Martyn, ad Insigne Campanæ in Cæmeterio D. Pauli 1678. 8vo.

well

well known as they ought to be. Dr. Johnson and T. Warton* differ in the degree of their merit; but it must be admitted that they discover great skill in the Latin language, as well as great genius.

I think some of my readers will not be displeas'd at having two or three of them again brought into notice. I embrace the opportunity more willingly, because I have heard it objected, I think, with too narrow views, that my ruminations are not sufficiently confin'd to subjects of literature. Limits I have always impos'd on myself, which have restrain'd me from discussing many topics of life and manners, that would both have been pleasing to myself, and have given a greater diversity to my pages. But there are those who would confine me within bounds, to which I cannot submit to be chain'd.

Cowley is never more eloquent than when he descants on the pleasures of Solitude, whether in Latin or English.

“ *Solitudo.*

“ Rura laudamus merito poetæ,
Rure floremus; dominoque laurum
Sole gaudentem necat oppidorum
Nubilus aer.

Nam prius crescet seges in plateis,
Et coronabunt fora densa flores
Sponte nascentes, prius ipsa civis
Fiet et herba.

Urbe quam surgat media bonorum
Carminum messis; bona semper urbem
Carmina oderunt, neque nutrit omnis
Omnia tellus.

† See Johnson's Lives of the Poets, and Warton's Preface to Milton's Juvenile Poems.

Rure, Persarum veluti tyrannus,
 Abditus longo maneam recessu,
 Sæpe legatum satis est ad urbem
 Mittere carmen:

Arbores salvete, bonæque sylvæ,
 Civitas fœlix avium innocentum!
 Regna Musarum! sacra rusticantium
 Villa Deorum!

Hic jacens vestris temere sub umbris,
 Audiam supra Zephyros volantes,
 Cumque fœcundis bene disputantes
 Frondibus auras.*

O sacrum risum juvenilis anni!
 Cum calor totos penetrans per artus
 Fertilem pubem, Veneremque adulti
 Suscitât orbis.

Hic mihi æstivo domus apta sole,
 Pulchra naturæ domus architectæ!
 Quis trabem excisam prius æstimabit
 Arbore vivâ?†

* This is a translation of some beautiful lines in his English poem on Solitude.

“ Here let me careless and unthoughtful lying,
 Hear the soft winds above me flying,
 With all their wanton boughs dispute.”

† “ Here Nature does a house for me erect,
 Nature, the wisest architect,
 Who those fond artists does despise,
 That can the fair and living trees neglect;
 Yet the dead timber prize.” *Ibid.*

Audiam

Quid struis pulchros thalamos in altum
 Membra sub terrâ positurus ima?
 Conserens hortos, sed in omne tempus
 Ipse serendus?

Nam tuas te res agitare credis?
 Esse te frugalem? aliis laboras
 Servus infœlix, aliena curas

Ardelio ingens.

Longa momento meditantur uno,
 Dum senes rebus venientis ævi
 Lineæ puncto brevis in supremo
 Acrius instant.

Jure formicæ cumulant acervos
 Providæ, et brumæ memores futuræ,
 Sed male æstivas eadem deceret

Cura cicadas.

Gloriæ mendax nitor atque honorum
 Posset excusare suos amantes,
 Si diem vitæ valuisset, uti sol,
 Pingere totum.

At brevem post se sonitum relinquens
 Fulguris ritu, simul ac videtur
 Transit, illustri loca multa inaurans
 Non sine damno.

O rudis pulchræ prope contuenti
 Scena fortunæ! Mala fastuosa
 Ore larvato! Lachrymæque pictæ
 Iiidis instar!

Magna contemnens, miseranosque magnos,
 Invidens nullo, minimo invidendus,
 Vive Coulei; lege tuta parvâ
 Littora cymbâ.

Hospitem cœlorum, imitare alaudam,
 Sis licet nubes super ire cantu
 Doctus, in terris humilem memento
 Ponere nidum.

N^o. XLV.

The same subject continued.

Having in my last paper given Cowley's Latin versions of his odes on Solitude and Riches, I now proceed to insert his version of his beautiful *Hymn to Light*, whence Warton has extracted stanzas, which furnish him with instances of our poet's inferiority to Milton in classical purity. But perhaps the ingenious critic's zeal for Milton has made him a little too severe on his rival. If he has made a bold and perhaps rash endeavour to clothe his metaphysical conceits in the Latin language, and has sometimes failed accordingly, he has surely sometimes succeeded beyond all hope; there are passages, in which his happiness appears to me really astonishing; and though Johnson went a little too far on the occasion, there is certainly great acuteness in his remarks; and there is, I think, more originality in the Latin poems of Cowley than of Milton. There are many passages in the following ode which affect me with exquisite pleasure.

“ Hymnus, in Lucem.

“ Pulchra de nigrâ sobole parente,
 Quam Chaos fertur peperisse primam,
 Cujus ob formam bene risit olim
 Massa Severa!

Risus O terræ sacer et polorum!
 Aureus vere pluvius tonantis!
 Quæque de cœlo fluis inquieto
 Gloria rivo!

O salus

O salus rerum, et decus omne, salve;
Vita naturæ vigil actuosæ!

Omnium mater bona cum calore
Juncta marito!

Unde, momento, quibus e pharetris
Tela per totum jacularis orbem?

Præpotens, divesque Deique verbum
Fassa paternum!

Carceres ipsos simul, atque metam
Linqvis, attingisque, animi sagittis

Ocyor strictes, rapidâ angelorum
Ocyor alâ.

Aureo lunæ bene læta curru
Auream astrorum peragrarè sylvam, et
Vere nocturno reparata semper

Visere prata,
Regiam gaudens habitare solis
More in ætèrnum Scythico vagantem, et
Divitem mundi redeunte gyro

Ducere pompam:
Inter et tantos humilis triumphos
Vermium dignata animare caudas,
Pauperes dignata hilarare parvâ
Lampede vepres.

Discolorato glomerans racemo
Turba pictorum vaga somniorum
Avolat; mixtas sine more formas
Trudit et urget.

Quin et obscenas repetunt latebras
Sœcla serpentum male consciorum,
Nec tibi natura pudens sinistrum
Objicit omen.

Ad tuos quondam Dolor ipse vultus
Fertur invitam recreasse frontem;
Cura subrisit, pepulitque rugas
Ore maligno.

Ad tuos quondam Timor ipse vultus
 Exculit turpem genibus tremorem;
 Pallor ignescit; capite insolenti
 Cornua vibrant.

Inverecundi Dominator oris
 Te tamen testem metuit Cupido;
 Flamina cognatis rotat in tenebris
 Sordida fumo.

Tu, Dea, Eoi simul atque cœli
 Exeris pulchrum caput e rosetis,
 In tuas laudes volucrum canoris
 Personat hymnis.

Aula gaudentis reserata mundi;
 Spectra discedunt, animæque noctis,
 Vana disceduntque tenebrionum
 Monstra Deorum.

Te bibens arcus Jovis ebriosus
 Mille formosos revomit colores,
 Pavo cœlestis; variamque pascit
 Lumine caudam:

In Rosâ pallam indueris rubentem,
 In Croco auratum indueris lacernam,
 Supparum gestas quasi nuda rillum
 Lilia complens.

Fertilis Floræ sobolem tenellam
 Purpurâ involvis violas honestâ
 Veste segmentata operis superbas
 Larga Tulippas.

Igne concreto fabricata Gemmas
 Floreum immisces solidumque fucum;
 Invidet pictus; fragilesque damnat
 Hortus honores.

Parcior fulvis utinam fuisses
 Diva largiri pretium metallis!
 Parcior, quantis hominum allevasses
 Pectora curis!

Mi quidem solis nitor, et diei
 Innocens fulgor magis allubescit,
 Pars quota humani generis sed aurum

Non tibi præfert!

Ætheris gyros per inexplicatos,

Aeris campos per et evolutos,

Æquoris per regna laboriosi

Flumine vivo.

Lucidum trudis properanter agmen,

Sed resistentum super ora rerum

Leniter stagnas, liquidoque inundas

Cuncta colore.

At mare immensum, oceanusque lucis

Jugiture cælo fluit empyræo,

Hinc inexhausto per utrumque mundum

Funditur ore."

It may be acceptable to some of my readers to transcribe the poet's épitaph in Westminster Abbey, as it is not inserted in the common accounts of his life.

" Epitaphium

Autoris

In Ecclesia D. Petri apud Westmonasterienses

Sepulti

ABRAHAMUS COULEIUS.

Anglorum Pindarus, Flaccus, Maro,

Deliciæ, Decus, Desiderium Ævi sui,

Hic juxta situs est.

Aurea dum volitant late tua scripta per orbem,

Et famâ æternum vivis, Divine Poeta,

Hic placidâ jaceas requie: Custodiat urnam

Canâ Fides, vigilantque perenni lampade Musæ;

Sit sacer iste locus; nec quis temerarius ausit

Sacrilegâ turbare manu venerabile Bustum.

Intacti

Intacti maneant; mancant per sæcula dulcis
 COULEII cineres, serventque immobile saxum:
 Sic vovetque

Votumque suum apud Posterios sacratum esse voluit,
 Qui viro incomparabili posuit sepulchrale marmor,

GEORGIUS DUX BUCKINGHAMIÆ,

Excessit e vitâ Anno Ætatis suæ 49^o et honorificâ pompâ
 elatus ex Cœdibus Buckinghamianis, viris illustribus omnium
 ordinum exequias celebrantibus sepultus est die 3^o M. Au-
 gusti, Anno Domini 1667."

N^o XLVI.

*Armorial Bearings on the Shields of the Grecian
 Chiefs, as described by Æschylus.*

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

A friend the other day pointed out to me several passages in Æschylus, which rather surprised me, and have much engaged my attention. Some articles in the late numbers of your Censura have induced me to make these passages the subject of a letter for your Ruminator, which professes to admit topics of criticism as well as moral essays.

The origin of heraldry has been a point of long and tedious dispute among a particular class of antiquaries; into which I shall refrain from entering. I may, however, slightly hint, that it is now generally admitted, on the soundest authorities, that arms, considered as hereditary marks appropriate to the shields of particular families, and modified in their formation by rules
 of

of blazonry, certainly did not exist before the age of Charlemagne; and in England, did not prevail till after the Norman Conquest; nor were generally settled, even among the nobles and greater gentry, till nearly two centuries afterwards.*

With this conviction, I confess I felt a momentary astonishment, when my friend produced Æschylus's description of the figures painted on the shields of some of the Grecian heroes. It must be admitted, that they appear very like a modern coat of arms. These passages are alluded to by Spelman; but as I do not recollect seeing them copied into any treatise of heraldry, I think the transcript of them will be curious to many of your readers. They are to be found in the tragedian's ΕΠΤΑ ΕΠΙ ΘΗΒΑΙΣ.

First, the shield of TYDEUS.

Εχει δ' υπερβρον σην' επ' ασπιδος τοδε, *line 389.*
 Φλεγονθ' υπ' αστροις θρανον τετυγμενον
 Λαμπρα δε πανσεληνος εν μεσω σακει,
 Πρεσβιστον αστρων, νυκτος ορδαλμος, πρεπει

Viz. "He bears this proud impression on his shield, the heaven flaming with stars; and in the midst is conspicuous a splendid full moon, the eye of night, and the most venerable of stars (*i. e. in modern blazon, semée of stars, and a moon in her complement, Arg.:*)

* The authority on which I most pin my faith, is Sir Henry Spelman's excellent treatise, entitled *Aspilogia*; but see also the *Historical Enquiry* in *Edmondson*, written by Sir Joseph Ayloffé; and see *Dallaway's Inquiry*, 4to, 1793. The *Tabula Eliensis*, for which see *Fuller's Church History*, and *Bentham's Ely*, I cannot believe to be genuine.

Second

Second, CAPANEUS.

Ἐχει δὲ σῆμα, γυμνὸν ἀνδρὰ πυρφόρον, line 433.
 φλεγει δὲ λαμπρὰς διὰ χερῶν ἄπλισμενῆς
 χρυσοῖς δὲ φωνεῖ γραμμασι. ΠΡΗΣΩ ΠΟΛΙΝ.

Viz. "He bears in his shield a naked man, bearing in his hand a naked torch, with this inscription in golden letters: I WILL BURN THE CITY."

Third, ETEOCLES.

Ἐσχηματίζονται δ' ἀσπίς ἔσμιχρον τροχόν. 467.
 Ἄνηρ δ' ὀπλιτῆς κλιμακὸς προσαμύσει
 Ζτείχει πρὸς ἐχθρῶν πύργον, ἐκπερσαι θελῶν,
 Βοᾷ δὲ χ' ἔτος γραμματῶν ἐν ξυλλαβαῖς,
 Ὡς ἂν Ἀρης σφὲν ἐκβάλῃ πυργωμάτων.

Viz. "His shield is marked in no common manner; for a man in armour is attacking the tower of the enemy upon the steps of a scaling ladder, and exclaiming, 'Even Mars himself shall not expel me from the walls.'"

Fourth, HIPPOMEDON.

Ὁ σηματοργὸς δ' ἔστις εὐτελής ἀρ' ἦν, 493.
 Ὃς τις τοδ' ἔργον ἔπασε πρὸς ἀσπίδι,
 Τυφῶν ἵεντα πυρπνοῶν διὰ στόμα
 Λιγνὸν μελαινῶν, αἰολῆν πυρὸς κασιν.
 Ὄφειν δὲ πλεκταναισι περιδρῶν κυτὸς
 Πρὸς ἠδ' ἀφίσταται κοίλο γαστροῦς κυκλῆ.

Viz. "It was a skilful workman who made this engraving on his shield; a Typhæus vomiting flames from his mouth, within a border of twisted serpents."

Fifth, HYPERBIUS.

Ἵπερβίω δὲ Σεὺς πατὴρ ἐπ' ἀσπίδων 514.
 Θέως. Ὁ μὲν γὰρ πυρπνοῶν Τυφῶν ἔχει

Viz.

Viz. “ On the shield of Hyperbius is placed the image of Jupiter Stator, bearing in his hand a flaming javelin.”

Sixth, PARTHENOPÆUS.

Σφιγγ' ωμοσίτον προσμεμηχανευμενην 543.
 Γομφοις ευημα, λαμπρον εκκρηστόν δεμας.
 Φερει δ' υφ' αυτη φωτα Καδμειων ενα.

Viz. “ He bears a sphinx devouring raw flesh, with a Theban beneath her feet.”

Seventh, AMPHIAREUS.

He bore no figure on his shield.

Eighth, POLYNICES.

Διπλιν τε σιμα προσμεμηχανευμενον.
 Χρυσηλατον γαρ ανδρα τευχηστην ιδειν
 Αγει γυνη τις σωφρονως ηγεμενη.
 Δικη δ' αρειναι φησιν, ως τα γραμματα
 Λεγει. ΚΑΤΑΞΩ Τ' ΑΝΔΡΑ ΤΟΝΔΕ, ΚΑΙ ΠΟΛΙΝ
 ΕΞΕΙ, ΠΑΤΡΩΩΝ ΔΩΜΑΤΩΝ Τ' ΕΠΙΣΤΡΟΦΑΣ.*

Viz. “ He bore a double impress, Justice leading a man in golden armour, with this motto: “ I WILL BRING BACK THIS MAN, AND HE SHALL POSSESS THE CITY, AND HIS PATERNAL MANSION.”

Potter, in his excellent translation of this play of “ *The Seven Chiefs against Thebes*,” says in the preface, “ The shields of six of these chiefs are charged with armorial bearings expressive of their characters,

* The edition of Æschylus used is the German one of Schultz, 2 vols, 8vo, 1782.

and as regular, as if they had been marshalled by an herald at arms.

“ The origin of these insignia is not known ; but we have here a proof of their high antiquity ; they were borne as marks of noble descent, or illustrious action, and as such, were of distinguishing honour : but should they, in the ambitious meanness of future times (this age is too pure to admit of such a prostitution), be *assumed* by such as are neither distinguished by high birth nor virtuous action, by such as owe their wealth to the wantonness of fortune, or to deeds that deserve a different kind of elevation, they must necessarily suffer great *abatement of honour*, and the proud *achievements* of virtue sink into *common charges*.”*

* I take the opportunity of this note to mention a curious coat of more modern times ; no less than that of *Jean of Arc*.

These arms, *Azure, a sword in pale, the point upwards, argent crossed and pommel'd, Or, between two fleurs de lis, and surmounted of a crown, all of the third*, were granted to her by Charles VII. in the year 1430, together with letters of nobility ; and they were to descend in her family, even in the female line : but they were afterwards deprived of this privilege.

I am not sure where I met with this circumstance, which is not mentioned by Moreri ; but I think I extracted it from *Jean de Serres*, a respectable old French historian.

N^o XLVII.*Extracts from Kirke White.*

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

I earnestly entreat for admission among your Ruminations of a few extracts from Kirke White.

His Letters (as Mr. Southey well observes), show him to have possessed “ as pure a heart, as ever it pleased the Almighty to warm with life.” How amiable is the following passage, though for reasons inscrutable to us, its pleasing anticipation was not permitted to be realized.

“ In contemplating my ministerial career, I regard myself as the father of a little flock; I wish to be happy with my people, like one family, and to love them as my children. I would strive to know them all, to deserve their confidence, and to become their intimate and associate; still I should wish to have much time for meditation, and to perform my duties in that calm and uniform series, which tranquillizes and lightens the spirit, and enables it to enjoy a close communion with its God; so that my instructions should extend beyond the sound of my voice, and the light of God’s especial grace should be communicated in my writings to ages yet unborn.”

What praiseworthy fortitude is exhibited in the passage which follows:

“ Make me an outcast, a beggar; place me a bare-footed pilgrim on the top of the Alps or the Pyrenees, and I should have wherewithal to sustain the spirit within

me, in the reflection that all this was as but for a moment; that a period would come, when wrong and injury, and trouble, should be no more. Are we to be so utterly enslaved by habit and association, that we shall spend our lives in anxiety and bitter care, only that we may find a covering for our bodies, or the means of assuaging hunger? for what else is an anxiety after the world?"

In his poetical pieces, is the following fine picture of genius in distress :

“ Mark his dew'd temples, and his half-shut eye,
His trembling nostrils, and his deep-drawn sigh,
His mutt'ring mouth contorted with despair,
And ask if genius could inhabit there.

Oh yes! that sunken eye with fire once gleam'd,
And rays of light from its full circle stream'd!
But now neglect has stung him to the core,
And Hope's wild raptures thrill his breast no more.”

The penultimate line occurs again in the ode to Lord Carlisle, and it is to be feared was drawn too truly from the life.

The following is an extract from the essays entitled “Melancholy Hours:”

“ If I am destined to make any progress in the world it will be by my own individual exertions. As I elbow my way through the crowded vale of life, I will never, in any emergency, call on my selfish neighbour for assistance. If my strength give way beneath the pressure of calamity, I shall sink without *his* whine of hypocritical condolence: and if I do sink, let him kick me into a ditch, and go about his business. I asked not his assistance while living—it will be of no service to me when dead.”

P. J.

ART.

ART. XI. *Republications of Old Works*

A friend having suggested the propriety of giving, either regularly, or as the matter required it, an article under this head, it is my intention to dedicate to it in future such room and attention as I can spare. It strikes me to be a very useful hint; and calculated to convey notices, especially to those who live in the country, which will assist their inquiries. We frequently lose much fruitless labour in searching for a copy of the original edition of some scarce book, being ignorant that it has been reprinted, and that we might procure the substitute, which may probably answer the purpose nearly as well to all but mere collectors, without much difficulty.

The room which I can spare, at least at present, will not permit either criticism or extract; which is the less necessary in books which have so lately been put into circulation, and which most readers, to whom they are pointed out, may obtain. It is not the mere price which forms the obstacle to procuring many old books; it is their total absence from the market. It must be some time, to speak generally, before new editions are out of circulation.

I shall not endeavour to confine myself to much method in the selection of books to be noticed under this head. It will be sufficient to take such as immediately occur to my memory, or are most at hand, without confining myself to the latest.

Art. 1. *Poetry by Richard Crashaw, who was a Canon in the Chapel of Loretta, and died there in the year 1650. With some account of the author, and an introductory address to the reader, by Peregrine Phillips, Attorney at Law, author of the Brighthelmstone Diary, and many Tracts relative to the late Disputes between Great Britain and North America.*

rica. *Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.* London: Printed by Rickaby, for the Editor, and to be had at Bell's British Library, in the Strand. 1785, 12mo. pp. 158.

Art. 2. *The Poems of William Drummond, of Hawthornden.*

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori
Cœlo Musa beat

HOR. Lib. iv. od. 8.

London: Printed for E. Jeffery, Pall Mall, 1791,* 12mo.

Art. 3. *The Poetical Works of Sir David Lyndsay, of the Mount, Lion King of Arms, under James V. A new edition, corrected and enlarged; with the Life of the Author; Prefatory Dissertations, and an appropriate Glossary.* By George Chalmers, F. R. S. S. A. In 3 vols. London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster Row; and A. Constable and Co. Edinburgh, 1806, 8vo.

Art. 4. *The Poems of Richard Corbet, late Bishop of Oxford, and of Norwich. The fourth Edition, with considerable additions. To which are now added, "Oratio in funus Henrici Principis," from Ashmole's Museum, Biographical Notes, and a life of the Author, by Octavius Gilchrist, F. A. S.* London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster Row, 1807, 8vo. pp. 260.

Art. 5. *The Complete Angler; or Contemplative Man's Recreation; being a Discourse on Rivers, Fishponds, Fish, and Fishing: in two parts; the first written by Mr. Isaac Walton, the second by Charles Cotton, Esq. With the lives of the Authors, and Notes, Historical, Critical, and Explanatory.* By Sir John Hawkins, Kt. The fourth Edition, with large additions. London: Printed for John, Francis,

* See the character of this edition in Park's R. and N. A. V. 102.

and Charles Rivington (No. 62), at the Bible and Crown, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1784, 8vo. pp. 267; and 111, besides prefaces, lives, and index.

Art. 8. *Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political, of Owen Felltham. Et sic demulceo vitam. A new Edition revised and amended. With a short account of the author, and his writings.* By James Cumming, Esq. F. S. A. London: Printed for J. Hatchard, Bookseller to her Majesty, 190, Piccadilly. 1806. 8vo. pp. 404, besides preface.

Art. 7. *Nugæ Antiquæ: being a Miscellaneous Collection of Original Papers, in prose and verse; written during the reigns of Henry VIII. Edward VI. Queen Mary, Elizabeth, and King James: By Sir John Harington, Knt. and by others, who lived in those Times. Selected from authentic Remains, by the late Henry Harington, M. A. and newly arranged, with illustrative notes, by Thomas Park, F. S. A.*

“ We ought to judge of the editions of books, as we judge of men; none are perfect, and the best are good only by comparison.” *Church.*

London: Printed by J. Wright, Denmark Court, Strand, for Vernor and Hood, Poultry; and Cuthell and Martin, Middle Row, Holborn. 1804. 2 vols. 8vo.

Art. 6. *The Lives of Dr. John Donne; Sir Henry Wotton; Mr. Richard Hooker; Mr. George Herbert; and Dr. Robert Sanderson.* By Isaac Walton. *With Notes, and the Life of the Author.* By Thomas Louth, D. D. F. L. S. *Prebendary of Durham.*

“ These were honourable men in their generations.”

ECCLES. xlv. 7.

The Second Edition. York: Printed by T. Wilson and

R. Spence, in High Ouse-gate. Sold by T. Payne, No. 88, Pall Mall, and J. Mawman, Poultry, London; and by Wilson and Spence, York. 1807. 8vo. pp. 447, besides Preface, and Author's Life.

Art. 9. *Holinshed's Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland. In Six Volumes. London: Printed for J. Johnson; F. C. and J. Rivington; Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme; Cadell and Davies; and J. Mawman. 1807; &c. 4to.*

N. B. The five first volumes are already published; and the sixth nearly, if not quite ready for publication.

The original Title ran thus:

“ The First and Second Volumes of Chronicles; comprising, 1. The Description and Historie of England. 2. The Description and Historie of Ireland. 3. The Description and Historie of Scotland. First collected and published by Raphael Hollinshed, William Harnion, and others; Now newlie augmented and continued (with manifold matters of singular note and worthie memorie), to the year 1586, by John Hooker, alias Vowell, Gent. and others. With convenient Tables at the end of these volumes.

“ Historiæ placeant nostrates ac peregrinæ.”

*The Third Volume of Chronicles, beginning at Duke William, the Norman, commonlie called the Conqueror; and descending by degrees of yeares to all the Kings and Queenes of England in their orderlie successions: First compiled by Raphaell Holinshed, and by him extended to the yeare 1577. Now newlie recognized, augmented, and continued (with occurrences and accidents of fresh memorie), to the yeare 1586. Whercin also are contained manie matters of singular Discourse and rare Observation, fruitfull to
such*

such as be studious in Antiquities, or take pleasure in the grounds of ancient Histories. With a third Table (peculiarly serving this third volume), both of names and matters memorable."

Art. 11. *Hudibras*. By Samuel Butler.

" Non deerunt fortasse vitiligatores, qui calumnientur, partim leviores esse nugas, quam ut Theologum deceant, partim mordaciores quam ut Christianæ convenient modestiæ."

Erasm. Moriæ Encom. Pref.

London: Printed by T. Rickaby, 1793. 3 vols. 4to.

This edition is beautifully printed, and adorned with engravings. It was edited by Dr. Nash, the historian of Worcestershire, who has added a variety of entertaining notes, historical and critical; and of whom a portrait is prefixed to the 3d volume.

Art. 10. *Prolusions; or Select Pieces of Ancient Poetry, compiled with great care from their several originals, and offered to the publick as specimens of the integrity that should be found in the editions of worthy authors,—in three parts; containing, I. The Notbrowne Maide; Master Sackville's Induction; and Overbury's Wife: II. Edward the Third, a Play, thought to be writ by Shakespeare: III. Those excellent didactic Poems, intituled, Nosce Teipsum, written by Sir John Davis: With a Preface.*

" Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?

Barbarus has segetæs?"

VIRG. *Ecl.* I.

London: Printed for J. and R. Tonson, in the Strand. 1760. Sm. 8vo.

This is well known as the publication of Capel, the editor of Shakespeare.

Art.

Art. 13. *The Plays of Philip Massinger, in four volumes. With Notes, critical and explanatory. By W. Gifford, Esq.*

“ Haud tamen invidias vati quem pulpita pascunt.”

London: Printed for G. and W. Nicol, &c. by Bulmer and Co. 1805. 8vo. •

Art. 12. *The Miscellaneous Works, in Verse and Prose, of Sir Thomas Overbury, Knt. with Memoirs of his Life. The Tenth Edition. London: Printed for W. Owen, at Homer's Head, near Temple Bar. 1756. 12mo. pp. 252.**

* It may not be ungrateful to the novice in English bibliography, to see the following notices of republications which hastily occur to me:

1. Gawen Douglas's Virgil, by Ruddiman, fol. 1710.
2. Daniell's Works, 2 vols. 8vo. 1718.
3. Donne's Poems, 8vo. 1719.
4. Drayton's Works, 4 vols. 8vo. 1753.
5. Hall's Virgidemiarum, Satires, 12mo. Oxf. 1753.
6. Marston's Satires, by Bowles, 12mo. 1764.
7. W. Brown's Pastorals, 12mo. by T. Davis. 1772.
8. Carew's Poems, 12mo. by Do. 1772.
9. Sir John Davies's Poems, 12mo. by Do. 1773.
10. Oldham's Works, by Thompson, 3 vols. 12mo. 1770.
11. Marvell's, by Do. 3 vols. 4to. 1776.
12. Do. Poems, 2 vols. 12mo. 1772.
13. Sydney's Defence of Poetry, 8vo. 1787.
14. Drayton's Epistles, by Hurd, 8vo. 1788.
15. Barbour's Bruce, 3 vols. 8vo. 1790.
16. Hoccleve's Poems, by G. Mason, 4to. 1796.
17. Nisbet's Heraldry, 2 vols. fol. Edinb. 1804.
18. Roger's North's Lives. 1808.
19. Quarles's Judgment and Mercy, 8vo. 1807.

ART. XII. *Extracts from England's Parnassus.*

1600.

" *Solitariness.*

" Sweet Solitary life, thou true repose,
 Wherein the wise contemplate heaven aright,
 In thee no dread of war, or worldly foes;
 In thee no pomp seduceth mortal sight!
 In thee no wanton ears to win with woes,
 Nor lurking toys, which silly life affords."

Dr. Lodge." *Sleep.*

" Amidst a dark thick wood there is a cave,
 Whose entrance is with ivy overspread;
 They have no light within, nor none they crave:
 Here Sleep doth couch her overdrowsy head,
 And Sloth lies by, that seems the gout to have;
 And Idleness not so well taught as fed.
 They point Forgetfulness the gate to keep,
 That none come out or in to hinder Sleep.
 She knows no means of men, nor none will learn;
 Their messages she list not understand;
 She knows no business doth her concern:
 Silence is centinel of all this band;
 And unto those he coming doth discern
 To come too near, he beckons with his hand:
 He treadeth soft; his shoes are made of felt;
 His garments short, and girded with a belt."

Sir J. Harington." *The same.*

" By Care lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of death,
 That on the ground, and still as any stone;
 A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath.
 Small keep took he, whom Fortune frowned on,
 On whom she lifted up into the throne
 Of high renown; but as a living death,
 So dead alive, of life he drew the breath."

M. Sackville." *Silence.*

“ *Silence.*

“ Dumb Silence, sworn attendant on black Night,
Thou, that hast power to close up Murmur's jaw ;
To stop the barking of the watchful hound,
And charms the gagling of those waking fowl,
That say'd Jove's Capitol, mild Queen of Rest!”

Tho. Dekkar.

“ *Love.*

“ At Venus' entreaty for Cupid her son
These arrows by Vulcan were cunningly done.
The first is *Love*, as here you may behold,
His feathers, head, and body are of gold.
The second shaft is *Hate*, a foe to Love,
And bitter are his torments for to prove.
The third is *Hope*, from whence our comfort springs ;
His feathers are pulled from Fortune's wings.
Fourth, *Jealousy* in basest minds doth dwell.
His metal Vulcan's Cyclops sent from Hell.”

G. Peele.

ART. XIII. *Additions to the List of R. Greene's Works.*

It may tend to a perfect list of Robert Greene's works to add the following editions, which are omitted in Mr. HASLEWOOD's catalogue in the last volume of CENSURA LITERARIA; nor are they found in Herbert's History of Printing.

Greene's Farewell to Follie, 4to. black letter, printed by Thomas Scarlett, 1591.

Card of Fancie, 4to. b. l. 1587.

Debate between Follie and Love, 4to. b. l. printed by Wm Ponsonby, 1587.

The above are in the possession of

✦ OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST,

ART.

ART. XIV. *Literary Intelligence.*

Proposals are issued for printing, at a subscription of half a guinea, by John Jones, at Dublin, the Posthumous Poems of the late William Preston, Esq. (one of the Judges of Appeals) including a Sketch of his Life. The Editor has collected, from his MSS. and other sources, the remains of a dear and valued friend, that not a fragment of such a man should be lost; and in duty to his family she has preferred publishing them by subscription, that the genius and celebrity of the father should derive some solid and permanent advantage to his numerous children.

ART. XV. *Supplement to former Lists of Literary Deaths, with brief Biographical Notices.*

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. VIII. P. 223.]

1758.

- Jan. 5. Allan Ramsay, poet.
 April 9. Nicholas Harding, Esq. of Canbry, Surry, Poet.
 Oct. 11. Richard Ince, Esq. of Staffordshire, a writer in the Spectator.
 Dec. 25. Rev. Mr. Hervey, of Northamptonshire, author of the *Meditations on the Tombs*.

1759.

- May 12. John Warburton, Somerset Herald.
 Oct. 7. Joseph Ames, F.A.S.
 Oct. 9. Edm. Sawyer, of Lincoln's Inn, Master in Chancery.

1760.

- Feb. 5. Browne Willis, Esq. LL.D. F.A.S. aged 78.
 Feb. 26. Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq.

March

March 16. Arthur Collins.

March 25. Rev. Dr. Kedington, Rector of Kedington, Suffolk, and author of *The Essays on the Iliad*, then lately published.

May 17. Dr. John Theobald, Editor of the *Medulla Medicinæ Universa*.

Aug. 27. Smart Lethieulier, Esq. F.A.S.

Dec. 2. Rev. Mr. Upton, Prebendary of Rochester, Editor of *Arrian's Epictetus*, *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, &c.

Dec. 18. Charles Hayes, Esq. æt. 82.

1761.

Mar. 5. Rev. Dr. Taylor, at Warrington, Lancashire, well-known for his writings in divinity.

Mar. 22. Rev. Dr. Vernon, Rector of St. George's Bloomsbury.

April 9. Rev. W. Law, author of many religious tracts. [*See Gibbon's Life.*]

April 15. Wm. Oldys, Norroy King of Arms.

April 15. Rev. Jas. Cawthorne of Tunbridge, poet.

April 17. Bishop Hoadley.

July 4. Sam. Richardson.

July 18. Bishop Sherlock.

Aug. 5. Mrs. Cooper, Editor of *The Muses Library*.

Oct. 17. Rev. Dr. Bearcroft.

Oct. 30. Wm. Windham, Esq. of Felbrigg, Norfolk.

1762.

July 12. Rev. Dr. James Bradley, Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford.

July 28. George Doddington, Lord Melcombe.

Nov. 16. John, Earl of Coke and Orrery.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. XVI. *Literary Obituary.*

1808. June 21. On Snow-Hill, Mr. John Browne, apothecary and chymist, twenty-five years Editor of the Law List, Browne's Master Key, and other Masonic Works; and many years a Trustee and Director of the British Assurance Office.

July 11. Aged fifty-nine, Mrs. Morgan, wife of the Rev. Dr. Morgan, Prebendary of Ely; and daughter of Mr. Joseph Gibbs, many years Organist of St. Mary Tower, Ipswich. She was author of *A Tour to Milford Haven*, 1791, 8vo. and of several fugitive poems.

August 5. At Hendon, Middlesex, aged forty-eight, Mr. John Peltro, Engraver. This excellent artist has been chiefly employed for the last eighteen years, in engraving the beautiful Miniature Views of Gentlemen's Seats, after the designs of Repton, which are published in Peacock's *Annual Polite Repository*. He lived respected and died lamented by all who knew him.

Sept. 4. Died, in Scotland, æt. eighty-six, the celebrated John Home, author of the Tragedy of DOUGLAS, 1757, &c. His *Agis*, which appeared in the following year, had not equal success or merit. "To make a transition from myself," says Gray, in his Letters, p. 261, "to as poor a subject, the Tragedy of Agis; I cry to think that it should be by the author of *Douglas*: why, it is all modern Greek; the story is an antique statue painted white and red, frizzed, and dressed in a negligee made by a Yorkshire mantua-maker."—His third Tragedy was *The Siege of Aquileia*, 1760. 4. *The Fatal Discovery*, 1769. 5. *Alonzo*, 1773. 6. *Alfred*, 1778. He published in 1802 *The History of the Rebellion in the year 1745*, 4to. which disappointed the public expectation. Collins, the poet, addressed to him in 1749 his "Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands."

Sept. 9. In London, æt. forty-five, Miss Trefusis, aunt of Lord Clinton, who was the author of some POEMS, lately published.

Sept. 12. At Froxfield, the Rev. Clement Cruttwell; a gentleman whose various literary performances, for labour, extent, and utility, have rarely been equalled; and, when regarded as the productions of an unassisted valetudinarian, have perhaps never been surpassed. Scarcely had he recovered from a severe illness, which his incessant application had produced, and which obliged him to have recourse to the baths of St. Amand, Flanders, when he projected the scheme of his *Universal Gazetteer*; in the execution of which he spent ten years of unwearied diligence. The sale of the first edition sufficiently proved the favourable idea in which it was regarded by the public; and he had just gone through the laborious office of editing a second edition, comprising 30,000 new articles, when on the road to his native town, Wokingham, in Berkshire, he was arrested by a sudden illness, which terminated fatally before medical assistance could be procured. Warm, generous, and sincere in his private character, Mr. C. had conciliated the esteem and affection of a numerous circle of friends: secluded indeed, of late years, by his ill state of health, his society had been principally confined to his more immediate connections: to them he was most affectionately attached, and exhibited in all social relations the kindest and most benevolent heart; and by them he is deeply and sincerely regretted. He died in his 65th year; and if fervent piety and conscientious rectitude of conduct be the best preparatives for the last awful change, the suddenness of his decease is afflicting only to his surviving relatives. He has left no children, but an affectionate widow, who deeply laments his loss.

Sept. 25. The celebrated Richard Porson, A. M. of Trinity College, Cambridge, Greek Professor in that University. His eminence in Greek literature, is known among the learned in Europe.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXXIV.

[Being Number XXII. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *The Workes of Iohn Heywood newly imprinted. A Dialogue conteyning the number of the effectuall Prouerbes in the English tong compact in a matter concerning two maner of mariages. With one hundred of Epigrammes: & three hundred of Epigrammes vpon three hundred Prouerbes, and a fifth hundred of Epigrammes. Whereunto are now newly added a sixt hundred of Epigrammes by the sayd Iohn Heywood. Imprinted at London in Fleetstreete neare vnto Saint Dunstons Church, by Thomas Marsh. 1587. 104 leaves.*

JOHN HEYWOOD was one of our earliest dramatic writers. His birth-place is not certainly ascertained, and the authorities are nearly equal to consider him either of London, or of North Mims, near St. Albans, in Hertfordshire. This is the only material variation in the account of his life, which may be referred to in any biographical work. He was patronised by Sir

Thomas More, and from his introduction became a principal favourite with royalty. Henry the VIII. delighted in his skill in music, while his wit and comic humour equally distinguished him at court during the reign of Mary. The following are specimens of the jokes that afforded entertainment to his august mistress, as preserved by Camden. When Mary told him the priests must forego their wives, he wittily answered, "your Grace must allow them lemans then, for the clergy cannot live without sauce." Upon the Queen inquiring what wind blew him to the court, he answered "two, specially the one to see your Majesty." "We thank you for that (said Mary;) but, I pray, what is the other?" "That your Grace (said he) might see me." When he saw one riding that bare a wanton behind him, he said; "in good faith, sir, I would say that your horse were over-laden if I did not perceive the gentlewoman you carry were very light." With the trifling vanity and character of a jester he was still a determined follower of the Roman Catholic cause; from which, upon the demise of the Queen, he became an exile, and died at Mechlin about 1565.

His pretensions as a writer are founded more on quickness of capacity than extent of learning. The various parts of this volume obtained an extraordinary degree of popularity; but there was not much labour in collecting a string of dull conceits uttered upon any or upon every occasion at the festive board. From his *Dialogue* may be said,

"I come (quoth I) to bee one heere, if I shall,
It is mery in hall when berdes wag all."

Warton considers his epigrams "are probably some
of

of his jokes versified;" and has given several specimens of his poetry.* The Dialogue was printed 1547, 1549, and "as newly overseen and somewhat augmented," 1561. The three hundred epigrams, says Warton, before 1553, and the whole of this volume 1562,† 1566, 1576, 1587, 1598.

At the back of the title of this volume is

"The Preface.

"Among other things profyting in our tong,
 Those which much may profyt both old and yong:
 Such as on their fruit wil feed or take hold,
 Are our common plaine pithie prouerbs old;
 Some sence of some of which being bare and rude,
 Yet so syne and fruitful effect they allude,
 And their sentences conclude so large a reach,
 That almost in all things good lessons they teach.
 This write I not to teach but to touch: for why,
 Men know this as wel, or better then I.
 But this and this rest; I write for this,
 Remembring and considering what the pyth is,
 That by remembrance of these prouerbes may grow
 In this tale, erst talked with a frend, I show
 As many of them as wee could fitly finde
 Falling to purpose, that might fall in minde;
 To th' entent that the reader readily may
 Finde them and mind them, whan he will alway."

The dialogue follows, describing an acquaintance in love with two women; the one from affection, a maid

* Vol. III. p. 87.

† Upon the authority of Herbert; but the title is not given in full. Ritson adds the "sixte hundred" of the epigrams to the edition of 1576, *Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 241, where a note on the supposed omission by Herbert may be erased, as the edition alluded to is mentioned among the corrections of that editor's work at p. 1797.

“ of flowing age, a goodly one,” without patrimony; the other a pecuniary attachment to a rich widow. Upon the difficulty of chusing, a relation is made of two marriages formed upon similar events, and both terminating in disappointment and misery. The enquirer concludes with remaining single. It is divided into two parts of thirteen and eleven chapters. The following lines are spoken by the starving husband and a friend, after an ineffectual application to an uncle and aunt.

“ By hooke or crooke nought could I win there; men say,
 He that cometh euery day, shall haue a cocknay.
 He that cometh now and then, shall haue a fat hen; *
 But I gat not so much in coming seelde when,
 As a good hen’s fether, or a poore egshell;
 As good play for nought as worke for nought, folke tel.
 Well well (quoth he) we be but where we were,
 Come what, come would, I thought ere we came there,
 That if the worst fell, wee could haue but a naie;
 There is no harm man done in all this fray;

* The proverb of the cocknay and hen is repeated with nearly the same words by Whalley, in a note on King Lear, as taken from the *Scourge of Folly*, by Davies. (Reed’s Shak. Vol. xvii. 425.) It seems uncertain if the word *cockney* did not bear a double meaning; the one, probably originating in some corrupt phrase, not yet perfectly ascertained. Whatever may have been the doubt alluded to by Steevens of it in another sense, it is determinedly shown by the following passage in the second part of Heywood’s *Dialogue* to be applicable to a cook.

“ Haue ye not heard tell, all couet all leese,
 A, sir, I see, yee may see no green cheese
 But your mouth must water. A good *cocknay coker*,
 Though hee loue not to buy the pig in the poke,
 Yet snatch yee at the poke, that the pig is in,
 Not for the poke, but for the pig good chepe to win;
 Lyke one halfelost, till greedy grasping gat it,
 Yee would be ouer the stile, ere yee come at it.”

Neither

Neither pot broken, nor water spilt.
 Farewell hee, (quoth I) I will as soone be *hilt*,*
 As waite againe for the mooneshine in the water.
 But is not this a prety piked † matter;
 To disdeigne me, who mucke of the world hoordeth not,
 As he doth, it may rime but it accordth not.
 She fometh like a bore, the beast should seeme bolde,
 For shee is as fierce, as a Lion of Cotsolde; ‡
 Shee frieth in her own grease, but as for my part,
 If shee be angry, beshrew her angry hart."

There are two proverbs respecting Robin Hood, which may conclude the notice of the dialogue. The volume is unnoticed by Ritson.

"Bachelers bost, how they will teach their wiues good,
 But many a man speaketh of Robin Hood,
 That neuer shot in his bow; whan all is sought;
 Bachelers wiues, and maides children be wel taught."

—————
 "Men say, he may ill runne that cannot goe,
 And your gayne without your stocke runneth euen so;
 For what is a workman without his tooles?
 Tales of Robin Hood are good for fooles;

* Hid. † Reed's Shak. Vol. X. p. 360.

‡ Thus Davies in one of his epigrams;

"Carlus is as furious as a lyon of Cotsold."

Again in the play of Sir John Oldcastle, "you old stale ruffian, you lion of Cotswold." These allusions are not supposed to originate in the games of Cotswold, which, "I believe," says Mr. Malone, "did not commence till the reign of James I. I have never seen any pamphlet that mentions them as having existed in the time of Elizabeth." Reed's Shak. Vol. XII. p. 124. The following conjectural explanation is given by Stevens. "The Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire were famous on account of the number of sheep fed upon them. A Cotswold lion therefore meant a Cotswold sheep; as an Essex lion is still the cant term for an Essex calf." Supplement to Shak. 1780, Vol. II. p. 293.

He can ill pype, that lacketh his vpper lippe,
Who lackth a stocke, his gayne is not worth a chip."

*The First Hundred of Epigrammes inuented and made
by Iohn Heywood, Anno Domini 1587.*

On the back an address "to the reader" in five
seven-line stanzas. The table.

" *An Epigramme on this booke of Epigrammes.*

" This booke may seeme as it sorteth in sute,
A thin trim trencher to serue folke at frute.
But caruer or reader can no way win,
To eate frute thereon, or compt frute therein."

" *Of three sages.*

" Thre maner sages nature doth deuise,
The sage herbe, the sage foole, and the sage wise;
And who for moste wise him selfe doth accept,
May matche any sage, the sage wise except."

" *Buying of shooes.*

" Whan I at the shoemakers shall shooes assay,
If they bee too little, they will stretcht (sayth hee),
If they bee too much, they will shrink strayght way;
Too long, too short, how narrow or wide they bee,
All is one matter as he shapth them to mee.
For may hee once get his shooes on my feete,
Without last or lingel his woordes make them meete."*

* To this epigram may be attached the following description of a custom among the tradesmen of that period, a transcript from the margin of a contemporary writer. "The hosiers haue hanginge by them in their shops purposely certaine paternes; out of which thei take the facion of the clock of an hose whensoever they must make any soch, and semblably the shoemakers haue alwayes ready hanging on a nayle paternes of lether purposely reserued and kepte wherby to shape the vpper leathers, and also other paternes for the heeles of all the shoes that thei make." *Apotbegms of Erasmus, translated by Nicolas Vdall. 1564.*

“ *Of the letter H.*

“ H. is woorst among letters in the crosse row,
 For if thou finde him ether in thyne elbow,
 In thyne arme, or leg, in any degree,
 In thy head, or teeth, in thy toe or knee,
 Into what place soeuer H may pyke him,
 Where euer thou finde ache, thou shalt not like him.”

“ *Of the foole and the gentleman's nose.*

“ One gentleman hauing an other at meate,
 That guest hauing a nose deformed foule and great;
 The foole of that house, at this tyme standing by,
 Fell thus in hand with that nose sodaynly.
 Nose *autem*, a great nose as euer I saw :
 His mayster was wroth, and cride hence with that daw.
 One sayd, talke no more of great noses, yee foole,
 Lest yee be talkt withal in the whipping schoole.
 The foole warn'd of great noses no more to speake,
 To mend that falt, this way these woordes did breake :
 Sayd I, this is a foule great spittel nose,
 Byr lady I lyed, it is a fayre little nose.
 Will not that foole be had hence (quoth the mayster);
 Thou wilt foole (quoth one) be walkt with a waster,
 If thou speake of any nose great or small.
 The foole at third warning, mynding to mend all,
 Stept to the bord agayne, crying as he gose,
 Before God and man, that man hath no nose.

• The pronounciation of our first actor of the present period, which created such an unnecessary discussion, may not obtain much support from an epigram turning on rather a different point, but the lines of a more latent writer are not inappropriate for comparison.

“ Tenants with *aches* and sore eyes,
 Or he that on his death-bed lyes,
 And now must dye, when it is knowne
 That you who were their cure are gone.”

Lloyd's Men Miracles, 1656.

The fool was feakt for this; but what of that;
 The great fault here to note, hce amended nat;
 Which is this, not the wise, but the foole yee see,
 In cloking of one falt, maketh faltes two or three."

On the front of the next titlè (which is followed by the table) is a full-length portrait, in a long oval, with ornamented border, size of page, an initial of each side of his feet. I. H.* at the back.

Three hundred Epigrammes, upon three hundred proverbs, invented and made by John Heywood, Anno 1562.

"Wedding and hanging.

"Wedding and hanging, are desteny I see;
 Wedding or hanging, which is best, sir? (quoth shee:)
 Forsooth good wife, hanging I thinke best, (quoth hce)
 So help me God, good husband, so thinketh mee.
 Oh how, lyke lambes, man and wife here agree."

"A man at an ebbe.

Thou art at an ebbe in Newgate, thou hast wrong,
 But shou shalt bee a flote at Tyburne ere long."

"Of bridling.

"I will bridell thee with rough bit, wife: quoth shee,
 If thou wilt bridell mee, I will snafell thee."

"Of ryme.

"It may rime, but it accordth not; cordth not, Will!
 Beware of cording rimes, those rimes agree ill."

The fift hundred of Epigrammes. Invented and made by John Heywood. Anno 1587.

* It is similar to the one described in the accounts of another picc: called "The Spider and Fly."

On the back the following lines, and then "the table."

"To the reader.

"Were it as perillous to deale cardes at playe,
 As it is quarrellous to deale bookes this day,
 One and forty men, among one and fiftie,
 Would flee one & thirty, to flee one vnthrifty;
 And yet cardes so dealt should haue, in reuealing,
 Foredeale of bookes in this hard tyme of dealing.
 Cardes be tooted on but on the one syde;
 Bookes on both sydes; in all places pord and pride;
 Not to content, but to contend, vpon spiall
 Of least tittle, that can come to tryall.
 If the best writer to write be much afraide,
 More may I the woorst by feareful feare be staid.
 And were not this one thing, feare should stay mee so,
 That booke or ballet I neuer durst write mo;
 In all my simple writing neuer ment I
 To touch any priuate person displeasantly.
 Nor none do I touch here, by name, but onely one,
 Which is my selfe, whom I may bee bold vpon;
 This ment in my making since prooffe doth declare,
 I pray you readers to scan this by this square;
 As I for merth merily di make it,
 So you in mirth merily wil take it."

"Of long sutes.

"Sutes hang half a yeare in Westminster-hall;
 At Tyburne, halfe an houres hanging endeth all."

"Of an archers roving.

What a shaft shootes hee with a rouing arrow,
 Still hee hits the marke, be it wide or narrow;
 Where shooteth this sharpe shooting archer, Will,
 Hee shooteth most at rousers on Shooter's hil."

"Of

“ *Of choice to be a wise man or a foole.*

“ A wise man or a foole; if thou must bee one,
 Which wouldst thou be in winter, John? a fole, Jone;
 Where best men in winter sit next fire from cold,
 There stands the fool warm while all his tales be told.
 Which woldst thou be in sommer, when winter is gon?
 A foole, a foole! Why? That why shouth hereupon,
 n sommer when states sit from fire in the coole,
 At that boorde’s end in coole ayre there stands the foole.
 Winter and sommer, what time men must to woorke,
 Which wouldst thou bee? a foole to looke on and lurke;
 All tymes of the yere for one thing or other,
 Better be a foole then a wise man, brother.”*

* In these lines the privileges and idleness of the domestic fool are accurately displayed, as, in the epigram or humorous attack on the big deformed nose, is the freedom of speech with which they usually made their wanton attacks. Although *the fool of that house* appears to have been checked and corrected upon such occasion, yet it was not always customary at that period, (if we may rely on a contemporary writer) to stop their speech, however it became unmannerly and severe. Contempt and amusement running parallel, the virulence occasionally displayed was considered of no importance. This licentious custom being authorised or allowed at a public feast, or banquet, in the time of the author, (which appears a remnant of the manners and liberty enjoyed by minstrels in reciting their lays); the following extract from the *Apothegms*, already noticed, bears coincident proof. “ When in the comedie of Aristophanes, entitled the Cloudes, he was with many and bitter wordes of railing and defamacion, as ye would saie, torn and mangled in peces: and one of the companie standing by, said, doth not this go to your heart, Socrates? By Jupiter, saith he again, it greueth my stomacke nothing at all if I bee snapped at, and bitten with merie tautes at the staige where enterludes are plaid, no more then if it wer at a great diner or baquet where wer many geastes. This custome and vsage euen still endureth among certain of the Germaines; (yea, [*adds the translator*] and in England also), that in feastes of greate resort there is brought in for the nones some ieasting feloe, that maie scoff and iest vpoⁿ the geastes, as thei sitteⁿ at the table; with the which iesting to be stiered to angre is acco^pted a thynge moche contrarie to all courtesie or good maner.”

On the second page of the last leaf of this part is
*The sixt hundred of Epigrammes, invented and made
 by Iohn Heyvvood. Anno 1587.*

One seven-line stanza, addressed to the reader, pre-
 cedes the usual table.

“ Of writing a gentleman.

“Thou writ'st thy selfe gentleman in one woord, brother,
 But gentle is one woord, and man is another.”

“ A taunt of a wife to her husband.

“ Wife, I weene thou art dronke or lunaticke;
 Nay husband, weomen are neuer moone sicke;
 Come what conjunction in time, late, or soone,
 Wee say (not the woman) the man in the moone.”

“ Of sauing of shoes.

“ Thou wearst (to weare thy wit and thrift together)
 Moyles of veluet to saue thy shoes of lether;
 Oft haue wee seene moyle men ride vpon assys,
 But see assys goe on moyles, that passys.”*

“ Of vse.

“ Vse maketh maistry, this hath bene said alway;
 But all is not alway as all men do say;
 In Aprill the koooco can sing her song by rote,
 In June of tune shee can not sing a note;
 At first, koooco, koooco, sing still can she doo,
 At last kooke, kooke, kooke, six kookes to one koo.”

*“ An Epilogue † or conclusion of this worke by Tho.
 Newton.*

“ Loe, here is seene the fruite that growes by painfull quill and braine;
 How after dayes of mortall date a man reuiues againe;

* Moiles a kind of high-soaled shoes, worn in ancient times by kings and
 great persons. *Philips's World of Words.*

† First printed with this edition.

This author Heywood dead and gone, and shrin'de in tombe of clay,
 Before his death by penned workes did carefully assay
 To build himself a lasting tombe, not made of stone and lyme,
 But better farre, and richer too, triumphing ouer tyme.
 Whereby hee dead, yet liueth still, enregistred in minde
 Of thankfull crewe, who through his paines no small aduantage finde.
 And so farre forth as mortall wightes may possibly procure
 A lasting life here on this earth, procedes from learning sure;
 Whereby a man doth in some sort himself immortall make,
 Keeping his name, his fame and state, from death of Lethe lake:
 Yea, written workes (which rightly may bee tearm'de the birth of wit)
 To eternize their father's fame, are knowne to bee more fit,
 Then carnall children can or may promote the fame or kinde
 Of fleshly parents: leauing nought but pelfe and trash behinde.
 Nowe, as wee may a lyon soone discerne euen by his pawe,
 So by this worke we quickly may a iudgement certaine drawe,
 What kinde of man this author was, and what a pleasaunt vaine
 Of fancie's forge and modest mirth lay lodged in his braine.
 And if that any wrawling wretch, or churlishe chattering clowne,
 (For none els will) dare peeuishely hereat to winche or frowne,
 Or thinke it stuff of small auaille; or theme of ease to write;
 Such cures must suffred be to barke: alas, they cannot bite.
 But those that wise and learned be, and knowe white chaike from cheese,
 Can tell full well what toile belongs vnto such bookes as theese.
 Let him therefore that gathered first these prouerbes fine and braue,
 With roundly couched epigrammes, a friendly censure haue;
 That others may of ashes his, be raise, like paines to take,
 In hope to worke their countries weale, and so an end I make.

Thomas Newtonvs Cestreshyrius.—1587.

(Col.) *Imprinted at London, in Fleetstreete, neare
 to Saint Dunston's Churche, by Thomas Marshe,
 Anno Domini 1587.*"

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. II. *Aristotelis Poetica, per Alexandrum Paccium, Patritium florentinum, in Latinum conversa. Aldus [with the anchor] 1536. [At the end]*

*Venetis in ædibus Hæredum
Aldi, et Andreae Asulani soceri.*

1536.

This is the most ancient Latin translation of the Poetics of Aristotle extant, with the Greek text subjoined, but which is so little known either to editors or readers of that work, that no mention of it has occurred to me any where except in the edition by Harles at Leipsic 1780; and the brief account by him in his preface is only quoted from the preface by Curtius at Hanov. 1753 to his German translation of the Poetics in these words: “Alexandri Paccii interpretatio ab ejus filio jam edita fuit 1536, teste Curtio loco memorato,” *viz. in præfatione*: he takes no notice that the Greek text is annexed to it, which is of more importance even than the Latin translation, though an original one, and the first extant, which has any accuracy in it, the only prior one of Georgius Valla in 1498 being allowed to be very erroneous; that by Riccoboni was in 1579; the edition of Casaubon was not until 1590, with the Latin of Riccoboni. Harles, however, who has given the fullest account by any editor, except Casaubon perhaps, concerning the editions of the Poetics, mentions one at Paris in 1542, “Aristoteles de poetica Gr. et Lat. Paris, 1542—8. Biblioth. Askeu, pag. 40.” Whether that Latin translation be different from this of Paccius I cannot determine, but the person who bought the book may inform the public. Yet this is certain, that the Greek text in this edition by Paccius the son corrected by himself,

himself, is *prior* to all other editions of the Poetics, which have been published and corrected by any collation with MSS. it having been preceded only by the first editions by Aldus in 1495 and 1508; for that by Erasmus at Basil in 1531 apud Joh. Beb, is said by Harles to be a mere transcript of the edition in 1508—“Hanc 1^m. editionem Basileensem, accepta collatione Aldina, demum vidi *κατα πῶδα* sequutam esse exemplum Manutii 1508; in margine habet paucas lectiones diversas.” *Præf. p.*, 18. But although the edition of 1508 is generally considered as the first, yet it appears by Harles that it had been preceded by another—“Istam editionem (1508) præcesserat alia Aldina quinque voluminibus constans [*viz. cum Rhetor. Græc.*] Venetiis 1495 et 1496 in forma maxima, quæ quidem tam difficilis est inventu, ut paucis eam vel oculis usurpare liceat: quam rara jam fuerit Erasmi tempore exinde patet, quod is in præfatione ad editionem Basileensem 1531 inquit, *Aldina volumina nisi in Italia fere inveniebantur, post vix unquam reperiri cæperant.* Posterior Aldina editio (1508) quæ et in interpunctione inconstans est et insequentibus editionibus inferior, si veritatem atque præstantiam lectionis spectes, num a priore discedat necne, aut quantum tertia Manutiana Venet. 1552 differat, dicere nequeo.” *ib.* Add to this, that we have no knowledge whether either of the two first Aldine editions were printed scrupulously from a single MS. or from several; hence it follows that this of Paccius in 1536 was the *first edition*, which was professedly corrected by a collation of MSS. as appears in his preface. I may here notice also, that Winstanley in his edition of 1780 seems to have had no knowledge of that first edition in 1495, nor Mattaire
either,

either, (in case he has rightly quoted Mattaire;) for he considers the Latin translation of G. Valla in 1498 as being prior to *any* Greek edition of the Poetics, therefore when he quotes the Aldine edition, he must mean that of 1508, which however he has otherwise omitted to notice. “Præter 4 Codices MSS. etiam variantes lectiones ex editione *principe* Aldina, uti et alias, quæ quidem alicujus momenti esse videbantur, ex versione antiqua Valliana, anno 1498, id est, *ante* ipsum Aristotelem (*Græcum*) edita nunc primum collegi. De hac versione, quæ, cum verbum de verbo reddat fidus nimis interpres, instar M^s.pti habenda est, vide Mattaire Annales Typograph. T. i. p. 661.” *Præf.* Ought Mattaire or Winstanley to have said this, if either of them had known that there had been a Greek edition of the Poetics by Aldus in 1495, from which Valla might have made his Latin translation in 1498, and not from a *manuscript*? The above four Medicæan MSS. made use of by Winstanley are all said to be of the fifteenth century, therefore may not be much more ancient than this Greek edition by Paccius, at least not more ancient than the three MSS. consulted by the father, one of which was from the Vatican library, therefore certainly different from those four others above, and probably of greater antiquity.

From all these circumstances then it appears that this edition by Paccius, which we may call the *third* Aldine edition, that of 1552 being thus only the *fourth*, gives a better prospect of having afforded a *correct* Greek text of the Poetics, than either of the two preceding ones; and at the same time it presents us with the *first* Latin translation, which has any pretensions to accuracy, and at least more worthy of being consulted

sulted than that of Valla, from which Winstanley has nevertheless quoted several Latin readings. Others may examine whether Mattaire has made any mention of this edition or given any further account concerning it; but this additional circumstance I may notice here, that although it was not published until 1536, yet the preface by Paccius the father was dated in 1527, at which time he had prepared the translation for publication, but was prevented by death; and in the preface by his son it is not pretended that any alterations had been made by himself: so that in reality it *preceded* the edition of 1531 at Basil by Erasmus, who however could have known nothing of its contents; which circumstance gives it the greater value, so far as can be derived from mere antiquity.

I have not examined either the Greek text or translation sufficiently to say whether any new information can be derived from either of them; but the Greek text by the son, as well as the Latin, will at worst afford some benefit, if they only *confirm* from their MSS. some readings in preference to others, which have been found in other MSS. and editions, and created doubts as to which ought to be adopted as the right ones. It remains that I quote such parts of the preface by the father Alexander Paccius as relate to the translation prepared by himself, although not published until nine years after by his son: and upon the whole it appears by the above account that these first three Aldine editions preceded every other edition or translation of the Greek text (that of 1531 by Erasmus being a mere copy of the Aldine edition) and that the text as presented in these, both Greek and Latin, was altogether obtained from MSS. before any *con-*
jectural

jectural emendations had been introduced by any editors or commentators, which have been since multiplied, so that it is now very difficult to distinguish the original Greek text of the MSS. from the pretended corrections made in it by conjecture; from which difficulty however this ancient Greek text by Paccius, the son, will help to rescue the readers of it.

“ *Alexander Paccius Nicolao Leonico S. D.*

“ ——— Mitto ad te Aristotelis Poeticam a me in Latinum conversam anno prope jam tertio ab hinc, *Romæ cum essem*——nam quod Averrois super hac commentatio reperietur, planè nihil est, cum nihil ad rem afferat, propterea quod parum intellectum esset ab iis qui in Arabam linguam hoc opus verterunt: nihil etiam est, quod à Georgio Valla conversum in Latinum habeatur; id quod satis per se apparet, utcunque verò multis (ut diximus) portentis scatet—sed fore putavi, ut in tanta librorum, quæ tunc erat in urbe copia, si diligenter exquirerem, aliqua possem exemplaria invenire, quæ magnam fortasse mihi difficultatis partem adimerent—quapropter habitis jam tribus vetustis admodum exemplaribus; uno præsertim ex Vaticana bibliotheca, monstris illis omnibus bellum indicere, planeque manum cum eis conserere non sum veritus, aggressurus eadem de integro si quando vel meliorum exemplarium copia mihi daretur, vel doctorum hominum occasio—et quidem data mihi copia est Gasparis Contareni summi ingenii viri summæque literaturæ, is enim lucubrationes nostras non solum diligenter legit, sed plurimis in locis annotavit et emendavit—pro viribus sum conatus, non modo Græcum sensum

summa cum fide Latinum reddere, sed etiam adhibitis antiquis codicibus, quantum licuit maxima cum diligentia proprium atque legitimum invenire—1527. Venetiis.”

“ *Gulielmus Paccius Alexandri⁶ F. Francisco Campano S. P. D.*

“ Cùm mecum ipse sæpe consyderarem an Aristotelis Poeticen in Latinum ab Alex. patre conversam in lucem proferre deberem, plurimum me ab eo dehortari videbatur, quod sciebam illum ab ea divulganda abhorruisse, nisi prius institutum in hac re suum, ad quem optabat exitum (id quod minime potuit, mors enim ejus consilium prævertit) perduxisset—constitui tandem illam foras esse dandam—et ut commodius hujus rei studiosis consideretur, Græcum etiam quam *emendatissime* potuimus huic adjungendum curavimus: quod si per seditiones civiles rerumque nostrarum confusionem, *exemplaris illius* mihi potestas fuisset, *in quo corrigendo* pater vehementer laboraverat adjumento usus doctissimorum hominum multorumque pervetustorum codicum, illud æque atque interpretationem publici commodi causa libenter in medium protulissem. —Patavio 1536.”

These were different persons from Julius Pacius, the brother of Fabius Pacius, an eminent physician; Julius also published the works of Aristotle, but was not born until 1550. By these prefaces it appears that the Greek text had been corrected by the father from three or more MSS. one of them from the Vatican, which corrected copy being lost during civil commotions, the son formed a new Greek text *emendatissime*, therefore after consulting the MSS. Examination will

shew

shew whether it agrees always with the Latin translation of his father; if it does, it may have been purposely accommodated to that Latin translation by the son, and thus both of them together will determine the readings of the Greek text, which they found in some of the MSS. of that age in Italy *prior* to all other editions of the tract except the Aldine editions of 1495 and 1508, both of which are very incorrect, and possibly both made from a *single* MS. at Venice, without any collation with others in Italy. I bought this edition for three shillings, and doubt whether there be any other copy in Britain.* I propose also when at leisure to compare it further with the edition by Winstanley in 1780, as being the latest and most authentic except that of Tyrwhitt; and I perceive already that the Greek does sometimes differ from the Latin, which gives it the greater value as more strictly following the MSS. before the editor.

One advantage at least may be obtained from this copy, that it will explain in a more clear manner some notes which Winstanley has inserted in his edition, being copied verbatim from the edition by Sylburgius at Frankfort 1584, and which at present are too brief not to be ambiguous and perplexing to readers; of this I will give some examples which occur to me already relative to Paccius. In the seventh chapter, p. 25, the following note is copied by Winstanley from Sylburgius ΕΤΙ ΔΕ ΕΠΕΙ ΤΟ ΚΑΛΟΝ] Bas. Margo, ετι δε καλον Victorius quoque annotat Paccium omisisse particulam ΕΠΕΙ, quæ et magni est ponderis, et tum in impressis, tum in calamo exaratis libris exstet. *Sylburg.* Now it is not said which Basil edition is here meant, whether

* It is mentioned by Dibdin as rare and valuable. *Editor.*

that in 1531 or 1550: the former was before the Greek edition by Paccius in 1536, therefore that different reading in *Margine* could not have been copied from the Greek Paccius; this then may seem to give some authority to it, as if copied from some Greek MS. by the Basil editor. But the real fact is, that Sylburgius meant by *Basil* the edition of 1550 only, for he mentions this edition only in his dedication to Victorius, where he calls it *Isingrinii*, and rightly, and he takes no notice of the first edition in 1531. Winstanley therefore ought not to have perplexed his readers with a various reading, which has no authority for it in any Greek MS. whatever; for what he adds is expressed by Sylburgius ambiguously, but equally without authority when he says that *Victorius mentions Paccius as omitting* $\epsilon\pi\epsilon\iota$, for he does not tell us whether Victorius meant in the Greek text of Paccius the son, or the Latin translation by the father; now the real fact is that the Greek text there also has $\epsilon\pi\iota$ inserted, and only spelt erroneously; but the Latin has indeed *no word* to express $\epsilon\pi\epsilon\iota$; it must then have been only the Latin translation of Paccius, which Victorius *meant*, and which Winstanley after Sylburgius has thus left in doubt; but an *omission* in the Latin is no sufficient authority for a different Greek text. This whole note therefore ought not to have been inserted, as being without good authority and full of ambiguity, by no mention being made, that it refers only to the *Latin* of Paccius, which is expressly contradicted by the *Greek* text of the son. I perceive several other examples where the pages of Winstanley are burthened with similar notes, tending only to perplex students, and destitute of good foundation: the Greek text of
ancient

ancient authors has come down to us sufficiently full of errors, and we need not increase them without any reason. The following translation is that by Paccius, “Ad hæc pulchrum sive animal, sive quodcunque ex aliquibus compositum, non ordine tantum, verum etiam congruenti magnitudine constare debet.” The omission here of the sense of $\epsilon\pi\epsilon\iota$ may have been only because he found it spelt $\epsilon\pi\iota$ in the MSS. The mistakes of former editions ought not to be preserved from oblivion. S.

CORRECTIONS.

Vol. V. p. 400, in the Errata, for *iz de r. 12 de*—Add. The English edition of Calmet’s Dictionary gives this account of the book of Galatinus, which I transcribe, that others may understand it, if they are able. “Galatinus printed at Frankfort 1602, fifth edition. This last of 1672 in fol. at Frankfort is no more than a copy of *Pugio fidei*.” Vol. III. p. 251. Now if this book had five editions, is not this another refutation of the censure of Reinoldus? It must at least have been suitable to the taste of that age, it not being known to be a plagiarism. He says nothing of Porchett, neither have I ever seen his book; the success of Galatinus might induce him to epitomize the *Pugio*, omitting the many repetitions and also the testimonies of Galatinus from spurious books. I have been in doubt how to write the name of Martin, but by an approbation prefixed by a bishop, it seems to have been *Des Martins*, to distinguish him from two others of the name *Raymund*—Vol. VI. p. 68. For *Gemava r. Gemara*—70, *Arthæans, r. Cuthæans*—73, *Lebonab*. Maundrel found this city still existing near Sichern, and called *Leban*—73, in Hebrew, *add*, and Chaldee—71, (*Ebræâ et. r. (Ebræâ) et*—74, adapted *r. adopted*—78, 63d *r. 53d*.)

ART. III. *The First Book of Palingenius, called Aries. Translated by Barnaby Googe.*

[From the edition of 1561. See CENSURA LITERARIA, II, p. 206.]

“ My mind with fury fierce inflam’d,
Of late, I know not how,

Doth burn Parnassus' hills to see
 Adorn'd with laurel bough.
 The camps so clear of Castaly,
 Where Muses sweet do sing:
 The town Cirrha doth me delight,
 And trees that ever spring!
 What darkness O shall I now fly?
 To me appeareth plain
 The blissful beams of Eous bright;
 The day returns again.
 O darkness, fade thy way from hence;
 Hide thou thyself in hell;
 The love of Muse and high Jehove
 Doth both within me dwell.
 And Virtue doth not labour fear,
 The way though hard it be:
 O Phœbus, father, poets help,
 Disclose the doubts to me:
 With Aganippe's wholesome food
 Replenish thou my days;
 Thy temple eke to come unto
 Do thou direct my ways.
 Defend me from the common sort,
 That seek me to dispraise.
 Not worse unlik'd now shall I be,
 If that thou wilt me bless,
 That I thy priest unknown and new,
 Myself to labour dress.
 Thou liftest men from base estate,
 To honours them to call;
 Without thy grace the wit of man
 Would perish soon and fall.
 His voice and all would wax full hoarse,
 Nothing would sweetly sound;

All sweet and pleasant melody
 Would fall unto the ground.
 And if thou wilt me favour now
 I will ascend the skies;
 And there thy high and godly works
 Contemplate with mine eyes.
 O favour me, thou Phœbus high,
 Take thou from ground away
 Thy feet prostrate here on earth,
 If that by fates I may.
 And you, O Nymphs of Castaly,
 If with unfeigned heart
 I have approach'd your learned doors;
 If Riot's filthy art
 Could not withdraw my youthful years
 From honouring of your name;
 Ne filthy lust of beastliness
 Could ever me defame;
 Then let my fame go fly abroad,
 Lest that unworthily
 I shall be after thought to live,
 And so my name shall die.
 The hope of glory and renown
 A name for to obtain
 Hath caused men in virtuousness
 To take both care and pain.
 And thou, O famous worthy Prince,
 That *Hercule* hast to name,
 Amongst the doubty Italian Dukes
 Of most renowned fame,
 And of the high *Estensian* blood
 The chief illustre flower,
 Whom Pallas in Parnassus' caves
 Hath nourish'd every hour;
 Whom Muses nine with sacred milk
 From tender years have fed,

Whereby a fame they hope to have,
 That never shall be dead,
 Of Cirrha eke the laurel trees
 Shall spring, they trust, again;
 Though Mars doth let in spite of them,
 And seeketh to retain
 Your noble heart into his tents
 By all the means he may;
 In tents where honour you shall have,
 That never shall decay :
 Whereas your arms, as right requires,
 Shall richly decked be
 With triumphs due to such a Prince,
 Of lusty laurel tree.
 Draw near, and with a joyful face
 Thy poet look upon,
 Willing to tread unproved paths
 That have not yet been gone.
 And grant this favour to a wight,
 That now abashed is !
 So may Ferrara see thee long
 In perfect joy and bliss,
 Till after this thy joyful life,
 A long and happy time,
 Departing from the earth, thou shalt
 The starry heavens climb.
 And if my fatal years be long,
 In time shall come the day,
 Whenas your Grace and worthy deeds
 I shall in time display.
 When India aye with *tartess brinks*
 Thy name shall cause to sound;
 Thy fame shall fly in every place,
 Of Hyperbore's ground.
 In utter parts of Afric too
 You shall be known by me ;

Then

Then I with greater rage of Muse
 Encouraged shall be ;
 And shall declare unto all men
 How that you do embrace
 Justice; and eke what godliness
 And faith is in your Grace;
 What counsel doth in you abound,
 What valiant worthy power;
 How liberal with gentleness
 You are at every hour.
 By me shall also wonder much
 The world in every place,
 To see what wit and manners mild
 Consisteth in your Grace.
 But now the things, that I you give,
 Receive with gentle heart,
 And take my present doings here
 Awhile as in good part.
 My mind desireth sore to write
 Of much and diverse things;
 And not always to stay at one,
 But as the sprite me brings,
 I go now here, now there, I swim
 Amid the waters deep;
 Sometimes I toss the boistrous waves,
 Sometimes to shore I creep;
 And though sometimes by reason's rule
 I shall assay to find
 The secret ways by Nature hid,
 And bring them unto mind;
 Those things yet will I follow most,
 Whereby a profit shall
 Arise, and add a holy life
 To men that be mortal.
 A life, alas! now banished clean,
 If I the truth may say,

In this our age, than which a worse
 Was never seen the day.
 Such things I say that shall expell
 The vices of the mind;—
 A thing, that more the Muses fits,
 Than this I cannot find!
 This makes a man for to be found
 Of wit both prompt and fine,
 Although from nature he be dull,
 And do from wit decline;
 Ungodly and neglecting right,
 That whoredom doth not spare,
 Or on whom earthly avarice
 Hath caused for to care;
 Or he, whom envy in his heart
 Doth evermore possess;
 Unconstant, or a lying man,
 Or takes in drink excess.
 In fine, whatever vice he hath,
 By this he may forsake
 The hurtful harms of perverse mind,
 A godly life to take.
 This worthy men doth cause to be,
 And fit for honours high,
 Which to themselves their house and realm
 Can counsel prudently,
 And unto doubtful things this can
 Bring present remedy.
 So much the face of beauty fair
 Ought not esteemed be,
 The pleasant eyes with shining looks
 Each part of royal blee,
 As manners well composed, and
 A pure and honest mind,
 Where Virtue bears so great a stroke,
 That Vice is hard to find.

Doth not the righteous man, or he
 That virtues much doth love,
 Live all in mirth, and hopes for help
 Of only God above?
 He nothing cares, when whispering words
 Be closely spoke in ear;
 When Judge or King doth for him call,
 His heart doth nothing fear.
 Contrary wise the wicked man
 Defamed fears to be;
 And when the lightning's thunder roars,
 Then guilty trembleth he.
 If men do chance in ears to round,
 Or whisper when they walk,
 Alas! then cries he to himself,
 'Of me these men do talk!
 What shall I do? The Judge or King
 Doth call; and shall I go?
 Or rather fly the perils great
 Of wretched life now low!
 By fixed law of God doth fear
 The wicked man torment;
 And do sometimes the evil man
 To mirth do seem as bent,
 As Strongilos amid the seas,
 Yet doth he boil within;
 Or Ætna, when his flaming darts
 Pyrackmon doth begin.
 But were it better to declare
 With thousand ships assail'd
 The cursed chance of Pergamus,
 That foolishly bewail'd
 The perjurd faith of Simon's deed,
 Or else Ogyges town,
 Which by the cruel chance of war
 Was rased clean adoun?

Or shall I praise, as poets wont,
 Some man with forged lies;
 And judge a colour fair to be,
 Contrary to mine eyes?
 Or were it better here to feign
 How Dædalus did fly
 The woeful hap of Icarus,
 That fell out of the sky.
 The bodies oft transformed are
 Of gods and eke of men;
 And so delude the idle ears
 With trifles of my pen?
 Or had I better to declare
 The wanton toys of youth;
 And slander Gods with profane acts,
 Which is a greater ruth?
 For what do these our frantic heads
 Now fear at any hour?
 The gods we say with lecherous lust
 Both boys and maids deflower,
 A whore in heavens high to be;
 A lecher too, they say:
 O shame! is this a godliness;
 Or right to use such way?
 Are these the thanks we owe to God?
 Be these our odours sweet?
 Be these the duties that we owe;
 Or praises for him meet?
 What thing will now the wit of man
 Forbear to feign or lie,
 By means whereof they may obtain
 In sin a liberty?
 Of writers vain, both lewd, and ill,
 O rude, unruly rout!
 You need to take helleborus,
 To purge your humours out!

To you I speak, that others harm,
 Whose tongues do spare no man!
 If lightning should you all consume,
 What marvel were it then!
 Shew me the cause, both night and day,
 Why do you take such pain:
 Is it but only for yourselves?
 Why then no praise you gain;
 For he, that only private wealth
 Regardeth always still,
 And laughs to scorn another's harm,
 While he enjoys his will,
 A savage beast by right desert
 Deserveth call'd to be;
 And not a man for to be nam'd;
 For so to write ought we,
 That men may get some good thereby,
 And not complain to spend
 Their time in trifling tricks and toys,
 That have no certain end.
 And first ought to be known, that we
 Do good in three divide;
 In pleasure and utility,
 And honesty chief beside.
 Some one of these, or greater part,
 May poets always use;
 So that the bonds of honesty
 To break they do refuse.
 But, O, what titles and what crown
 Did he deserve to have,
 Which things, not only vain and nought,
 Good fruit that never gave,
 But wrote such things as might corrupt
 The life of any man,
 And make him worse, ten to one,
 Than when he first began?

He left behind him monuments
 Of wanton wicked ways;
 And left such foolish doating things,
 To men of latter days!
 O Lord, how much doth wanton words
 To wicked life entice;
 And with a fervent poison great,
 Doth draw men unto vice.
 From ears a wanton wicked voice
 Dare pierce the secret thought,
 And unto mischief move thereby
 The members bent to nought.
 A nobleman such things delight,
 Some man perhaps may say;
 Who in his house a lusty rout
 Doth keep in rich array;
 Whom for to fear, excessive goods
 Compels a man thereto;
 With any part of worthy wit
 Who never had to do.
 What then, may these be suffer'd tho',
 Or prais'd because they please
 The rich, or else the nobleman,
 That always lives in ease?
 Not so; for what a sort there be
 Of two legg'd asses cloath'd
 In gold and silk and purple fair,
 To all men is not shew'd.
 There be, there be full many now,
 Whom pearls have puff'd with pride;
 And whom the Asians have beset
 With silk on every side;
 Whose fingers fair with rings of gold
 Be dash'd, and deck'd about
 With precious stones and pearls of price,
 That India sendeth out.

Those men a man could almost swear
 That Plato they excell;
 Or Socrates, who, Phœbus judge,
 Of wisdom bare the bell.
 And yet these princely painted walls
 Do nought within contain;
 A bladder full implete with wind
 They may be termed plain.
 Where Fortune fawns, their pleasure springs,
 And pleasure bringeth folly;
 And so the light of reason's rule
 Is darkened utterly;
 Whereby it haps that seldom wise
 These children hap to be,
 To suffer pain for Virtue's sake,
 Who will, if so be he
 Have no reward? reward who seeks,
 But he, whom need constrains?
 The rich man follows joyful things,
 And liveth void of pains:
 He hates the pricking thorny ways,
 The cliffs both sharp and sour,
 By which we do assay to climb
 To Lady Learning's tower."

[To be concluded in the next Number.]

ART. IV. *The whole book of Psalms with their wonted tunes; compiled by ten sondry authors, who have so laboured herein, that the unskilful with small practice may attaine to sing that part, which is fittest for their voyce. Imprinted at London by Thomas Est, the assigne of William Byrd, dwelling*

*dwelling in Aldersgate streete at the signe of the
black horse, and are there to be sold. 1594.
12mo.*

This is an ancient edition of the version of the Psalms by Sternhold, accompanied with the proper tunes then in use; probably not the first edition, but sufficiently ancient to shew what alterations have been since made in that version, and always for the worse. This has apparently been done at different times in order to substitute more modern words for such as were become obsolete, and not commonly understood: it may have rendered many sentences more intelligible; but has done injury to the credit of the author. The name of Sternhold is generally coupled with that of Blackmore, as being examples of poetic dulness; but if the effect of the unambitious simplicity of language in the subjoined version of the first part of the ninetieth psalm be compared with the stiff, formal, turgid language and pedantic conceits of the poets in the reign of Elizabeth, it will perhaps shine as a bright star in a cloudy night: it is at least a proof how little the ordinary language of that age differed from what prevails at present; so that the inverted construction of sentences and studious kind of obscurity, which is found both in the prose and poetry of those times, appear to have been the effect of misplaced labour and design, in order to rise above the form of common composition.

“Thou Lord hast been our sure defence,
Our rock and place of rest,
In all times past, in all times since
Thy name is ever blest;

Ere

Ere there was mountain made or hill,
 Or earth, and all abroad,
 From age to age, and ever still,
 For ever thou art God:
 Thou bringest man through grief and pain
 To death and dust, and then,
 And then thou sayest, return again,
 Again, ye sons of men.
 The lasting of a thousand year
 What is it in thy sight?
 As yesterday it doth appear,
 Or as a watch by night:
 Whene'er thy judgements come on men,
 Then is their life soon done;
 All as a sleep, or like the grass,
 Whose beauty soon is gone,
 Which in the morning shines most bright,
 But fadeth bye and bye,
 And is cut down e're it be night,
 All withered dead and dry.
 So through thy wrath our days soon waste
 Till nought thereof remain,
 Our years consume as words or blaste
 And ne'er return again.
 Our age is three score years and ten
 That we the sun behold,
 Four score if any see, yet then
 We count them wondrous old;
 And all this time our strength and life,
 Which we thus count upon,
 Are little else but painfull strife,
 Untill our breath be gone.
 Instruct us then, O Lord, to know
 How long our days remain,
 That we may now our thoughts apply,
 True wisdom to attain." &c.

I have removed two or three vulgar expressions for such as are less exceptionable, lest they should depreciate the rest, but they might not have had that vulgarity in the age of Elizabeth; and the common editions have in like manner changed some obsolete words; yet none of these affect the meritorious part of the version, which otherwise exhibits the true state of the English language in that reign, as it subsisted in the ordinary mode of composition; and on this account, at least, may deserve a place among the other remains of that age; while at the same time the use of a few obscure or insipid words may be rather the fault of the age than the author; excepting the removal of which, not the least other alteration is made, in order that, he may speak for himself whether he ought to be altogether excluded from among the relics of what is called poetry in that reign. The new version of this psalm can bear no comparison with that of Sternhold.

S.

ART. V. *The golden boke of Marcus Aurelius Emperour and eloquente oratour. Londini An. M.D.XLVI. Oct. 278 leaves.*

John Bouchier, Lord Berners, the translator, died at Calais 1532, aged sixty-three. His life, with several additional notices, may be found in the last edition of the Noble Authors, Vol. I. p. 239. Of the present work Herbert has placed a copy without date in 1534, 8vo. as printed by Berthelet. Another edition in 4to, 1536, printed by him, is mentioned by Warton. Three copies

copies are in my possession, dated respectively 1546, 1553, (both without a printer's name) and 1559, having for colophon "Imprinted at London in Flete-strete, in the late house of Thomas Berthelet. Cum, &c." These are small octavo, and the titles in the ornamented compartment with the date 1534 used for the works of Sir Thomas Eliott.

The original was found in the collection at Florence made by Cosmo de Medicis, and progressively translated from Greek into Latin, Castilian, French, and English. The prologue was by the first translator, and concludes with the following account of finding the original. "Whan I departed from the college of my study, and went to preache in the palays, where I sawe so many newe nouelties in the courtes, I delyuered my selfe with greatte desyre to knowe thynges, and gaue my selfe to searche and knowe thynges auncient. And the case fortunod on a daie, readyng an historie, I founde therein matter to be noted in a pistell, and it seemed to me so good, that I put all mine humaine forces to serche farther. And after in reuoluyng dyuers bokes, serchyng in diuers libraries, and also speakyng with diuers sages of diuers realmes, finally I found this tretise in Florence, among the bokes lefte there by Cosme de Medicis, a man of good memory. I haue vsed in this wrytyng, the which is humayne, that that diuerse tymes hath bene vsed in diuinitee, that is to reduce, not word for word but sentence for sentence. We other interpretours are not bounde to gyue for the meane the wordes, it sufficeth to gyue for the weyght the sentence. As the historiographers, of whom there were dyuers, and the history that they made was all but one thyng, I wyll not deny but I

haue left out some wordes, which were not mete nor well sitting, rude and least of valure, and I haue medled with other more swete and profytable. I thinke that euery wise man, after he hath read this boke, wyll not saie that I am the principall auctour of this worke, nor yet to iudge me so ignoraunte to exclude me cleane from it; for so hygh sentences are not founde at this present tyme, nor to so hygh a style they of tyme paste neuer attained. Here endeth the prologue."

Marcus Aurelius bore upon his coins "Impm. M. Aurelius Antoninus." As emperor he reigned nineteen years, which terminated A. D. 180. He was a renowned warrior and a virtuous and enlightened magistrate. Having early imbibed the rigid principles of the stoics, it enabled him to obtain a control over his passions, and behold the little changes of life with stern and tranquil indifference. To correct the manners of the people he publicly read lectures on philosophy, and upon a sudden excess banished their favourite mimes of every description. The circumstances of this transaction, and the letter written by him upon the occasion, furnish an amusing selection.

"This emperour was so wyse in all thynges, that among them that were mery, he was of great mirthe. And in verities he was very veritable. In his pastimes he was greatly temperate, and a louer of musike, specially in good voice and instrumentes, and sore displeased yf ye hard any discorde therein. He passed most of his youth in learnyng of sciences. Whan he came to mans estate, he exercised feates of knyghtehode: he loued discipline and hated adulacion. He was apt and happie in armes, but yet in ridyng of horses

horses he hadde oft tymes ill happe. In his younge age he delyted to plaie at the tennys, and at the chesse in his age. He loued not these counterfaiyng plaiers of farces and mummeries, and yet lesse trewandes* that been natural fooles, † iuglers, and iesters, for pleasure. The plaiers and iesters suffered great varietie in the empire, accordyng to the diuersitee of emperours. Julius Cæsar susteyned them; Octavian his neuwe droue them away; Caligula called the agayne; cruell Nero banished them; Nerua made them come agayn; good Trajan banished them out of all Italy; Anthoni Pius brought them in again; and by the handes of this good emperour Marcus Aurelyus, they ended. And the occasion was, the Romaines did celebrate with great ioye, the iiii daie of May, the great feast of the mother Berecynte, mother of all the goddes. The sacred priestes flammes diales, wold haue brought thither these minstrelles iugglers and iesters, for to reioyce the feast, and contrary wise the holy nunnes vestales would [not] haue done the same, so that variunce fell betwene them, some with force, and some with resistence, and some ranne thither in fauouryng of bothe parties, and not a few to depart them. The cruell and great noyse of slaughter among them was suche, that it tourned the feast to wepynges, the pleasures into sorowes, and their songes into wailynges. This good emperour laboured to peace this furie of the people, and to set peace among the neighbours of Rome. Whan all was dooen he made curiouse diligence to searche out all the plaiers, iuglers, and

* Beggars.

† Yet there was a fool he kept "named Galindo, at whose wordes the emperour often toke pleasure."

iestours of Rome, and in all the circuite of Italy that thei might bee chastised and Rome delyuered of them. And for example of all the world, he sent them to the gate of Hostie, and commanded to sette them in gallyes, and to banishe them for euer into the yles of Helispont: whiche was accomplished as the emperour commaunded. And fro that daie was neuer sene at Rome iuggler or gester, as longe as the emperour liued. But it passed not two yeres after his death, but thei retourned, whan his sonne had the rule, and, except the bookes do lie, there was in Rome greater number of fooles than of wise men.”

“ *A Letter sent by Marcus to Lambert, Governour of the yle of Helespont, whan he dyd banishe the vacabundis fro Rome. The xii Letter.*

“ Mark, emperour of Rome, lorde of Asie, confederat with theym of Europe, frend of them of Affrike,emie of the Maures, to the Lamberte, governour of the yle of Helesponte, sendeth of his parte contentacion and suretee fro the sacrate senate. I am furred with the fures that thou hast sent me, and am clothed with thy mantell, and am ryght well pleased with thy greyhoundes: if I had thought, that thyn absence fro Rome should haue procured so much fruyt in that yle, long agoe I should haue determynd as well for thy profyte as for my seruyce. I sent to the in demaundayng but small thynges in my sport, and thou hast sente me many thynges in earnest. In good soth thou haste better proporcioned thy seruice with noblenes, than I to commaunde with my couetyse. For, yf thou remembre, I sent to the for a doseyne skynnes of furre, and thou haste sent me xii doseyne: and I dyd sende but
for

for vi greihundes, and thou hast sent me xii. Truly in this my pleasure is double. For here in Rome thy great largesse is publyshed, and my small couetyse there in Helesponte. And because I am sure thou hast great thankes of me, I praie to God to send the salute and health, and that fortune be not denied the at a good houre.

“ I sende the iii barkes of maister fooles, and yet I haue not sente the all, for if I had banyshed all the fooles in Rome, we should haue peopled vs with a new people. These mayster fooles haue ben so wily to teache foly, and the Romaine youth so apte to learne, though they be put in iii barkes theyr disciples wold lade iii M. Carrakes. I haue great meruaile of one thyng, for I see well the erthquakes casteth downe houses, and great waters beareth awai bridges, frostes freseth the vines, sodein thonderyng & tempestes breketh downe toures, scarsitie of water causeth dert, corrupt ayre maketh an ende of them that be wyse; and yet there is nothyng that can make an end of these fooles. Althynges at this daie faileth at Rome, except all onely these ydell trewandes, gestours, tomblers, plaiers, or dro'slates, iuglers, and suche other, of whom there is inow and to many. O what a seruice shouldest thou do to the gods, and what profit to Rome, that for three barkes ful of fooles to send one lade with wyse men. One thyng I will saie, that with the bones of the wyse men that yle is halowed, that anciently were banyshed by the malyce and enuy of theym of Rome: if my smellyng wits be not lost as Italy stinketh of the that be simple, so that ile smelleth swete of wyse men. When I came fro the wars of the Parthes y^e. iiii yere of mine empire, I passed into that yle by dyuers sees

to see the sepulchres of auneyent wyse men; and in the citie of Dorbite, in the myddes therof, lieth Ouyde, that was banyshed by August: and vnder the mountayne Arpines is the sepulchre of the renowned Armeno oratour banished by Sylla; at the porte of Organant thou shalt fynde the bones of Colliodorus recapituler of the antike lawes, that was banyshed by Nero the cruell: and in the feeelde of Elinos, vnder a marble, is the pouders of Sisifō Stenes that was so well learned in the vii artes lyberall, as though he had new founde theym, he was banyshed by the Marians. I saie for trouthe thou shalte fynde it thus, for with my knees I haue touched their sepulchres, and all that season my tender eyes were as full of water, as theyr bones were harde in the earth. These were not banyshed for no vilaneyes that they had doen, but it was the meryte of our forefathers that they would bee pryuated fro the company of so noble barons, and we theyr chlydren fro the poudere of so renowned sages. I can not tell whyche is the greater, the fantasye that I haue to thynke, or the compassion of myserable Rome. I dooe praie the as my frende, and command the as my servaunte, to regarde the places that I haue shewed the. For it is a iuste thyng and most iuste, that suche cities be priuiledged by them that liueth, whan thei are peopled with suche dead wyse menne. And moreouer, Centurion knoweth by wordes the heuie case, that these prisoners hadde with vs, and we with them, the daie of the feast of mother Berecinthia. I saie, I saw not that daie so muche crueltie in Rome, as we caused infamie through all the empyre. Rome was neuer ouercome, by them that were valiaunt and vertuous, that daie we sawe ouergone, and troden vnderfoote by those

those fooles. The walles of Rome, that wer neuer touched by the Pœnians, had that daie their lowpes full of armed trewandes: Rome that triumphed ouer all realmes, was triumphed vpon that daie, with tombles and iugglers. I am so abashed in this case, that I wote not what to saie or to write. Yet one thyng comforteth me, that sith Rome and the Romaines vniustlie doe reioyce with these fooles, she and the famous wyse men iustly shal be chastised for these fooles. And in this the goddis shall not be displeased that sith Rome laugheth at these trewandies and mockeries, one daie she shall weepe with these tōblers and iugglers: I banishe all these for euer fro Rome, not for the bloud that they haue shedde but for the heartes that they haue peruerted, not for the occasion of any that be dead, but because they wer maisters of folies. Without cōparison it is greater offence to the goddis, and more damage to the common wealth, these trewandes to take awaie the wittes fro the wise folkes, then the murtherers to take awaie men's liues. If the greatest gift, among all giftes of fortune, be, to kepe a good wit, let no man presume to be of a restfull vnderstandyng, that is an extreme frend to these trewandes. Beleue me one thyng; as one byrd loueth an other, and one beast an other, and one wise man an other, so one foole loueth another foole.

“ I remember on a daie, as I reuolued the registers in the capitol, I red a right maruailous thyng of Oruct^s. a famous oratour, whiche is buried in the Isle of Helespont, on the mount Adamantine. When great Scipio came from the warre of the Pœnians, better accompanied with hunger staruen trewandes than with valiant capitains, he said to him, of trouthe it is a great
shame

shame to thee and a small honour to the senate, that thou, that hast ouercome the wyse Affres, and beyng so wyse thy self and of the bloud of the wyse Romains, wilt be accompanied with these trewands and fooles. In that vnhappie realme all the wise men could not ouercome one, that was thought so mighty, among so many fooles; I saie to thee that thy wit is in more perile here in Rome, than thy lyfe in Affrike.

“These were good wordes, and not of no worldlic malice, and within a short while after, and by diuers light persōs, and for a small occasion, this poore olde oratour, and riche philosopher, by the frendes of Scipio, was banished Rome, and sent into that ile.

“Than, behold, Lambert, let vs returne to these jugglers and trewandes; whan they are landed in that ile, let them go frank and free so that thei vse not their accustomed toyes. Thou shalt constrain them to labour and chastise them if they be idle; for these miserable folke, fleyng from iust trauaile, take on them uniuiste idilnesse, and cōuert mo men with their trewandise, than if open school of vacabundes were kept.

“There is nothyng that our forefathers did, that displeth me so muche as the sufferance of these vnthriftie trewandes.

“In the yere CC xxvi of the foundacion of Rome, in the time of an horrible pestilence in Italie, to reioice the people was first found out the inuencion of theatres, by the aduise of the trewandes. It is a shameful thing to here that the pestilence dured but two yeres, and the rage of these vnthriftes dureth iiii hundred yeres.

“Lambert, I beleue wel that the complaintes that
these

these prisoners haue begon here shall neuer haue an end there; how be it, I care not; for the grudge of them that be yll, iustifieth the iustice and sentence of them that be good. As the maister of Nero said, as muche as the shame of sinne ought to be fledde of them that be good, so muche praise is the infamie of the yll. I shall tell thee one thing, to thentent that the chastisement should not seeme cruell to the, seying the emperours of Rome are full of clemencie to strangers, it is no reason that thei shold be so sharp to their own. Sith fatal destinies hath brought me into this world I haue seen nothing more vnprofitable to the common welth, nor greater folie in them, that be light of conditions, nor a worse inuēcion for vacabundes, nor a more cold reuocacion of mortall folk, than to lerne of these gamners and triflers, and suche other iugglers. What thyng is more monstrous, than to see wyse men reioyce at the pastime of these vain triflers? What greater mockerie can be in the capitoll, than the foolish saiying of a iester, to be praised with great laughter of wise men? What greater sclaunders can be to princes houses, than to haue their gates alway open to receiue in these fooles, and neuer open to wyse folkes? What greater crueltee can there be in any person, than to geue more in one daie to a foole, than to his seruantes in a yere, or to his kinne all his life? What greater inconstancie can there be, than to want men to furnishe the garrisons and frontiers of Illirico, and these trewandes to abide at Rome? What lyke shame can there be to Rome, than that the memorie shall be lefte more in Italie of these tumblers, trewandes, pypers, syngers of iests, tabourers, crouders, dauncers, mummers, iesters, and iugglers, than the

renoume

renourne of capiteignes, with their triumphes and armes. And whan these caytiffes wandered all aboute in Rome in safetie, sounyng their leudnes and gatheryng of money, the noble barons and capitaines went fro realme to realme wastyng their money, aduenturyng their liues, and sheding their blud.

“ In the vttermost part of Spain, when war began betweene the Liberiens and Goditaines, and they of Liberie lacked moneie, two iugglers and tabourers offred to mainteine the war a hole yere, and it folowed that, with the goodes of two fooles, many wise men were slaine and ouercome.

“ In Ephese, a citie of Asie, the famous temple of Diana was edified with the confiscacion of goodes, of suche a trewand and foole.

“ When Cadmus edified the citie of Thebes in Egipt with fyftie gates, the mynstrelles gaue him more towarde it than all his freendes.

“ If the historie be true whan August edified the wals of Rome, he had more of the trewandes, that were drowned in Tyber, than of the common treasorie.

“ The first kyng of Corinth arose by suche villains, I saw his sepulchre at Corinthie, and as I say of these small number, I might saie of many other.

“ Beholde than, Lambert, howe littell care the goddis take, and how variable the case of fortune is, and how the deedes of men fall. Some be had in memorie for their foli, and some for their wisdom. One thing is come to my mynde of the chaunce of these trewandes, and that is, whyle they be in presence they make euerie man to laugh at the folyes that they dooe and saie, and whan they be gone euerie man is sorie for his money that they bare awaie. And of trouthe it is a iuste
sentence

sentence of the goddis, that suche as haue taken vaine pleasure together, when they are departed to weepe for their losses. I wil write no more vnto thee, but I doe send thee this letter in Grecke, to the entent that thou shewe it ouer all the ile. Sende forthwith the shippes again, for thei must be sent forth with the prouisions into Illirico. Peace be with the, Lambert, health and good fortune be with me, Marc.

“The senate saluteth the, and thou, on my be halfe, shalt shewe to the ile the ioyfull happie customes. My wife Faustine saluteth thee, and sendeth a rich girdell to thy doughter, and in recompence of the fures I send thee rich iewelles.”

The volume concludes with the following address from the pen of Lord Berners, to the reader.

“Thus endeth the golden booke of the eloquent Marke Aurelie emperour; who so euer be reader therof may take it by reason for a riche and newe labour, and specially princis and gouernours of the common wealth, and mynisters of justice with others, also the common people eche of them, may finde the labour conuenient to theyr estate. And therin is conteigned certayne right highe and profounde sentences, and holsome counsailes and meruailous deuiques agaynste the encumbrance of fortune; and ryght swete consolacions for them that are ouerthrowen by fortune. Finally it is good to them that digeste it, and thanke God that hath geuen suche grace to a paynym in geuyng vs exaample of vertuouus liuyng, with hye and salutary doctrynes and maruailous instructions of perfectnes. Certainely as greatte preyse as ought to be geuen to the auctoure, is to be geuen the translatours that haue laboriously reduced this treatyce out of Greeke into
Latin,

Latin, and out of Latine into Castilian, and out of Castilian into Frenche, and out of French into English, written in high and swete styles. O ryght happy tra-uayle, syth that suche fruite is yssued thereof! And also blessyd bee the handes that haue written it! A ryght precious meate is the sentences of this boke; but fynally the sauce of the saied swete style moueth the appetyte. Many bookes there be of substanciall meates, but they bee so rude and so vnsauery, and the style of so small grace, that the fyrste morcell is lothsome and noyfull: and of suchie bookes foloweth to lye hole and sounde in lybraries, but I trust this will not. Of trouth great prayse is due to the auctour of his tra-uayle, and sith there can be no grace equipolent in earth, let vs praie to God to geue hym grace and rewarde in heauen. Amen. Graces to God. Finis.

“ Thus endeth the volume of Marke Aurelie, emperour, otherwise called the golden booke,* translated oute of French into Englishe by Iohnⁿ Bourchier, knight, Lord Barners, deputege generall of the kinges town of Caleis and marches of the same, at the instaunt desire of his neuewe Sir Frauncis Bryan, knighte, ended at Caleis the tenth daie of Marche, in the yere of the reigne of our Souerayne Lorde Kyng Henry the Eyghte, the fowre and twentie.”

Conduit street.

J. H.

* “ I will intitule this boke the Golden boke (says the author of the prologue). It maie be called golden because in so high estimacion it holdeth the vertuose, discouerynge in theyr this booke with the sentences, as these princes holdeth theyr raynes of golde in their Indees. But I saie that at this houre there bee moo hertes banished into the Indees of golde, thanne to emploie theym to rede the workes of this boke.”

ART. VI. *The Soules immortall Crowne; consisting of Seaven glorious Graces. 1. Virtue. 2. Wisedome. 3. Love. 4. Constancie. 5. Patience. 6. Humilitie, 7. Infinitenes. Devided into Seaven Dayes Workes: and dedicated to the King's most Excellent Majestie. At London, printed by H. Lownes; and are to be sold by I. C. and F. B. 1605. 4to. 34 leaves.*

This is one of the curious, though not most rare productions, of that prolific writer Nicholas Breton, who supplied the press with a rich diversity of ingenious compositions for more than forty years. The scheme of this poem was suggested probably by the "divine weeks" of Du Bartas; though Breton's manner of treating his subject is very different, and being much more concise is therefore more impressive. I cite a few stanzas from the fourth division of the work, which are very creditable to the ear and mind and heart of the author.

“ O Constancie! thou only kingly thought,
 That keeps the spirit in her purest kinde;
 And hast against all idle frailty fought,
 And like a mountaine settlest fast the minde:
 Let me conceive some part of thy content,
 Where pleasure's spirit is most sweetly spent.

And though I cannot reach that royall height,
 Wherein thy sacred majestie doth sit:
 Yet, as a servant let me humbly waite,
 To see thine honour and to speake of it;
 And so to speake, that all the world may see
 Wisdom, Love, Honor, only lives in thee.

The constant eye hath never wandring sight,
 The constant ear hath no unkindly hearing,
 The constant tongue doth ever speake aright,
 The constant heart hath ever happy chearing;
 The constant minde the fairest thoughts unfold thee,
 The constant soule on earth and heaven behold thee.

It loves no change, and breeds the joy of choice,
 It feares no fortune, and it serves no folly,
 It keeps the rule where reason doth rejoice,
 And is the substance of contentment wholly:
 It is a stay that strengtheneth the minde,
 And knits the senses in a sacred kinde.

It is the lock upon the heart of Love,
 A chest that keeps the treasure of the mind;
 Within the soule a rocke that cannot move,
 A band that doth the thoughts together bind:
 A light where wisdom vertue's honour seeth,
 And life where only grace with loue agreeth.

Oh, how it writes the worthiness of those,
 That strove for honour to the stroke of death:
 And how without comparison it shows
 The mouth of wisdom blessed in her breath:
 And how it makes the fame of them to flourish,
 That with their bounty vertuous spirits nourish."

Having produced this fair specimen from the present publication, I proceed to exhibit an instance of his lyrical powers from the following pious production,

ART. VII. *A Divine poeme, divided into two partes: the ravisht Soule, and the blessed Weeper. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, Gentle-man. Imprinted at*

at London, for John Browne and John Deane.
1601. 4to. 24 leaves.

To compile and to compose seem formerly to have been considered as synonymous, and the term *compiled* does not therefore invalidate Breton's full claim to the merits of this composition; which consists of two parts (as the title expresses) and of two distinct modes of versification:—"The ravisht Soule," which describes the devout aspirations of spiritualized affection, is written in the elegiac quatrain; and "the Blessed Weeper," which represents the sorrowful lamentation of Mary Magdalen at the tomb of our Saviour, is written in seven-line stanzas. * To these is prefixed a hymn, from which I extract nearly half, divested of its ancient spelling, that it may be read with the advantage it deserves.

" *Gloria in excelsis Deo.*

" Sing, my soul, to God thy Lord!

All in glory's highest key;

Lay the angel's quire aboard,

In their highest holy day;

Crave their helps, to tune thy heart

Unto praise's highest part.

Tell the world—no world can tell,

What the hand of heaven deserveth,

In whose mercies only dwell

All that heaven and earth preserveth:

Death's confounding, sin's forgiving,

Faith's relieving, comfort's living.

* It seems not unlikely, from Mr. Steevens's MS. list of Breton's pieces, that this production had been printed in 1596, under the title of "Marie Magdalen's Love: whereunto is added a solemne passion of the Sowle's Love."

Grace and glory, life and love,
 Be the sum of all thy ditty;
 Where a sinner's tears may prove
 Comfort's joy in mercy's pity;
 Every note in love alluding,
 Endless glory in concluding.

Praise of praises! where thou dwellest,
 Tell me (if the world may know thee)
 In what sense thou most excellest,
 When thy wonder worth doth show thee,
 In that state of honour's story,
 Where thou gain'st thy highest glory.

'Tis not earth, nor earthly wonder,
 Can discern thy dearest honour:
 All her praises are put under,
 When thy glory looks upon her;—
 No:—in heaven thy glory dwelleth,
 Where thy wonder most excelleth.

Yet in heaven was never living,
 Virgin, saint, nor angel's spirit,
 Where thy grace may have the giving
 Of thine honour's highest merit:
 'Tis their glory's admiration
 That deserves thy commendation.

Since then, by all consequences
 In the notes of glory's nature,
 And the grace's influences,
 'Tis not earth, nor heavenly creature;
 In my GOD alone, on high,
 Is this only mystery.

Let all kings and princes then
 In submission fall before him;
 Virgins, angels, holy men,
 Both in heaven and earth adore him;

In his mercy only seeing
All and, only, all your being.

And when all the world together
Join with angels' harmony;
Let my soul come singing thither,
With that blessed company—
God, in mercy's power victorious,
Be above all glory glorious!"

To the copious catalogue of Breton's various pieces in Ritson's *Bibliographia*, which derived its formation from the sedulous inquiries of Mr. Steevens, the following (and probably several others) remain to be added.

1. "*The Pilgrimage to Paradise*," &c. a poem, printed at Oxford, in 1592. (See *CENSURA*, II. 235.)

2. "*An Old Man's Lesson, and a Young Man's Love*:" an interlude, 1605. This is mentioned by Dr. Percy as the publication of Breton,* but Mr. Reed informs us that he was only the *editor*.† It is amusing after this, to hear egotistic Gildon (the improver of Langbaine) pronounce—that "Nicholas Breton has writ and published *nothing more* than this one interlude."‡

3. "*Barley Break, or a Warning for Wantons*," 1607. This appears to have been poetical, and occurred in Farmer's Catalogue.

4. "*Fantasticks: serving for a perpetuall prognostication. Descants of the world, the earth, water, ayre*," &c. 1626, in prose.

* *Reliques*, III. 62, 4th edit.

† *Biog. Dram.* I. 42.

‡ *Lives and Characters of English Dramatic Poets*, p. 12.

5. "The figures of three, foure, five, sixe, and seven: by N. Breton and others: 1626. See West's Catalogue, p. 59.

Of this poet, as my friend Mr. Brydges has elsewhere observed, * very little is known. In the Athenæ of Wood his name is unregistered, nor do I trace it among the Worthies of Fuller. By Phillips he is slightly recorded as "a writer of pastoral, sonnets, canzons, and madrigals; in which kind of writing he keeps company with several other contemporary emulators of Spencer and Sir Philip Sidney, in a publisht collection of selected odes of the chief pastoral sonnet-teers, &c. of that age." The collection here alluded to, must have been England's Helicon, to which Spenser and Sidney were joint contributors. The critical sentence of Phillips has been re-echoed, or rather rewritten by Winstanley and Jacob, in their accounts of the Lives of English Poets. Dr. Percy mentions Breton as "a writer of some fame in the reign of Elizabeth:" † and so it would appear, from Pottenham's introduction of him between Gascoigne and Turberville, and from Meres's commendation of his lyric poetry and love elegies. Nor could Webbe, it is presumed, by his silent disregard, intend to incorporate Breton among "the rabble of ryming ballet-makers, or the compilers of senceless sonets:" ‡ though he had *compiled* his "Songes of an idle head," and twice printed them, before Webbe's book appeared. In the following dialogue from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, our poet seems to be treated not more sarcastically than either Shakspeare or Drayton.

* Theatrum Poetarum, p. 319.

† Reliques of E. P. iii. 62.

‡ Discourse of English Poetrie, 1586.

“*Rog.* Have patience, sir, untill our fellow *Nicholas* be deceast; that is, asleepe. For so the word is taken: to sleepe, to dye, to dye, to sleepe; a very figure, sir.

“*Will.* Our comic poet gives the reason sweetly, *Plenus rimarum est*; he is full of loop holes, &c.

“*Rog.* Did I for this consume my quarters in meditation, vowes, and wooed her in Heroicall Epistles? Did I expound the Owle; and undertook with labour and experience the collection of those thousand pieces, consumed in cellars and tobacco-shops, of that our honour'd Englishman, *Nich. Breton*?”

The “*Scornful Lady*” being first printed in 1616, it may indicate Breton to have been then living, and if the Norton epitaph produced by Mr. Brydges, belong to the poet, he continued to live till June 22, 1624. Mr. Gough seems to concur in opinion that he did so: as may be gathered from a note in Vol. II. of Queen Elizabeth's Progresses. By those, however, who possess the lonely power of inspecting the early miscellanies of Nicholas Breton, it remains to be determined whether he incidentally bespeaks himself to have held any military commission in the low countries under the Earl of Leicester, as this would identify the monumental inscription.* Mr. Ellis has given some pleasing specimens from the poetry of Breton, and Mr. Brydges has done honour to his memory, by calling the ballad of *Phillida and Corydon*, † a delicious little poem, from which if we are to judge of his poetical powers (for surely he had the powers of a poet) they were distinguished by a simplicity, at once easy and elegant.

T. P.

* For which, see Brydges's *Theat. Poet.* and Ritson's *Bib. Poet.*

† See *Percy's Reliques*, *Ellis's Specimens*, and the *Muse's Library*.

ART. VIII. *The boke of Nurture, or schoole of good maners; for men, servants, and children: with stans puer ad mensam.* Newly corrected. Very necessary for all youth and children. Imprinted at London in Fleetestreete, beneath the Conduite, at the signe of S. John Evangelist, by H. Jackson, 1577. Small 8vo. †*

The colophon to this little volume informs us it was "compyled by Hugh Rhodes of the Kinges chappell." Mr. Warton calls him "a gentleman or musician of the royal chapel:" † and speaks of the work as an English poem. About a fourth part however is in prose. The volume is thus divided:

1. "The Boke of Nurture, for men, servauntes and chyl dren. Prose.
2. The manner of serving a Knight, Squyre, or Gentleman. Pr.
3. How to order your mayster's chamber at night to bedwarde. Pr.
4. Here followeth the Booke of Nurture and schoole of good manners for man and for childe. Verse.
5. For the wayting Servaunt. Ver.
6. The rule of honest living. Pr. and ver."

* Bale makes Robert Grosthead the author of *Stans puer ad Mensam*; but a learned friend suspects that little work to have been modelled after a chapter in the "Castoiment d'un pere à son Fils," translated from the Arabic.

† An apparently earlier edition was printed in *quarto*, without date, by Thomas Petyt. In this, the metrical portion of the book is much more un-
eough and inharmonicous.

‡ History of English Poetry, III. 321.

A brief

A brief sample of these metrical rules will be sufficient, and may remind some readers* of *Carmen de Moribus Puerorum*† in the grammar of Lily, the first high-master of St. Paul's school.

“ Ryse you early in the morning,
for it hath propertyes three;
Holyness, health, and happy welth,
as my father taught mee.

At syxe of the clocke, without delay,
use commonly to ryse;
And give God thanks for thy good rest,
when thou openest thyn eyes.

Pray Him also to prosper thee,
and thyne affayres indeede:
All the day after, assure thy selfe,
the better shalt thou speede.

Make cleane your shoes, and combe your head,
and your cloathes button or lace;
And see at no tyme you forget
to wash your hands and face.

Put on clothing for thy degree,
and cleanly doe it make:

Bid your fellow a good-morrow,
or you your way forth take.”

T. P.

* This is imputed to Sulpitius Verulanus; and had two early impressions by Wynken de Worde. See Herbert, I. 157, 167.

† Particularly of the following passage, *ad Discipulos*.

“ Mane citus lectum fuge, mollem discute somnum,
Templa petas supplex, et venerare Deum.
Attamen in primis facies sit lota, manusque;
Sint nitidæ vestes, comptaque cæsaries.”

ART. IX. *The Passions of the Minde.* By Th. W.
London, printed by V. S. for W. B. 1601. Small
8vo. pp. 336, without Preface.

ART. X. *The Passions of the Minde in Generall.*
*In sixe bookes, corrected, enlarged, and with sundry
new discourses augmented.* By Thomas Wright.
Cantic. I. [Lat. and Eng.] London, printed by
A. M. for Anne Helme, and are to be sold at her
shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard in Fleetstreet,
1621. 4to. pp. 350, without Introduction.

These appear to be the first and third edition* of an amusing and instructive collection of philosophical essays, upon the customary pursuits of the mind. Though a relaxation of manners succeeded the gloomy history of the cowl, and the abolition of the dark cells of superstition; it was long before the moralist ventured to draw either example, or precept, from any other source than scripture, and the writings of the fathers. Genius run riot in some instances from excess of liberty, but the calm, rational, and universal essayist, was a character unknown. In the present work there are passages that possess no inconsiderable portion of ease, spirit, and freedom, diversified with character and anecdote that prove the author mingled with the world to advantage; and could occasionally lighten the hereditary shackles that burthened the moral and philosophical writer.

Prefixed to the third edition is an Epistle Dedicatory to the Earl of Southampton, by which it appears to have been posthumously published. The author was

* Second edition was, I believe, in quarto, 1604.

first invited to the task by friends, “but (by what occasion it is uncertain) in the inundation of his crosses this worke suffered shipwracke, with many other writings of good and worthy vse, yet at what time he supposed it vtterly lost, or (to vse his owne words) rotting at the bottome of the sea, a fauourable power brought it a shore, where being founde, (as it seemed by such as loued it,) it was taken up, entertained, and dispersed abroad into the hands of diuers of greate note and quallitie.” To the second edition he is supposed to have added as much more, and apparently with other matter interspersed, the whole of the fifth book (which is the longest) upon the means to move the passions, is new. The dedication is signed “Thomas Dewe.” To the second edition was prefixed a sonnet by Ben Jonson.

The author evidently visited the continent, and has discussed the comparative merit between his own countrymen and some of those on the continent in “the preface vnto the reader,” from which the following extracts may amuse. As there is little variation in this part of the work, the first edition has been followed, and also in the further specimens.

It commences, “I haue diuers times weighed with my selfe, whence from it should proceed that Italians and Spaniardes, with other inhabitants beyond the Alpes, should account Flemings, Englishmen, Scots, and other nations dwelling on this side, simple, vncircumspect, vnwarie, easie to be deceiued and circumvented by them. And the cause of my doubting was, for that I had perceued, by long experience in schools, both in Spaine, Italie, France and Flaunders; that Flemings, Scots, and Englishmen, were euer equall,
and

and rather deeper schollers, than either Italian Spaniardes, so many for so many: whereunto wee may adde the prooffe of former ages, wherein al the world wil confesse that our nation hath yeelded as profound and learned schoolmen as any nation vnder the sunne, in like quantitie and proportion. For what country in any age did euer represent vnto the world such venerable wittes, as England, by yeelding our venerable Bede, who, borne in a corner of the world, comprehēded the whole world in his boundlesse apprehension and iudgement? What age euer see, before our Alexander de Hales, a diuine more irrefragable in all his doctrine and opinions, the chiefe maister of schoolemen before that England sent him into Fraunce? In what country euer appeared such a mirrour of learning, of subiltie, of breuitie, of perspicuitie (in deepest matters, and vnto worthy spirites) as when Scotus shewed himselfe in the chaire at Oxford? Whome for his woorth, some other countries with no lesse vntueth, than ambition; haue chalenged for theirs, and would haue bereaued Englande of one of the worthies of the worlde. What might I not say, of Ocams, of Bacons, of Middletons, in forraine nations more accounted of, than prized at home; whose doctrine the best highly esteeme, whose wittes the wisest admire, and whose opinions innumerable doctours do follow.—Moreouer, let vs cast our eies vpon all sorts of artes and trades, from the very shooe vnto the hatte, from the shirt to the cloake, from the kitchen to the court; and we shall see our nation as well furnished, as compleate, and artificiall as any other, and as all trauellers can well affirme, farre superior to the Spaniardes, and nothing inferior vnto the Italians. F

must confesse that in some one or other trade the Italians surpass vs, but they be such, as either England regardeth not at all, or priseth not very much: but, in such as our countrey esteemeth, wee may, either equall or preferre our selues before him.—Northerne and Welchmen, when they come to London, are very simple and vnwary; but afterwarde by conuersing a while, and by the experience of other men's behauiours, they become wonderful, wise, and iudicious. The Italians, therefore, and Spaniards, disdainng greatly to dwell long in the countrey, and betaking themselues almost whollie vnto citties, by a continuall conuersation, even from their youth becom very nimble in the managing of all affaires, and consequently very politique and craftie. For great cities (specially emperiall) afforde vnto them all sortes of politike prudence, eyther for vniuersall government of the state, or particular gouernement of the state, or particular gouernement of the cittie, or priuate œconomie for a family, or common conuersation with men, al which cities as open schooles teach abundantly; villages and townes eyther nothyng or very sparingly. The most of our Englishmen contrariwise, eyther dwell in the countrey, or in cities not so populous, wherein they may enjoy such meanes as enable other nations vnto the attainment of wit, policie, and prudence, wherefore this defect of conuersation impeacheth greatly the warinesse of our countrey men with other nations; whereby sundry of our rurall gentlemen are as wel acquainted with the ciuil dealing, conuersing, and practise of citties, as many Kockneys with the manuring of land and affayres of the countrey.—I would not haue any man to thinke

that I am of opinion, that all Italians and Spaniards go beyond all Englishmen in subtiltie and warinesse, for I haue found diuers of our nation, whom I beleeeue, neither Italian, nor Spaniard could ouer-reach, in what negotiation soeuer, but only I meane that for the most part, those nations surpasse ours in a certaine politike craftinesse, the which nature first bred in them, education perfited, vertue amendeth, and arte discovereth. The which I haue endeoured first of all (as I thinke) to drawe into forme and method, according to the principles of sciences, hoping that some other will hereby take occasion either to perfite mine, or to attempt a better; my desire is, the good of my country; the effect every man's prudent carriage; the last end, the glorie of God; whereunto all our labours must tend, and all our actions be directed, and therefore to him let these little sparkes be consecrated to kindle the fire in his holy temple, & *in tremore.*"

The chapters *upon apparell and the literary productions of that period* are selected as interesting sketches of the manners when the author wrote.

“ Discoverie of Passions in Apparell.

“ Extraordinary apparell of the body, declareth well the apparrell of the minde; for some you haue so inconstant in their attire, that the varietie of their garments pregnantly proueth the ficklenesse of their heads; for they are not much vnlike to stage-players, who now adorne themselues gloriously like gentlemen; then like clownes; after, as women; then like fooles; bicause the fashion of their garmentes maketh them resemble these persons. And truely the Frenchmen and Englishmen, of al nations, are not without some
good

good cause noted and condemned of this lightnesse, the one for inuenting, the other for imitating; in other things we thinke them our inferiours; and heerein we make them our maisters; and some I haue heard very contemptuously say, that scarcely a new forme of breeches appeared in the French King's kitchen, but they were presently translated ouer inso the court of England. This newfanglednesse proceedeth from an inconstant minde, a prowde hart, and an effeminate affection. Augustus Cæsar had alwayes in hatred, rich and gorgeous garments, because he saide they were banners blazing our pride, and neasts to breede lechery. Wherefore Saint Gregory plainly proueth that glorious attire proceedeth from pride because that men or women will not vse their gallant garments, but in such places where they may be seene; and hee that coulde sound the heartes of many vaine persons, should finde the roote of this gay apparrell an vnchaste hart and an arrogant minde. Whereunto well alluded Diogenes, being asked a question of a yoong man, very neatly and finely apparelled; hee sayde hee woulde not answer him before he put off his apparrell, that hee might know whether he was a man or a woman, declaring by his effeminate attire his womanish wantonnesse.

“ As some offend in too much nicenesse, so others in too much carelesnesse and slouenry, not regarding, in what manner and fashion they shewe themselues abroad, which in some, may come of a certaine contempt they haue of themselues, of pride, and the worlde, but this manner of mortification (howbeit I will not condemne all those that vse it of hypocrisie) yet I holde, that for the most part, it carrieth a smell thereof:

thereof: I know a man that some holde very godly and religious, yet when hee was to appeare before a prince, he wold always haue the barest cloke he could get, to thintent the King might account him godly, mortified, and a despiser of the world: and perhappes Antisthenes went not farre awrie when he sawe Socrates in a torne coate, shewing a hole thereof to the people; loe, quoth he, thorowe this I see Socrates vanitie, for mortification standeth well with modestie and decent attire. Wherefore I take it vniuersally that vnseemely garments, and neglect of apparell, for the most part proceedeth from slouth, or hipocrisie; for true and sound vertue requireth grauitie and decencie.

“ Much might be sayd here concerning the new-fangle madnesse, or lasciuious pride, or vaine superfluities of women’s pointing, painting, adorning, and fantastical disguising; but I must say this vice in them to be remedilasse, because it hath been in euery age, euer cried against, and neuer amended; and for my part, I am half perswaded that this sinne carrieth with it a finall impenitence, which women neuer intend to change as long as they liue, but to carry it to the graue: for euery one wil excuse herselfe, because she onely followeth the fashion and custome: if others woulde change, shee would bee contented to immitate; but if you aske another, she wil say as much, but none will beginne, and so their pride must be endles, and therefore incorrigible in this world, to be punished in thother.”

“ *Discouerie of passions in writing.*

“ Who of purpose writeth obscurely, peruerteth the naturall communication of men, because we write to
declare

declare our mindes, and he that affecteth obscuritie, seemeth not to be willing that men should conceiue his meaning. The Holy Scriptures I alwaies except, which for many causes admitte some obscuritie: but for men in their writing to followe such a phrase, as hardly you can vnderstand what they say, cannot but proceede, either from confused vnderstanding, because a cleare conceit breedeth perspicuous deliuerie, or affectation of learning, which springeth from pride; for I haue knowne most excellent men endeouore to speake, and write, the greatest mysteries of our faith, in such playne manner, that very deep diuinitee seemed very easie. And I truely am of opinion, that hee is the greatest diuine, and most profitable to the common weale; which can make his learning to be best conceiued.

“To vse many metaphors, poetical phrases in prose, or incke-pot termes, smelleth of affectation, and argueth a proude childish wit. To be peremptorie and singular in opinions, to censure ill, or condemne rashly, without rendering some sound and strong reason, for the most parte, proceedeth from singular selfe loue, and a defectuous iudgment.

“Some will condemne others for writing, because they thinke there be bookes written more than sufficient: this censure commeth, either from a sluggish minde, or enuious to see others good endeouours commended, or else from grosse ignorance, because they neither know the nature of men’s wittes, nor the limittes of humane vnderstanding; for if we see the arte of sayling with the compasse, the exercise of artillerie, the manner of printing, of late yeares inuented, augmented, and perfitted; why may not diuers sciences;
already

already inuented, be increased with new conceits, amplified with better demonstrations, explained in a more perspicuous manner, deliuered in a more ordinate methode.

“ Contrary to these be certain itching spirits, who put euery toy in print; they prize their owne works exceedingly, and censure others iniuriously; these may well be compared to certain wild vines, which bring forth many grapes, but neuer mature them: some do it for fame, and some for gaine, and both without discretion, and against their own credite. Therefore great wisdom it were, to write something discreetely, that men’s labours may, not onely profit themselues, but also bee deriued to others: for what do we account good in it selfe, if it be not communicatiue of goodnesse to others? *Bonum est sui diffusivum.* Yet woulde I haue men, not to blabbe out their conceits, without meditation, or good digestion, because, if in all actions it concerneth greatly a man’s demeanour, to effectuate them with deliberation and ripenesse; so, much more in writing, which no man hasteth, being distilled drop by drop from the penne, and of it selfe permanent not as wordes communicatiue to some few present auditors, but blazed to the world, and sent to all posteritie.

“ Some men, in writing, flowe with phrases, but are barren in substance of matter, and such are neither wittie nor wise: others haue good conceits, but deliuered after an affected manner, they put a little liquor into too great a vessel. Others are so concise, that you need a commentarie to vnderstand them; the former bee not without all follie, and the latter lacke not some pride: yet those are not more commendable than

than these, for those only are tedious thorow their prolixitie, but these are molestfull; bicause they require too great attention, and make a man often spend many spirites, to winne a slender knowledge.

“Many write confusedly, without method and order, and such comprehend not their matter: others are too precise in diuisions, in such sort, that ere you come to the last part, you have forgotten the first members: and this defect I finde in many postils of scriptures. Good distinctions breede perspicuitie, but a multitude engendereth obscuritie, and best I hold it so to distinguish, that distinctions may rather be noted in matter than in wordes.”

A chapter to shew “*curiosity in knowing things not necessarie,*” has the following conclusion.

“What vaine studies exercise (for most parte) our iudicarie astronomers, by calculating natiuities, foretelling euēts, prescribing the limites of men’s liues, foreshewing their perills, and dangers, but meere cosinage & vaine curiosity? How many labour night and day, spend their times and liuings, in alchimie, in searching forth that matchlesse stone which they neuer see, receiuing no other lucre than a continuall baite to feede curiositie? Who would not haue registred him among curious fooles, which labored so many yeres to make a shirt of male with ringes of wood, fitte for no man’s profite or good? Who will not admire our nice dames of London, who must haue cherries at twenty shillings a pound, and pescods at fīue shillings a pecke, huske without pease? Yong rabbettes of a spanne, and chickens of an inch? From whence proceedeth this gulling ambition? This spoiling of the
 VOL. IX. N croppe?”

troppe? This deuouring and gormandizing of the common weale but from a gluttonous curiositie?"—

From the impediments to virtue I shall select two examples to conclude. "The third impediment is wicked conuersation. Ill examples, and vngodly conuersation imprinted in tender yeeres, & weak soules, take such root that hardly after they can be supplanted; this we see by experience that as those speake, with whome children conuerse, purely, or barbarously, Latine, Greeke, or English, so children learne: euen in like manner as those liue, youth liue, and frame their maners according to their conditions. A man therefore being brought vp among wicked men, for most parte accomodateth himselfe to their humours; the reason is, not only bicause, as men perswade by words, so they doe much more by deedes, euery action being a silent perswasion (our eyes perceiuing their objectes more certainly than our eares) but also for that many examples, I knowe not howe, come at length, to breede such impressions in men, that euen vices seeme vertues. Let vs not seeke very far for triall, but euen at home! Sometimes I haue seene *Tarleton* play the clowne, and vse no other breeches than such sloppes, or sliuings as now many gentlemen wear; they are almost capable of a bushell of wheate, and if they bee of sacke-cloth, they woulde serue to carrie mawlt to the mill. This absurde, clownish, and vnseemely attire, onely by custome nowe is not misliked, but rather approoued.* The like I might say of long steepled

* *Tarleton* died about 1589. The large breeches worn at that period form an humorous burlesque on our new-piked phrase of small clothes. In the

steepled hattes, of going naked in baths and washing places, yea in euery place, as in the Indiaes the vse of many seemeth to take away all abuse."——

“ The

the comedy of Damon and Pithias, written before 1556, is the following dialogue.

“ *Grimme.* Are ye servants then ?

Wyll. Yea, sir, are we not pretie men ?

Grimme. Pretie men (quoth you ?) nay, you are stronge men ;
Els you could not beare these britches.

Wyll. Are these such great hose ?

In faith, goodman colier, you see with your nose :

By myne honestie, I have but one lining in one hose, but seven els of roug,

Grimme. That is but a little, yet it makes thee seeme a great bugge.

Jack. How say you, goodman colier, can you finde any fault here ?

Grimme. Nay, you should finde faught, mary, here's trim geare !

Alas, little knave, dost not sweat ? Thou goest with great payue ;

These are no hose, but water bougets, I tell thee playne :

Good for none but suche as have no buttockes.

Dyd you ever see two suche little Robin ruddockes,

So laden with breeches ?”——(Reed's *Old Plays*, Vol. I. p. 219.)

Heywood, in his *fift hundred of Epigrams*, makes a certain insect discuss the most convenient residence between a man's big breeches, and a woman's thick ruff. The ruff is pleasing in summer, but,

“ In winter the man's breeche is close and warme,

Large walkes for lice to walke warm without harme ;

Galleries, gable endes, chambers, parlors, halles,

Cold frost to defend a dosen double walles ;

Some seel'd, some hang'd, some di'de, some paynted, some stain'd,

Rentes of all sise, great and small rentes retayn'd.

And when by louce byting, the legge is itching,

The barres of men's breeches haue such strong stitching ;

Such bolstring, such broydring, let men stare and stampe,

The louce is as safe there, as hee were in a campe——”

The same writer again ridicules this fashion in the last epigram in his works, entitled, “ *of a number of rattes mistaken for deuils in a man's sloppes.*” The wearer, expecting a dearness of provisions, secretes a cheese in his slops, and hauing left them off, some two or three rats conclude upon residing there.

“The fourth impediment is corrupted bookes. The world leadeth vs to sinne, not only by trayning vs vp vitiously and inticing vs by wicked examples, but also, by suggesting vnto vs many occasions of ill, by obscene and naughty bookes, as light and wanton poets, as Machiuellian pollicies, the Arte of Coniuring, and such other dreggs of men’s wits and of-springe of vngodly affections: to these if you adjoyne many shewes, stage playes, and such impure exercises, which tend to the manifest ouerthrowe of tender soules, you shall haue a troupe of soldiers, or rather robbers, seruing the world to winne a kingdome. Indeede I must confesse, that these bookes & exercises corrupt extreamly all good manners, and with a silent perswasion insinuate their matter vnto the chiefe affection and highest parte of the soule, and in all good common weales, are either wholly prohibited, or so circumcised, that no such hurt followeth; as some by stealth purchase, by theft rob-

“At three dayes end this man putting these hose on,
 Hauing tide his points, the rattes began anon
 To start and to stur that breeche rounde about,
 To seek and finde some way, what way to get out;
 But that breeche was bolstered so with suche òrode bars,
 Such cranks, such conyholes, such cuts and such stars,
 With ward, within ward, that the rattes were as fast,
 As though they with theeues in Newgate had bene cast.”

This article of dress being translated from the French King’s kitchen to our court, as described in the *Discovery of Passions in Apparell*, might give rise to the idea of stealing the fashion, and partly explain the allusion of the porter in Macbeth; who is ready to open the gate to “an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose.” And the essay’s description in 1601 of the clownish hose as again worn, leaves the conjecture of Warburton upon the passage just quoted without support, while it proves Mr. Malone right; “large breeches were then in fashion.” Reed’s Shak. Vol. X. p. 122.

bing their owne soules of grace and goodnesse; yet against these pamphlets I oppose thousandes of spirituall volumes, the holy scriptures, sermons, exhortations, homilies, meditations, prayer bookes, which surpasse the other in number, in efficacie, in learning, and therefore those ought not to be compared with these."

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. XI. *Notices respecting Massinger's Works.**

Mr. Gifford, in the late edition of this author, has indulged himself in some severe notes on the preceding editors. Their supposed incapacity may be equalled in one instance by his own hasty inattention, and a future editor, with less spleen than himself, might fairly attach a note of ridicule upon his elaborate labour. The *Virgin Martyr*,† the first play edited according to the new arrangement, has at p. 65 the following note. "The first two quartos have a stage direction here, which Coxeter and M. Mason follow: *Enter ARTEMIA, laughing.* But Artemia continues on the stage: the ERROR was seen and removed by the quarto 1661, which reads as I have given it." After this triumvirate of editorial investigation, who have not been able to discover and correct, what was originally a glaring *error* in the press; I shall take the

* "The fire of Massinger's genius, compared with Shakspeare, is like a wax taper beside an Argand lamp. He has beauties, and those beauties have not yet obtained the full advantage usually derived from the attention of an editor." The remainder of an opinion sent me by a theatrical friend, it seems prudent to omit.

† Of this play there were *four* editions in quarto; the omitted date is 1651.

liberty, with all deference, of requesting the reader to insert *Enter ANGELO laughing*.* This will be found necessary from the ancient custom of all characters making an entrance upon the stage before they utter a speech; a task, as the text now stands, unfortunately given to Angelo, who is not present, within about *eight lines* from the number referring to the above note. *Momentous trifle!* †

The story of the Picture, upon which Massinger founded his play with that title, is also related by George Whetstone in "*the Arbour of Virtue*," or third part of the "*Rocke of Regard*," 1576. In the dedication he says, "I haue faithfully (though not curiously) translated the modest and noble life of a Bohemian lady, with the fall of two Hungarian barons: which vnaduisedly waghered the spoyle of her chastitie."

Vlrico is the name of the Bohemian knight who marries Lady Barbara, and "the cunning Negromancer," is called Polacco. Vlrico serves under "the King of Hungarie," and the barons are Lord Alberto and Lord Vdislao, and the wager being laid with the knowledge of the King and Queen, when,

"Indentures to assure this match, ingrossed were in haste,
The couenants as before exprest, were in the parchment plaste;
The King and Queene gaue free consent, the wager should be laid,
Th' indentures seal'd, by either part, and all things sure are made."

* Angelo, the good spirit, enters immediately on the exit of Harpax the evil one. "Not for hills of diamonds" could they meet; and that circumstance only occurs at the conclusion, upon the final triumph of Angelo. It is sometimes necessary to support even proof by argument.

† Some future editor may refer in act iv. s. ii. upon the speech of Hircius "I'll come upon her with rounce rebble hobble and twick-twack thir-lery bouncing," to the lines of Stanyhurst's Virgil, noticed in *CENSURA*, Vol. IV. p. 356, or Vol. VII. p. 163. This is not tracing a common epithet to "its imaginary source," according to Mr. Gifford's note on same play, at p. 10.

Alberto arrives first, and being confined, in hopes of liberty discovers the tenor of the wager to Barbara, who plots a similar imprisonment for Vdislao immediately on his arrival. Upon this being accomplished servants are dispatched to court with the news, when it becomes the office of the "Chauncelour and other Lords" to ascertain the fact. Their visit finds

" Alberto spinning thread,

And Vdislao reeling it, with fretting well nie dead.
 The Lady shewde the newe come Lords the matter all and some,
 And how to tame their lawlesse loue, the barons bid this dome;
 The Chauncelour what earst is showne, returned to the king,
 Whose pleasure was, he should with him, with speede both parties bring,
 They all arriued at the court, the King iudg'd out of hand,
 Vlrico had the wager wonne, and he should haue the land,
 And more against the spoiled Lords, with iustice to perseuer,
 In penaunce of their lauish tongues they were exile for euer;
 Faire Barbara, for soyling them, did to this honour mount,
 She was the chiefe about the Queene, in credit and account,
 Whereas she liued many dayes, and held her wish at will,
 Nowe being dead in worthy fame, her vertues liueth still."

The incident of the Queen falling in love with the Knight, does not form a part of Whetstone's relation; and the picture also bears very little sway in the progress of the story. To obtain it, in the first instance, appears the principal object; as the Knight, confidently relying upon the shifting shadows, has not then any further obstacle to prevent his going to the wars. The gift by the magician, and its effect, is thus described.

" Anon he comes, with picture fram'de, much like Vlrico's wife;
 So long (quoth he) this form keepes faire, she liues an honest life;
 If yellowe, tempted then she is, if black with merrie gayles,
 Unto the Cornish mount god buoy, in hast her honour sayles."

The colours vary with threatening aspect upon Alberto

berto not returning, and before Vdislao's departure on the same errand, when the poet says;

—————" I leaue a space,
 To shewe what rumor in the court, in euery corner rounge,
 Some say Alberto's ioyes were such, as loth to part he soung;
 Vlrico oft his image view'd, to see what hue it bare,
 And all the while it yealowe seem'd, he liu'd in perilous feare;
 But when it turn'd to white againe, what so the courtiers say;
 He knewe Alberto had the foyle, and he had won the lay."

Barbara never appears to have obtained any knowledge of the effect or existence of the picture, neither is there any altercation upon the subject of jealousy between her and the Knight. Whetstone has also a poem of "*the complaint of the Lorde Alberto, &c.*" *CENSURA*, Vol. V. p. 6.

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. XII. *The Mysterious Mother.*

In part reply to the inquiry of a correspondent (*CENSURA*, Vol. VI. p. 13), it may be observed, the story that forms the ground-work of this play was universally known in the sixteenth century. Its first appearance in the English language proves the original of a theological source, and traced to a period earlier than has yet been supposed. The following extract is from chapter the eleventh upon Incest of "*Beautiful Blossomes gathered by John Byshop.*"*

"Any auncient example of this beastlike lust [incest] wil I rehearse none, but one out of MANLIUS his common places, reported by him vppon Doctour

* The whole title is given in *CENSURA*, Vol. IV. p. 133.

Martin Luther's credit, to have been done in his time at Erphurst in Germanie. There was, saies hee, a maide of an honest stocke, and she herself also honest, which was seruant vnto a rich widdowe, whose sonne (a youngman) being inflamed with the loue and beautie of this maide, hotly sollicitated her to be naught with him. The maide, abhorring the foul facte, did often repell the furious youthe: but in the ende, when he became euery day more troublesome instant on her then other, the maide was forced for the safe garde of her honestie, to declare all the whole matter vp to his mother, desiring her to bridle and restraine her sonne that lay in continuall awaite for her. The mother after she had deliberated on the matter, tooke this order with the maide, that she shoulde consent to him, and prescribe him a certain place, and houre of the night, when and where she woulde be her selfe: that by that occasion shee might repress and chastise the lewdnesse of her sonne. The maide liked very wel of the deuise, & made a sure promis vnto y^e. yong man according vnto her mistres her minde. At the prefixed houre, the glad man went vnto the place appointed, where he found, in steede of his mayd, the mother, who had come thither to correct the lecherous rage of her sonne, but (out alas) she being ouercome with vn-natural lust, prostituted her wicked body to her owne sonne. Of this heynous incest was there a woman child born, which being for a time secretly brought vp abroade, at the lengthe the mother tooke home vnto her. The same unhappie sonne, being altogether ignorant of all these things, began to fall in loue with his sister, and daughter, being growne vp, and made her also his wife." P. 51.

The late Lord Orford states his knowledge of the story as being heard when very young, "and that the guilty mother had consulted Archbishop Tillotson;" but, after the play was written, he "accidentally discovered the origin of the tradition in the novels of the Queen of Navarre,"* The same observation is repeated by the late George Steevens: "the remotest origin of the tale is to be met with in a collection of mock causes proposed for arguments at a moot in France, a custom anciently observed in our own seminaries of law. From this publication it found its way into the Queen of Navarre's novels, and from thence into similar books of entertainment."†

Under the marvel of a supposed fable it became in general repute. That a confined distribution attended the writings of the theologian appears undoubted, as the learned Henry Stephens, in his preliminary treatise to an apology for Herodotus, has repeated the same story with no other authority than the novel. Stephens's work was also rendered into English, and a transcript of it, as there given, will satisfactorily prove that the whole was copied from Manlius.

"We read in the Queen of Navarre's narrations of one who lying with his mother (thinking he had lain with her gentlewoman) had a child by her, which was his sister and daughter, and afterwards his wife; and so from one simple incest fell into two other, though as ignorant thereof as he was of the former; which happened through his mother's default, pre-

* "It is minutely detailed by Bandello (No. 35, part ii) who heard it related by the Queen of Navarre to his patroness, Gostanza Rangona e Fregosa." Walker's Hist. Memoir on Italian Tragedy, 1799, p. 273.

† Suppressed leaves of the Biographia Dramatica.

suming too much of her constancie; for she not credit-
ing her gentlewoman's report, that her sonne did intice
and sollicite her to folly; to the end she might know
the truth, went at the time appointed in her roome;
where, in stead of preuenting a lesse euil, by this
meanes, she kept her roome so well (not making her-
selfe knowne) that she caused her sonne to fall into
that so horrible and detestable a sinne: who afterwards
(not knowing nor once suspecting any such thing)
married her whom he had begotten in such incest." *

One of these sources probably suggested it to an
anonymous writer as an interesting subject for a
tragedy brought forward at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1698,
as *The Fatal Discovery, or Love in Ruins*; which
contains the only instance of variation from the origi-
nal, in an attempt to soften the principal incident, by
supposing the mother ignorant of the person of her
son at the time of meeting.

In 1715 appeared the ninth volume of the *Spectator*,
which contains the history as "delivered to us among
the writings of Mr. Perkins," and has been several
times reprinted. Mr. Perkins is stated to have been a
Puritan, and his name generally substituted for that of
Archbishop Tillotson.

A "worthless piece" written for the stage by Mr.
Gould, called *Innocence distressed, or the Royal Peni-
tents*, posthumously printed in 1737, is founded on
the same event.

The next was a fictitious narrative by some unprin-
ciple writer, published by Cooper in 1751, under the
title of *Eleanora, or a tragical but true case of Incest*

* "A World of Wonders, or an Introduction, &c. London, printed by
John Norton, 1607." Again, "Edinburgh, Imprinted by Andrew Hart
and Richard Lawson, 1608. Fo."

in Great Britain. By enlarging upon every circumstance, attached to the original story, it became increased to a pamphlet, or novel, exceeding sixty full-sized octavo pages. With all the specious imposition of a "true case," the fabricator was sufficiently cautious not to venture upon placing the story at any recent period that might have led to detection. "I remember," says the preface, "(about the latter end of the last century, in my childhood) to have heard my father several times repeat the most material parts of the ensuing little history, which he used to say that my grandfather had told him, he was a witness to the truth of, from the intimacy he had with all the actors in it save Arene, [the mother], whom he had never seen; and if I am not mistaken, my grandfather had informed him of the family, and the names of all the parties; though he never used to relate it under other characters than the mother, the son, and the daughter. He said he had heard my grandfather talk of printing the account, as a caution against other persons falling into the like dilemma; though I don't remember to have heard him mention the manuscript of it." This improbable relation is continued with finding the manuscript in the hand-writing of the grandfather, and gives a supposed date of 1685.

The "Guernsey Garland" seems framed upon the same materials. By reversing the sex of each character, the offspring son of a father and daughter marries (I speak from memory) his mother.

"It is to be found also in Taylor's *Ductor dubitantium*, and in Mrs. Heywood's novels."*

Lord

* British Critic, Vol. XII. p. 528.—*Secret Histories, Novels, and Poems*, written by Mrs. Eliza Haywood, 1732, in 4 vols. and third edition. Un-

Lord Orford's tragedy was printed at Strawberry hill in 1768. The whole impression consisted only of fifty copies. Reprinted by Dodsley 1781; Lemoine, 1796; and several times in Ireland, where the play was publicly represented.

“ This dramatic piece, says George Steevens, was printed by our author at Strawberry-hill, and distributed among his particular friends, but with strict injunctions that it should never be shewn to Mr. Garrick, or Dr. Samuel Johnson. Mr. Walpole could by no means stoop to the judgment of the former, who had preferred Agis to Douglas; and of the rigorous criticism of the latter he should seem to have encouraged the most unreasonable apprehensions. His play however, which we have often read, may, in our opinion, boast of a more correct representation of ancient manners, a nobler fund of morality, a stronger effervescence of the passions, and a happier enchainment of the mind in suspense, than are to be discovered in any other tragic effort of a modern date. The fable of it, which is similar to that in the Queen of Navarre's Novels, Vol. I. No. 30, is perhaps improper for the stage, as undoubtedly there are crimes which have owed their repetition to the very records that stated their enormity. The chief defects of the work before us, arise from the choice of a tale so slender as not to furnish out a sufficient variety of business,—in the fourth act, from somewhat too like a stage trick to create astonishment,—and, occasionally, from an improper use of antiquated words and phrases. We have

less there was some omission, or a subsequent reprint with addition, it seems doubtful which story of this disgraceful detailer of lascivious passion, rapes, adultery, and murder, is referred to.

likewise

likewise heard it observed, that the moment to which the guilt of our heroine is confined was, of all others, such as could not fail to have unfitted her for the commission of the fact from whence her succeeding miseries were derived. But the critics, who suggested this remark, do not appear to have considered how impossible it is, when the disappointed passions of a daring and sensual female are once in motion, to determine on what object they may repose.

“Though the first of English critics has acutely observed, that single bricks are but bad specimens of a building, we shall venture to introduce the following descriptive speech, appropriated to the character of an airy soldier who begins the piece, together with the sensible and animated reflections on the church of Rome, which the Mysterious Mother delivers at her first exit.”*

Such was the account intended for the *Biographia Dramatica*, but the pages were cancelled at the request of Lord Orford. “The article (says Mr. Reed, in a manuscript note) as it stands in the volume, and prefixed [affixed] to this play, is mine, such as it is.”

The story of this play, as a relation of united guilt and misery, stands unparalleled. The whole is replete with wretchedness, disgust, and horror; and the commencing crime smothers every sentiment of pity or

* Act I. scenes 1 and 5, contains the passages selected. They were inserted in the *Saint James's Chronicle*, Nov. 10, 1781, as the communication of an anonymous correspondent, and as “the specimen of an unpublished performance, which in the dramatic world (says the editor) we are truly sensible, is held as a first-rate curiosity.” Knowing there was a castration of the leaves in the *Biographia Dramatica*, it is not improbable the communication was made by Stevens, from whom that newspaper received frequent contributions.

commiseration. That contrast, so strongly conceived by Lord Orford to exist between "vice and virtue in the same character," can only be traced in his own poem; the merit of which is universally acknowledged. But no inconsiderable number of the readers of the drama regret its formation on a story repugnant to the feelings, and every dictate of humanity and religion, and too unnatural to carry probability. Individuals are seldom so depraved, or hacknied in the pursuit of vice, to consider such an assemblage of guilt without feeling the mind shudder and revolt as the thin shadow glides over the imagination; still it is a determined truth that frequent contemplation of crimes renders them too familiar and without lesson; as the visitor to a prison becomes associated with the scenes, and afterwards a careless inhabitant. To object to this production on account of the extent of wickedness displayed, may appear like conceits, closely allied to that delicacy or "ridiculous degree of affectation," noticed by Mr. Reed, whose soundness of principles, honesty of mind, and goodness of heart, will ever remain undoubted. He did not consider the play in any shape unfavourable to the interests of society. "Vices, (he says), of greater magnitude are daily represented, and without exciting the smallest disgust in the spectator." Here we pause—What tale is known, or what events daily occur for vice to triumph in similar magnitude? The context and allusion seems to the stage, and curiosity is unavailingly excited to discover what particular pieces, attached to dramatic representation, formed the basis of such an opinion. Oedipus or Jocasta are only known in the closet, and the displaying the attempts of a tyrant to enslave a country, though
more

more extensive in principle, is not equally seductive in effect. A political culprit falls a sacrifice by poetical justice, and the spectator is deterred from similar crimes by the failure of the attempt, while the commiserating principles of pity end with the performance. But the tale of domestic misery does not pass like a summer storm. However fatal and immoral, the attention becomes rivetted to the stage, and the spectators silently consider the picture before them as figures representing in a greater or less degree, that which may happen within the pale of kindred connection. Hence, as colours fade, mankind become too often imperceptibly graduated in that vice, which morality held forth upon precept, and taught by lessons and example to shun. No frequent or public representation should be permitted of a vicious character, whose domesticated crimes may owe "their repetition to the very records that stated their enormity." Whatever were the pieces alluded to by the critic, the acting of them is properly discontinued. Bad as the story is, let us turn to the pages of an *unprincipled boy*, and peruse it new modelled, without the disgusting images of the original.

"The tale of the drawers deserveth relation. Thomas de Blunderville, a preeste, although the preeste had no allows, lov'd a fair mayden, and on her begett a sonn. Thomas educated his sonn; at sixteen years he went into the warrs, and neer did return for five years. His mother was married to a Knight, and bare a daughter, then sixteen, who was seen and lov'd by Thomas, son of Thomas, and married to him unknown to her mother, by Ralph de Mesching, of the minister, who invited, as custom was, two of his brothers, Thomas de Blunderville and John Heschamme. Thomas, nevertheless,

theless had not seen his son for five years, kenned him instauntly, and learning the name of the bryde, toke him a syde and disclosd to him that he was his sonn, and was weded to his own sister.—Yong Thomas toke on so that he was shorne.”

Common fame may satisfy common minds; and a little sufficeth him who is content to trust to posterity for the posthumous gift. Horace Walpole thought otherwise, and ambition laboured for immediate exaltation. What way so easy as by the parsimonious distribution of a poem, the injunctions of secrecy, and the favourable whisper of friends? Or to disappoint the half-excited curiosity of the public by pertinaciously suppressing even two specimens of this “first-rate curiosity,” selected for its amusement. “The sensibility of the author, (says Mr. Reed), would be wounded by such an exhibition.” O, what a mockery is here! This man, or let truth speak, automaton of sensibility, is to stand extolled and admired, while industriously undermining the public opinion by such little arts! and which were also adopted in the publishing of the *Castle of Otranto*. Nay, at the very period he was practising this vanity of authorship, this trick to evade criticism, we are to believe his cold frigid conduct was justifiable in not countenancing, what? Why, a similar piece of chicanery attempted by his superior in genius; I mean the forgeries of that *unprincipled boy*, CHATTERTON!—

If the length of this article requires apology, the best I can offer is the fact. It was to prove by investigation, that however the copies of this fatal tale may not stand altogether upon fabulous origin, yet, in the

variations to excite public notice, they are all branches of one stem.

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. XIII. *Old Poetry.*

“ *Sonett.*

“ Withdrawe thie mynde from deep devise of yll;
 Suppress thy lust, within the boundes of skill;
 Employ thy witt, to weed out wicked weedes,
 Refraine to looke, where lawlesse liking breedes;
 Stopp close thine eares, from noise that doth entice,
 Keep shutt thy mouth, from foode that noorish vice.
 Hold still thy tonge from talking vanitie,
 Withhold thine hande from wresting wickedly;
 Keep back thie foote from passing to do wronge;
 Reclaime thy sences all, with reason stronge;
 Regard this reed, withstand these vices all,
 Then euery man maie thee right happie call,
 More happely this lief then shalt thow end,
 Most happie lief that God to the may send.

Mr. Robert Davy.”

[The following epistle upon the art of poetry was written by Sir John Beaumont, Bart. author of *Bosworth Field*, and other poems, printed 1629.]

“ *To his late Maiesty, [James 1st.] concerning the true forme of English Poetry.*

“ Great King, the Sou’raigne Ruler of this Land!
 By whose graue care, our hopes securely stand:
 Since you descending from that spacious reach,
 Vouchsafe to be our master, and to teach
 Your English poets to direct their lines,
 To mixe their colours, and expresse their signes;
 Forgiue my boldnesse, that I here present
 The life of Muses, yeelding true content

In ponder'd numbers, which with ease I try'd
When your iudicious rules haue been my guide.

He makes sweet Musick, who, in serious lines,
Light dancing tunes, and heauy prose declines:
When verses, like a milky torrent flow,
They equall temper in the poet show.
He paints true formes, who, with a modest heart,
Giueth lustre to his worke, yet couers art.
Vnswelling is no way to fame,
But solid ioyning of the perfect frame;
So that no curious finger there can find
The former chinkes, or nailes that fastly bind;
Yet, most would haue the knots of stitches seen,
And holes where men may thrust their hands between.
On halting feet the ragged poem goes
With accents, neither fitting verse nor prose:
The stile mine eare with more contentment fills
In lawyer's pleadings, or phisician's bills;
For, though in termes of art their skill they close,
And ioy in darksome words as well as those;
They yet haue perfect sense, more pure and cleare
Then enuious muses, which sad garlands weare
Of dusky clouds, their strange conceits to hide
From humane eyes: and (lest they should be spi'd
By some sharpe Œdipus), the English tongue
For this their poore ambition suffers wrong.
In eu'ry language, now in Europe spoke,
By nations which the Roman Empire broke;
The rellish of the muse consists in rime,
One verse must meete another like a chime.
Our Saxon shortnesse hath peculiar grace
In choise of words, fit for the ending place;
Which leaue impression in the mind as well
As closing sounds of some delightfull bell:
These must not be with disproportion lame,
Nor should an eccho still repeate the same.

In many changes these may be exprest,
 But those that ioyne most simply run the best:
 Their forme surpassing farre the fetter'd staues,
 Vaine care and needlesse repetition saues.
 These outward ashes keepe those inward fires,
 Whose heate the Greeke and Roman works inspires;
 Pure phrase, fit epithets, a sober care
 Of metaphors, descriptions cleare, yet rare;
 Similitudes contracted, smooth and round,
 Not vext by learning, but with nature crown'd:
 Strong figures drawne from deepe inuentions springs,
 Consisting lesse in words and more in things:
 A language not affecting ancient times,
 Nor Latine shreds, by which the pedant climes:
 A noble subiect which the mind may lift
 To easie vse of that peculiar gift,
 Which poets in their raptures hold most deare.
 When actions by the liuely sound appeare.
 Giue me such helpes, I neuer will despaire
 But that our heads, which sucke the freezing aire,
 As well as hotter braines, may verse adorne,
 And be their wonder, as we were their scorne."

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. XIV. *The Ballad of an Idle Hour.*

When pensive, cold, and wan,
 The world oppressing me,
 Life seem'd a lengthen'd span
 Of hard necessity;
 Then hope sought where to find,
 Who heeds not cloudy morn,
 That marks the lowly born,
 And there to ease my mind;
 'Twas woman, woman, kind!

On travel worn and faint,
 Mine host the surly lord,
 With brow of harsh restraint,
 Unbidding to the board;
 O'er rough uncostly rind,
 As blossoms fair expand;
 Some timid maiden, bland,
 In the circle pleas'd my mind;
 With woman, woman, kind!

'Tis not the monarch's smiles,
 Alone make courtiers gay!
 Nor toys of splendour's wiles
 That envy's course bewray;
 Though fortune scatters blind
 The little gifts of state,
 Where beggar pride may wait;
 Pomp must with humble mind,

Seek woman, woman, kind!

'Tis not the forged chains,
 The noisome dreary walls,
 Where tyrant power reigns,
 And solitude appalls;
 Let wrath vain galling bind,—
 The soul in freedom starts,
 Truth undismay'd imparts;
 Nought can depress the mind,

Save woman, woman, kind!

Let early-tufted spring
 Bring joys by linnets told;
 And little crickets sing
 Within their beds of gold;
 They ne'er would please the hind,
 Nor village bells ring blythe,
 When resting on his scythe,
 Save fleeting o'er the mind

Comes woman, woman, kind!

When sound the notes of joy,
 When giddy pipe and drum,
 Gives eccho new employ
 To bid rude labour come:
 Though wreaths the May-pole bind,
 What foot will inock the ground,
 To rustic measure bound,
 Till the swain's delighted mind,
 Joins woman, woman, kind!

Why sound the magic lute,
 Or theme the wayward song;
 If love, as blind, were mute,
 Nor passion's notes prolong?
 Why fancy's form design'd
 Invoking muse divine,
 To swell Promethean line;
 'Tis one enthral's the mind,
 Of woman, woman, kind!

When cold and clammy damps
 Moist my half-fever'd brow;
 When hope nor pleasure vamps
 The world's delusive show;
 Slow thro' my veins may wind
 Death, with congealing art,—
 Yet the last tear shall start,
 Grateful tribute of my mind,
 Thine, woman, woman, kind.

AGUECHEEK.

ART. XV. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

N^o. XLVIII.

Original Poems by Mr. Capel Lofft.

For the principal contents of the present paper I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Capel Lofft, whose name is too well known in the literary world to require any eulogy from me. Whoever knows how to appreciate duly the qualities of the human mind, will admire that constant activity and energy of its powers, which enables this learned and ingenious author to employ them so unweariedly in composition. As the business, the cares, and evils of life come upon us, we are too apt to suffer our thoughts to become weakened and distracted; and are too much inclined to prefer the ease of languid idleness to fame, which must be purchased by unprofitable toils. That noble fire from heaven, which prompts us

“To scorn delights, and live laborious days,”

too frequently sinks with our youth, and almost expires before the termination of our middle age.

It has been lamented how common it is to see genius “consume itself by its own blaze.” The high degree of sensibility, which is at once its glory and its disease, renders its operations so perpetually liable to derangement, that it can seldom act with the steady pace of a more calm and sluggish temperament. It shrinks from every rude touch like the sensitive plant; and the most trifling incident, an unkind word, or disagreeable letter,

letter, like the spell of the evil necromancer, can, in an instant, turn elysian gardens and golden visions into barren and frowning deserts.

However I may differ from a large portion of our professional censors, I shall never cease to think that the highest products of the mind are formed from the mingled ingredients of the head and the heart. Whoever therefore can properly regulate without destroying or damping those finer feelings, which give the most beautiful and attractive colours to the effusions of the poet or the moralist, possesses a rare and enviable degree of self-command, capable of the most meritorious efforts!

The desire of recording and communicating the refined, the virtuous, or exalted sentiments, which swell the bosom, is an impulse very generally experienced, and implanted in our natures for the most benevolent purposes. But between the wish and the fulfilment of this impulse, how many difficulties intervene! To what numbers may we apply the enchanting words of Thomson in his inimitable *Castle of Indolence*.

Tho' "oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
 Beneath the sleeping embers mounted fast,
 And all its native light anew reveal'd;
 Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
 And mark't the clouds that drove before the wind,
 Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
 Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;"
 Yet "with the clouds they fled, and left no trace
 behind!"

To form splendid day-dreams, and to delineate as well as form them, require very different degrees of exertion, and indeed of power! These airy phantasies

too often elude the grasp, and vanish in the very act of embracing them, even when we strive to retain them; an effort which is made by very few; and which is too frequently interrupted and dropped, even when, if pursued, it would have terminated in success! If there are many who scribble without the proper talents, how many gems are there buried in the ocean; and how many flowers whose sweetness has been wasted in the desert air!

They who recollect the various productions of Mr. Lofft for the last thirty years will know how to value those which follow.

“ I. ON AKENSIDE.

Quinquain. Lyric.

1.

“ O AKENSIDE divine!

Not only to the strain,

Round which Imagination's train

Their brightest wreaths and happiest tones combine,

Shall my enraptur'd ear incline;

But my eye wander o'er thy lyric chain

Perplext to sight profane,

Form'd round the hallow'd few its sacred bands to twine.

2.

Not even Pindar's lay,

Winds free harmonious way,

Fraught with diviner tints, sublimer airs;

Nor beams with purer ray,

Nor from the bowers of bliss more heavenly fragrance

Far above sordid cares, [bears;

And meaner joys, the soul raising to purer day.”

C. L. Sept. 4, 1808.

“ II. MY

“ II. MY FLAGEOLET.

“ Lov'd Flageolet, whose tone
Breathes to myself alone,
Nor dare I trust thy voice to other ears,
Ee'n half ashamed to own
That thy imperfect moan
Wak'd by my touch unskill'd, thee to my heart
endears!

2.

Though not the force and fire
Of the sonorous lyre,
The tender viol's finely varied sound,
Nor tones, which from the soul-enchancing wire
Of the piano steal, in thee are found,
Light simple instrument—yet bound
Within like slender space the breath did once inspire
Of Goldsmith, of Rousseau, the happy groups around.”

C. L. Sept. 4, 1803.

“ III. ON MUSIC.

“ CLEMENTI! Power there is in charming sounds
To soothe, exalt, and purify the mind,
When graceful their melodious way they wind,
And harmony the perfect measure bounds.
Not to the ear alone delight redounds:
The heart, the soul, such notes symphonious find;
The brow of Melancholy these unbind,
Whom with her frensied train Despair surrounds.
To Man the universal language speaks;
And breathes of sentiment the angelic voice;
Here every good affection feels her tone:
Beasts soften'd hear; the tuneful birds rejoice:
And, sweet PIANO, since thy touch is known,
Not the mild blush of May so lovely breaks!”

C. L. Sept 9, 1803.

“ IV.

“ IV. TO SPAIN,

On her present arduous struggle.

“ O generous Nation, to whose noble boast,
 Illustrious Spain, the Providence of Heaven
 A radiant sky of vivid power hath given,
 A land of flowers, of fruits profuse; an host
 Of ardent spirits: when deprest the most,
 By great enthusiastic impulse driven
 To deeds of highest daring! May no leaven,
 (If Wisdom, Justice fail thee, thou art lost!)
 No treachery, no cruelty disgrace
 Thy dawn of Freedom, if a dawn it be!
 O think of thy Cervantes! think that now
 No palm invites thee of false chivalry;
 But one his high-soul'd breast would hail with ardent vow!”

C. L. July 6, 1808

“ V. SONNET.

To the Sea. By the Sea Side, Sept. 29, 1808.

“ Βη δ' ακρων παρα θινα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης.”

HOM. IL. I. 33.

“ Thou awful Sea! upon this shingly beach
 Of Aldborough I pace! My gazing eye
 Thy world of waters lost in the dim sky
 Admiring, and thy echoing waves; that teach
 In voice of thunder more than tongue can preach,
 The knell of ages past and passing by;
 And claim their ancient empire of the dry
 And solid earth, each animating each.”

Of

Of towns long sunk, o'er which thy wild waves roar,
 Of sea to land, of land to ocean turn'd,
 I muse: and mourn that who could amplest pour
Homeric tones on thy resounding shore,
 PORSON, is dead!—That sea of Grecian lore
 Unbounded, in the abyss of fate inurn'd!"

C. L.

N^o XLIX.*Greek Ode on Eton. By Mr. Capel Lofft.*

ΕΤΩΝΗ

ΦΙΛΑΤΑΘΗ.

ΕΤΩΝΑ, χαιροίς. Καλα Ταμησιαίς
 Κλινθεῖς' ἐπ' οὐχθαίς Ἰνδεσορῆς ἑλεπείς

Ορειβαρῆ νεφεσσίν Αλκῆν
 Ενδρονόν ἢ θυγαλρεσσ' Ἀρηός

Μελαπρεπεί. Τροπαί ὄσι Γαλλικῶν

Ἡρεῖ φελαγῶν κλεινα, Βρεῖαννικῆς

Ἡρωας ὡς ξεινισσε, λαμπρῆ

Τερπομενῆς ΕΔΟΑΡΛΟΣ Ἀυλῆ.

Σεμνονίε λέξας φυλον ὀμηλικῶν

Σῆμει' ἐδῶκε πιστ', ἵνα μνημονες

Χηρας ἀμυνοιῖ', Ορφανοισίε,

Καλλεῖ παρθενικῶι', Ἀρωγοί.

Δικυσίε Θεσμῶν πασίν ὑπερλερον

Βιῆς φεροίεν. Σας χαρίδας ἰοίε

Ουπω ἑρόλοις εδειξεν, Ἀνίρω

Ἐξ ἀφανῆς, Χρονος αἰπυμηλῆς

Σιγῆδ' ἀριστον λεπτοποδες Τοκῶν

Ἐπλασσον Ὄραι. Δοξάν ἀπειρίλον

ΕΡΡΙΚΕ, ἴοι ἤς μείον' εἶχε

Ἀζικοργῆς Ἰνεῖλωρ ἀπ' αἰῆς.

Ταυίης

Ταυτης γαρ άνθει Μαργυριαι σκιαν
 Ποισι Νικαι. Σοιδ' επ'αενναον
 Αυξβσι φεγλος ορμαινβσαι
 Τοσσο' Ελεων Γενεαι και Ανδρων.

Σοι γειλονων εκ εριν επιφθονος
 ΕΤΩΝΑ πυργων Κομπος· αρειονι
 Ειρηγικοι στεφβσι Κισσοι,
 Μεσοφιλη, σεο Ιερπνον Αλσος.

Ναπαισι πλανων σαισιν αμηκανει
 Θυμος· πνεει γαρ ποικιλος Ήδονη
 Λωβειε, * Λειμωνωνιε· πυκνοι
 Και Νεαρων ανα πανι' Αδυρμοι.

Ναπαισι Ιαυταις ΠΙΕΡΙΔΩΝ ποδον
 Εθρεψε ΓΡΑΙΟΣ· Πινδαρι κον Σθβνος,
 Βασιγιε, και θειον Φρονημα
 Λειοτεραις χαριεσσι μιξας

Ου σοι μαλην γαρ αιεν ΉΜΗΡΙΚΑΙ
 Φθεγβσι Χορδαι. Μεσα ΣΟΦΟΚΛΕΟΣ
 Σεμνη. Θεοισι' ομοιον ομφην
 Κεινο στομ' ασπειον ΑΙΣΧΙΘΕΙΟΝ.

Ουδ' αυ μαλαιως βασι ενδορε
 ΔΗΜΟΣΘΕΝΟΤΣ βρονημα· μελισταγης
 Ου κωφον εισεπιπλεν βασ
 Ήδυλαε ΚΙΚΕΡΩΝΟC Αυδη.

Ου Μανλοανος Κυκνος ιει Μελος
 Κενας πρ' Αυρας. Ου Μελεβαι Ιοσαι
 ΒΕΡΝΑΡΔΕ, σειο· στωμυλονιε
 Ταις χαρισινι' επιμικλον ομμα.

Ου FOSTEREIOY Σληθεος, εμπλεον
 ΡΩΜΑΙΚΩΝ ΓΡΑΙΩΝιε Μαθυμαλιω
 Κλεινον Νοημ' αφ ε' φανεγι
 ΠΟΡΞΟΝΙΚΟΝ ανεβειλεν Αστρον.

Σεθενδ' ἀρ' ὤρτο ΚΑΜΔΕΝΙΟΝ Σελκς.

Σεθενδ' ἀρ' αὐλὸς FOXIOS· Οὐνομα

Ἠδιστον ἀγλααίστε ΜΟΥΣΑΙΣ

Σωσι πολείτε μαλίστ' ΑΘΗΝΗ.

ΧΑΤΑΜΟΣ ἡμῶν· εἶδε συγ' ἐνδεῆς

ΕΤΩΝΑ ΔΑΦΝΩΝ. Μαρτύρες Διεῖσι

Μινδῆγιοι Ἰροπαιαί' αὐτῆς

Λαμπρα Νάω προΐθεντα ΓΡΑΝΤΗΣ.

Μάρτυς ἸΒΗΡΩΝ καὶ ΛΥΣΙΤΑΝΙΗΣ

Εγερθεῖς Ἐλπίς καὶ Κλέος ΑΓΓΛΙΚΟΝ

Ὡς προσθεν ἐξεγαμψε, ΤΑΓΟΥ

Παρ λιπαρῆ νεὸν ἀφθεν αὐτῆ

ΓΑΛΛΩΝ Ἰραπενίων. Ἰοί' ἀπο ΠΑΛΛΑΔΟΣ

Παρεστί Δωρα· Ἰῶν πολεμοκλονῶ

Χρεὸς Θυελλῆ· Ἰῶν γεγυθειν

Πρὸς σκιερῆ βεμισ αὐτ' ΕΛΛΙΗ.

Οὐ μυστικῶν σοὶ ὕιες ἀπειρεεῖς,

ΕΤΩΝΑ, φθοσῶν. Ἀρμονίων Λυρῆς,

Ἀστρωνίε Ταξέως, Νομῶντε

Κοσμὸν ἐν οἷς συνεχεῖ Μαθησις.

ΕΤΩΝΑ χαιρῆς·—Διεν ἐλευθερον

Τρεφοῖς φρονημα. σαις κορυφαῖς αἰ

Εφίζανοι Χαρις καὶ Αἰδῶς,

Καὶ ΠΑΤΡΙΔΟΣ Ἐρος, ἠδὲ ΒΩΜΩΝ.

Κ. Α.

Ἐλωνιατῆς.

Τροστυνῆς ἐποίηι.

Μαιμακλιρῶντος πεντῆ

καὶ δεκατῶ.

15 S. 1808.

What is light reading;—Poetry, a gift.

I publish the following letter, as I received it. I think I can guess at the handwriting; and if my conjecture is right, I must entreat the author to throw away some part of the diffidence expressed in the latter part of the paper.

Poeta nascitur non fit.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

MR. RUMINATOR,

I am one of those who prefer rambling effusions, and the natural association of ideas, to formal essays. To you, therefore, who certainly cannot be blamed for a narrow taste, and seem to love every species of intellectual effort; who do not judge by rule, nor repeat hacknied phrases of mechanical criticism as substitutes for feeling and thought, I trust I may address a frank and unstudied letter with the certainty of a candid reception.

Allow me then to say, that among those books which are called *light reading*, it is the fashion to class many of those productions, which ought to stand in a high rank, both in point of genius and usefulness. They who have climbed up to the chair of criticism, by toil, and an unwearied attention to those departments in literature, which are attainable rather by patient drudgery than by the partial endowments of Nature, will of course use every exertion and artifice to encourage this erroneous fashion. The ignorant great, as well as vulgar, are fond of admiring what they do not understand;

stand; and it is necessary that a work should take a scientific form, and be clothed in outward pomposity before it be deemed profound and important.

But does it never occur to these wise judges to listen to the lessons of time, and observe what are the productions which have retained within themselves the seeds of life? The works of the mere learned, for the most part, nay the larger part of the labours of science have been pushed off the stage by their successors, as wave swallows up wave. Their materials have been pulled to pieces, and worked up afresh; and little but their name, (if even that) remains. And thus it is with artificial writers, even in the *Belles Lettres*. Simplicity, predominant vigour of genius, and natural eloquence alone survive the changes of fashion, and lapse of ages.

The tricks of composition, the temporary objects of admiration in style, sentiment, or form, become as ridiculous and disgusting in one age, as they were attractive in another. From the *Euphuism* of Wm. Lilly in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to the stiff glitter of Lord Bolingbroke in the last reign, all is gone by and forgotten. Look at old Reviews forty years back, and observe the books that they have commended, and the books that they have abused. Of the former a large part are now no longer heard of; many of the latter are among the most popular and admitted works of genius.

There is an unsophisticated force of intellect; the power of a vivid fancy, and a warm and tremulous heart, which, when it has attained the habit of expressing itself with facility in apt and unstudied language, is certain of gaining the interest and approbation of every reader of pure taste, not at one period only, but in futurity. I would carefully preserve the letters, the
undisguised

undisguised thoughts, and most of the fragments of such a writer.

Half-witted censors may call such remains, "light-reading." Do they not remember then, that

"The proper study of mankind is man?"

That there is some depth of investigation in tracing the internal movements of the human head and heart? If they, who have been highly endowed, admit us to the secret recesses of their bosoms; if they give us pictures of exalted sentiments, of ideas glowing with reflections and visions which elevate our nature, and carry us with them into scenes approaching a higher order of existence; if they warm us with their fire, and impart to us, for a time, some portion of their imagination; is this light reading, because it has not been conveyed to us in the shape of formal compositions? It is the purity and strength of the ore which a true judge regards; and not the form in which it has been manufactured; while little technical critics look to nothing but the mechanism of the workmanship.

What is the charm of Cowper? His first characteristic is the power of thinking with easy vigour; and delineating with accurate facility. His thoughts breathe of nature; and find "an echo in every bosom." Thousands recognize, as the figure starts forth from his pen, the idea which had been dimly playing within themselves.

It is the object of no inconsiderable body of those, who have an influence on public opinion, to suppress and wipe away, if possible, the impression of native genius. It is probable that this is in great measure a

remnant of the prejudices of the materialists, of whom Priestley some years back took the lead; and who infected the cant of a large body of the Dissenters, who then much more than at present possessed the command of most of the periodical vehicles of literature. How can I read the Memoirs of Chatterton, of Kirke White, of Miss Symmons,* of Miss Smith,† and many other late Lives, and not feel how much was due to nature; and how little to art and opportunity! When I read that Miss Smith, with few books and no instructors, had most of the languages ancient and modern at her command; that she could think and write with originality on the most abstruse as well as on the most poetical subjects; that she could translate with congenial spirit, even though the hand of death was upon her, in a language elegant and flowing, from the most difficult authors, is this the effect of mere ordinary human labour; or is it not rather the inspiration of superior endowments?

O thou mighty Father, who disposest thy gifts among us poor mortals, as it seemeth best to thee, how undoubtingly am I convinced by my own deficiencies, that there are beings, on whom thou hast thought proper to bestow those preeminent talents, without which they never could have affected the things, for which they are so justly distinguished! In me it is not the want of toil, application, and incessant desire, even from childhood, that I cannot succeed, as they have done! But my fancy is cold, my thoughts are imperfect and confused; and I am too conscious that from the defect of nature I labour in vain! I would

* Daughter of Dr. Charles Symmons. *Editor.*

† Of Piercefield. *Editor.*

have been a poet, a moralist, if study and effort could have made me so. But my stars forbid!

“ Sudden they mount; they beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise!”

Your's,

EXSPES.

Oct. 22, 1808.

ART. XVI. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

Art. 1. *Les grandes Annales ou Cronicques parlans tant de la grant Bretagne a present nomēee Angleterre que de nostre petite Bretagne de present erigee en duche. Commençantz au Roy Brutus, p̄mier fondateur de tours: & comme il conquist ledict Royaulme de Bretagne. Lequel à este tousjours gouverne par gens preux: hardis & vaillans. Et leurs faictz recueilliz par gēs sages et discretz: dan en an depuis ledict Brutus et son nepveu Turnus Jusques aux ans de present & du regne du trespreux & magnanime roy Françoys premier de ce nom. Et pareillement recuilly & redigē par escript plusieurs faictz advenux: tant es royaulmes de France (Dāngleterre) Despaigne (Descosse) (Darragon) Navarre: es ytalies: en Lōberdie en Iherusalem. Et entre aultres choses: des Papes: de leur election et estat. Et du toutjusques en lan de present Mil. V. Cens. xli. Nouvelle-ment Imprimees.*

Aegidii vigothi hussonillis ad Britannos

Epigramma.

Cedat Alexander, graiumque acerrimus aiāx,

Romulus, ac belli fulmina scipiades,

Cedat & Augustus superum dignatus honore,

Et quos prisca duces secla tulere prius

Hos precor annales evolve Britannia, clarum

Offendes generis stemma decusque tui

Arturus extremis magnus quem Juppiter oris
 Prefecit bello: viribus, arte, preit.

Heroas memori notos super ethera phama
 Quid referam? lepidum cuncta volumem habet
 Quare si moveant patrum monimēta Britānos
 Hunc acri relegant sedulitate librum.

Mil Cinq. Cens xli.

Colophon. *Ily finissent les correctes & additionnees Annales ou Croniques de Bretagne. Nouvellement reveues et corrigees: avec plusieurs adjoustemens. Et ont este achevees de Imprimer le neufiesme jour de Juillet Mil cinq cens quarante et ung. Folio. B. L. 276 leavcs, and many wooden cuts.*

This curious work is divided into four books, of which the two first are chiefly occupied with the fabulous history of Brutus and his successors, not omitting King Arthur with his round table. They include also the principal contemporaneous events, as the establishment of Christianity, &c. The two last books contain the history of Little Britain under its Dukes, till it was completely merged in the crown of France. This part comprehends many historical facts worthy of observation, related in a style singularly quaint and *naif*, including a considerable portion of the general history of the adjacent countries. It is brought down to the year 1539, the twenty-fourth of the reign of Francis I.

Art. 2. *The Destruction of Troy, in three books. The first shewing the founders and foundation of the said city, with the causes and manner how it was sacked and first destroyed by Hercules. The second how it was re-edified, and how Hercules slew King Laomedon, and destroyed it the second time: and of Hercules his worthy deeds and his death. The third how Priamus son of King Laomedon, rebuilt Troy again more strong than it was before: and for the ravishment*

ment of Dame Helen, wife to King Menelaus of Greece, the said city was utterly destroyed, and Priamus with Hector and all his sons slain. Also mentioning the rising and flourishing of divers kings and kingdoms, with the decay and overthrow of others. With many admirable acts of chivalry and martial prowess, effected by valiant knights, in the defence and love of distressed Ladies. The eleventh edition, corrected and much amended. London, Printed for T. Passinger, at the Three Bibles on London Bridge. 1634. Small 4to. pp. 439. B. L.

“Thus endeth the second book of collections of the histories of Troy. Which books were translated into French out of Latin by the labour of the venerable person Raoulle Feure, priest, as afore is said, and by me unfit and unworthy, translated into the rude English, by the commandment of my redoubted Lady, Dutchess of Burgoine, (sister of Edward III.) And forasmuch as I suppose the said two books have not been had before this time in our English language: therefore I had the better will to accomplish this present work, that was begun in Bruges, and continued in Gaunt, and finished in Colen in the time of the great divisions as well in the realms of England and France, as in all other places universally through the world, that is to say, in the year of our Lord, one thousand four hundred seventy and one.”*

The author adds that the third book had lately been translated into English verse by “the worshipful and religious man John Lidgate, Monk of Bury;” but that he having “now good leisure, being in Colen,” had determined “to take this labour in hand” in prose.

“Now thus I am come to the finishing of this present

* This was the year in which printing was first introduced into England by William Caxton; of whose *Recuyell of Troy* this is apparently a reprint. See Herbert I. 5.

book (*the third*)—and for as much as I am weary of tedious writing, and worn in years, being not able to write out several books for all gentlemen, and such others as are desirous of the same, I have caused this book to be printed: that being published the more plenteously men's turns may be more easily served."*

The work itself is taken, but with many alterations, additions, and accommodations to the language of romance, from Homer, Virgil, Dares, and Dictys; and is by no means void of interest or entertainment. The translator's name is not mentioned; but it is apparently Caxton's.

P. M.

ART. XVII. *Literary Obituary.*

“On October . . . the remains of Professor Porson were removed, from the house of the London Institution in the Old Jewry, in order to be deposited in Trinity College Chapel, Cambridge. The directors of the institution ordered the house to be shut for the day, and the under librarians and other officers assisted in the solemnity. The procession from London consisted of four mourning coaches, followed by six private carriages: and the persons who attended him were his relatives and most intimate friends.

At half after two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon the hearse arrived at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was received at the great gate and conveyed to the hall, where, according to the ancient usage, in cases where this distinguished tribute of respect is paid to a member, the body lay in state till five o'clock.

At which the Lord Bishop of Bristol, Master of the College, the Vice-Master, Senior and Junior Fellows, Bachelors of Arts, scholars, and other members resident in the university, in their academical habits, and in black scarfs, bands,

* See these words to Caxton's *Recuyel*; Herb. I. 7.

and gloves, walked from the combination room, accompanied by the chief mourners into the hall; and after moving round the body, which was placed in the midst, they took their seats, the chief mourners being placed on the right hand and left of the master. Upon the pall, several epitaphs in Greek and English verse, the effusions of reverential respect for his high attainments and of love for his virtues, were placed on the pall, and were read with the most sympathetic interest by his former associates in study. An anthem was chaunted by the choir. After which the body was raised by the bearers, and a most solemn procession was made round the great quadrangle of the college, from the hall to the chapel, in the following order :

Two Porters.

Singing Men and Boys, two and two,

Mr. Wilson, the Undertaker.

A Page. The Feather-lid A Page.

Dr. Davy, Physician

Mr. Oakes, Apothecary.

The Rev. John Shepherd, } } The Rev. — Henshaw,
Minister of Trin. Church. } } Conduct of the Chapel.

The Lord Bishop of Bristol.

Master.

Rev. — Hudson,

THE BODY,
Supported by the
eight senior Fellows.

Rev. G. F. Tavell,

Rev. Dr. Ramsden,

Rev. J. Hailstone,

Rev. Dr. Raine,

Rev. J. Davis,

Rev. J. Lambert,

Rev. J. H. Renouard,
Vice Master.

Chief Mourners.

James Perry, and Sidney Hawes, Jun.

Brother in Law, and Nephew of the deceased.

Junior Fellows, two and two.

Bachelors, two and two.

Scholars, two and two.

Pensioners, two and two.

Mr. John Newby, Clerk of the Chapel.

And other Servants of the College, two and two.

On entering the chapel, which was illuminated, the Lord Bishop, chief mourners, and all the members of the college, took their places, and the choir performed an anthem.

After which the Lord Bishop read the lesson, and the procession moved in the same order to the grave, which was at the foot of the statue of Sir Isaac Newton, and surrounded by those of all the illustrious persons, which this great and distinguished college has produced. When they had taken their stations around the grave, and the body was placed above it ready for interment, the funeral anthem was performed by the choir in the adjoining chapel, during the most perfect silence of the auditory, and with the most solemn effect.

The service was then read by the Lord Bishop with such an awful, dignified, and impressive pathos, as we never witnessed on any former solemnity of the kind. He was himself overwhelmed as he proceeded by his feelings; and he communicated the sympathetic emotion to every listening friend of the deceased. Nothing could be more solemn nor more affecting than his tone and delivery. The senior members of the college, who had lived with the Professor in habits of the most endearing intercourse for thirty years, and who had had the best means of estimating the wonderful height and variety of his attainments, shed tears of sorrow over the grave; and the whole assembly displayed a feeling of grief and interest, which bespoke the sense they entertained of the irreparable loss that not only their own society, but the literary world had suffered by his death.

The following was the simple inscription engraved in brass on his coffin:—

“ RICARDUS · PORSON ·

APUD · CANTABRIGIENSES ·

LINGUAE ·

LINGUAE · GRAECAE · PROFESSOR ·
 ET
 COLL. · TRIN. · S. · S. · ET · IND. · OLIM. · SOCIUS
 APUD · LONDINENSES ·
 INSTITUTIONIS · LITTERARIAE ·
 BIBLIOTHECARIUS · PRINCEPS ·
 NATUS · VIII. · CAL. · IAN. · MDCCLX. ·
 OBIIT. · VIII. · CAL. · OCT. · MDCCCVIII. ”

Mr. Professor Porson was born at East Ruston, in Norfolk, on Christmas Day, 1759; so that he was only in his forty-ninth year. Every thing about this most eminent scholar, and particularly the circumstances which laid the foundation of that most inestimable memory by which he was enabled to store his mind with all the riches of literature, ancient and modern, will become truly interesting to the world. He owed the blessing to the care and judgment of his father, Mr. Huggin Porson, who was parish clerk of East Ruston, and who, though in humble life, and without the advantages himself of early education, laid the basis of his son's unparralleled acquirements. From the earliest dawn of intellect, Mr. Porson began the task of fixing the attention of his children, three sons and a daughter, and he had taught Richard, his eldest son, all the common rules of arithmetic, without the use of book or slate, pen or pencil, up to the cube root, before he was nine years of age. The memory was thus incessantly exercised; and by this early habit of working a question in arithmetic by the mind only, he acquired such a talent of close and intense thinking, and such a power of arranging every operation that occupied his thought, as in process of time to render the most difficult problems, which to other men required the assistance of written figures, easy to the retentive faculties of his memory. He was initiated in letters by a process equally efficacious. His father taught him to read and write at one and the
 same

same time. He drew the form of the letter either with chalk on a board, or with the finger on sand; and Richard was made at once to understand and imitate the impression. As soon as he could speak he could trace the letters; and this exercise delighting his fancy, an ardour of imitating whatever was put before him was excited to such a degree, that the walls of the house were covered with characters which attracted notice, from their neatness and fidelity of delineation.

At nine years of age, he and his youngest brother, Thomas, were sent to the village school, kept by a Mr. Summers, a plain but most intelligent and worthy man, who having had the misfortune in infancy to cripple his left hand, was educated for the purpose of teaching, and he discharged his duties with the most exemplary attention. He professed nothing beyond English, writing, and arithmetic—but he was a good accountant, and an excellent writing-master. He perfected the Professor in that delightful talent of writing, in which he so peculiarly excelled; but which we are doubtful whether it was to be considered as an advantage or detriment to him in his progress through life. It certainly had a considerable influence on his habits; and made him to devote many precious moments to copying; which might have been better employed in composition. It has been the means, however, of enriching his library with annotations, in a text the most beautiful, and with such perfect imitation of the original manuscript or printing, as to embellish every work which his erudition enabled him to elucidate. He continued under Mr. Summers for three years; and every evening during that time he had to repeat by heart to his father the lessons and the tasks of the day; and this not in a loose or desultory manner, but in the rigorous order in which whatever he had been occupied about had been done; and thus again the process of recollection was cherished and strengthened, so as to become a quality of

of his mind. It was impossible that such a youth should remain unnoticed, even in a place so thinly peopled, and so obscure as the parish of East Ruston. The Rev. Mr. Hewitt heard of his extraordinary propensities to study, his gift of attention to whatever was taught him, and the wonderful fidelity with which he retained whatever he had acquired. He took him and his brother Thomas under his care, and instructed them in the classics. The progress of both was great, but that of Richard was most extraordinary. It became the topic of astonishment in that district, and when he had reached his fourteenth year, had engaged the notice of all the gentlemen in the vicinity. Among others, he was mentioned as a prodigy to an opulent and liberal man, the late Mr. Norris, who, after having put the youth under an examination of the severest kind, and from which an ordinary boy would have shrunk dismayed, he was sent to Eton. This happened in the month of August 1774, when he was in his fifteenth year: and in that great seminary, he almost, from the commencement of his career, displayed such a superiority of intellect, such facility of acquirement, such quickness of perception, and such a talent of bringing forward to his purpose all that he had ever read, that the upper boys took him into their society, and promoted the cultivation of his mind by their lessons, as well, probably, as by imposing upon him the performance of their own exercises. He was courted by them as the never-failing resource in every difficulty; and in all the playful excursions of the imagination, in their frolics, as well as in their serious tasks, Porson was the constant adviser and support. He used to dwell on this lively part of his youth with peculiar complacency, and we have heard him repeat a drama which he wrote for exhibition in their long chamber, and other compositions, both of seriousness and drollery, with a zest that the recollection of his enjoyment at the time never failed

failed to revive in him. We fear, however, that at this early age his constitution received a shock, which was soon after aggravated by the death of his worthy patron. An imposthume formed on his lungs, and he was threatened by a consumption. But it fortunately broke, and he recovered his health, though his frame was weakened.

The death of Mr. Norris was the source of severe mortification to him; for though by the kindness of some eminent and liberal persons he was continued at Eton, he felt the loss he had sustained in the most poignant degree. But we do not mean to do more than trace the dates of his progress to the Professor's chair. He was entered of Trinity College towards the end of 1777, and his character having gone before him to the University, he was, from the first, regarded as a youth whose extraordinary endowments would keep up and extend the reputation of the unrivalled society into which he had entered. Nor did he disappoint the hopes that had been formed of him. In every branch of study to which he applied himself, his course was so rapid as to astonish every competent observer. By accidents, which in a more detailed biographical article will be explained, he was drawn first to read in mathematics, in which, from his early exercises, he was so eminently calculated to shine, but from which he drew no benefit; and then by the prospect of a scholarship, which, however, did not become vacant till long after, he sat down to the Classics. In this pursuit he soon acquired undisputed pre-eminence. He got the medal of course, and was elected a Fellow, in 1781. In 1785, he took his degree of Master of Arts: but long before the period had elapsed when he must either enter into holy orders or surrender his fellowship, he had, (after the most grave and deliberate investigation, to which he had brought all that acute gift of examination that has been made so perceptible

perceptible in his letters to Mr. Archdeacon Travis), made up his mind on the subject of subscription. We are sure that his determination cost him many painful and laborious days and months of study. His heart and mind were deeply penetrated by the purest sentiments of religion; and it was a memorable and most estimable feature of his character, that in no moment, the most unguarded, was he ever known to utter a single expression of discontent at the establishment, or derision at those who thought differently from himself, much less of profanation or impiety. He was truly and actively pious. So early as 1788, he had made up his mind to surrender his Fellowship, though with an enfeebled constitution he had nothing to depend upon but acquirements that are very unprofitable to the owner. A lay fellowship to be sure might have secured his services to the cause of letters; but the disingenuous conduct of an individual withheld from him that resource. In 1791, his Fellowship ceased, and he was thrown upon the world without a profession, his feelings wounded by the mortifications he had suffered, and with a constitution little qualified to encounter the bustle of the world. Some private friends, however, stepped in, and soon after he was elected Greek Professor of Cambridge, by an unanimous vote of the seven electors. The distinction of this appointment was grateful to him. The salary is but 40*l.* a year. It was his earnest wish, however, to have made it an active and efficient office, and it was his determination to give an annual course of lectures in the college, if rooms had been assigned him for the purpose. These lectures, as he designed, and had in truth made preparations for them, would have been invaluable; for he would have found occasion to elucidate the languages in general, and to have displayed their relations, their differences, their near and remote connexions, their changes, their structure, their principles of etymology, and their causes

of corruption. If any man was qualified for this gigantic task, it was Mr. Professor Porson; and if his wishes had not been counteracted, we know that he would have undertaken the labour.

From this time, instead of lectures, he turned his thoughts to publication. His letters to Mr. Archdeacon Travis, as has been truly said, put the controversy on the disputed text to rest; and indeed it was the peculiar felicity of his mind, that whatever he undertook to elucidate, he fixed for ever in the light.

In 1795 he married Mrs. Lunan, the sister of Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, but who sunk under a decline in April 1797, and from that time the Professor himself was so incessantly afflicted with a spasmodic asthma, as to interrupt him in every study to which he applied himself. Whether his sedentary habits served to bring it on we know not, but certainly very few men had accustomed themselves to such patient and continued toil. He had undertaken to make out and copy the almost obliterated manuscript of the invaluable *Lexicon* of Photius, which he had borrowed from the library of Trinity College. And this he had, with unparalleled difficulty, just completed, when the beautiful copy which had cost him ten months of incessant toil, was burnt in the house of Mr. Perry, at Merton. The original being an *unique*, intrusted to him by his college, he carried with him wherever he went, and he was fortunately absent from Merton on the morning of the fire. Unruffled by the loss, he sat down without a murmur, and made a second copy as beautiful as the first. It is extant in his library, and is quite ready for the press. Of the plays of Euripides, which he published, the learned world has pronounced its judgment. It may be pleasant for our readers, however, to know, that he has left an *Orestes* quite ready for the press.

On the establishment of the London Institution, the
managers

managers manifested their own discernment and love of letters, by selecting him to be their principal librarian, an appointment for which he was peculiarly qualified; and if time and health had been allowed him, he would have made their library truly valuable. His own, which he has been gradually collecting for thirty years, he has enriched by annotations of such value and importance to literature, that we hope and trust the whole will be placed in his own college, that it may for ever be within the reach of those whom his example may arouse to similar pursuits; though they may despair of reaching equal attainments.

Mr. Porson, as we have stated before, had, for the last eleven years been a victim of spasmodic asthma, during the agony of which he never went to bed, and in which he was forced to abstain from all sustenance. This greatly debilitated his body; and about a month ago he was afflicted by an intermittent fever; he had an unfortunate objection to medical advice, and he resorted to his usual remedy of abstinence; but on Monday, the 19th ult. he suffered an apoplectic stroke, from which he recovered only to endure a second attack the next day. He languished to the Sunday night, and expired without a struggle. The body was opened, by his medical men, and they have given a report, ascribing his death "to the effused lymph in and upon the brain, which they believe to have been the effect of recent inflammation.—The heart was sound, and the pericardium contained the usual quantity of lymph. The left lung had adhesions to the pleura, and bore the marks of former inflammation. The right lung was in a perfectly sound state." This is signed by Dr. Babington, Sir William Blizard, Mr. Norris, Mr. Blizard, and Mr. Upton. In refutation of an idle falsehood about the form of his skull, they add, "that it was thinner than usual, and of hard consistence."

Mr. Porson has left a sister living, an amiable and accomplished

lished woman. She is the wife of Sidney Hawes, Esq. of Coltishall, in Norfolk; they have five children; their eldest son is entered of Bene't College, Cambridge. Henry, the second brother of the Professor, was settled in a farm in Essex, and died young, leaving three children. His brother Thomas kept a boarding school at Fakenham, an excellent scholar, and died in 1792 without issue—and his father, Mr. Huggin Porson, died in 1805, in his 74th year. His mother died in 1784, aged 57." *Courier*:

Lately, Miss Elizabeth Smith, formerly of Piercefield, aged thirty, whose *Fragments in Prose and Verse* have been lately published at Bath by Mrs. Harriet Bowdler, in one vol. 8vo.

Sept. 1. At Norwich, aged forty-nine, Dr. Richard Lubbock, an eminent physician and native of that city, author of an inaugural Dissertation "*De Principio Sorbili.*" 1784.

At Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk, æt. thirty-six, William Hamilton, M.D. author of "*Observations on the preparation and utility of the Digitalis Purpurea or Foxglove*" and other medical tracts.

Oct. 15. At West Ham, James Anderson, of Mounie, in the county of Aberdeen, LL.D.; a man equally distinguished for the variety and depth of his literary attainments, and for that philanthropic zeal so manifest throughout his numerous and valuable writings, with which he endeavoured to contribute to the welfare of mankind in general, and of this country in particular.

Oct. 16. The Rev. Dr. Nasmith, Rector of Leverington, in the Isle of Ely; Editor of *Tanners Notitia*, &c.

To Correspondents.

The Editor is honoured by the favour from Doncaster and requests T. I's promised contributions.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXXV.

[Being Number XXIII. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *Curia Militaris: or a Treatise of the Court of Chivalry; in three Books. I. Concerning the Court itself; its Judges and Officers. II. Of its Jurisdiction, and Causes there determinable. III. Of the Process and proceedings therein. With an Introduction, containing some Animadversions on two posthumous Discourses, concerning the etymology, antiquity, and office of the Earl Marshal of England, ascribed to Mr. Camden, and published in the last edition of the Britannia. By John Anstis, Esq. (of the Middle Temple.) Etiam quod dicere super-vacaneum est prodest cognoscere. Sen. L. vi. C. 1. de Benef. London: Printed by T. Mead, in Giltspur street, near the back gate of St. Sepulchre's Church. 1702. 8vo.*

ART. II. *Letters to a Peer, concerning the Honour of Earl Marshal. Letter I. shewing that no Earl Marshal can be made during the minority of an*

Hereditary Earl Marshal. London: Printed and sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster. 1703. 8vo. pp. 35.

ART. III. *Letters to a Peer concerning the Honour of Earl Marshal Letter I. shewing that no Earl Marshal can be made during the minority or other incapacity of an Hereditary Earl Marshal, and Marshal of England. London: Printed and sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster. 1706. 8vo. pp. 52.*

THE first of these tracts contains nothing more than the introduction, and table of contents of the treatise itself. And Isaac Reed "could never find that any more of this work was ever printed."

The intended "Contents" are worth transcribing, as the outline of a very curious work, which has never yet been satisfactorily filled up.

"Contents. Book I.

"Concerning the Court itself; the Judges, Officers, or Ministers thereof.

"Chap. I.—That in all nations where military actions have been in any esteem, and particularly those from whom the English are descended, special laws have been provided for the regulation of them; and several judges appointed to correct the offences, and determine differences concerning the same.

"Chap. II.—That in England such officers have been appointed for those purposes, their antiquity; and that the Court Military is an ordinary court of justice in these matters. Of its various appellations; and

and how far the same, and the proceedings thereof, have been respected at the common law.

“Chap. III.—Of the office of Constable in foreign nations; France, Castile, Sicily, Naples, the eastern empire, &c. and of Scotland, Ireland, Chester, Normandy, Calice, and France, whilst in our possession; of divers sorts of Constables in England; of the introducing an High Constable, and tenure of his office in grand serjantry, whereby it would descend to clergymen, infants, lunatics, absent persons, and women; and the methods taken in such cases; of his rights and authority; and of the power said to be lodged in him to arrest the King; of his bringing an action against King Henry the Eighth; the suppressing this office by that King, and in what cases it hath been since granted *pro hac vice tantum*; a catalogue and history of them in matters relating to that office, with observations on their patents; of the Constable of the Exchequer, his power and duty; of the Sub-Constable.

“Chap. IV.—Of the Marshals in foreign nations, Germany, France, Poland, Sicily, Naples, &c. Of Scotland, Ireland, and France, while in our custody; of the divers sorts of them in this kingdom; of the antiquity of the Great Marshal; and its hereditary descent to clergymen, infants, lunatics, persons absent, and women; and the methods taken in such cases; of the manor of *Hempsted-Marshal*, anciently annexed to the office, and privileges of other lands belonging to the Marshals; corrections and additions to the list of them in *Reliquiæ Spelmanianæ*; with observations on their remarkable patents; and the history of their actions, relating to this office; that the office is ministerial in many respects, and whether judicial in any,

either when there is a Constable, or in the vacancy of one. Of the nature of the title *Comes Marescallus*, anciently, and what sort of honour it is at present; of the extent of this office into foreign dominions, and Counties-Palatine; of the several offices under the Marshal in the King's Bench, Iter, Exchequer, and the Household; of fees belonging to him from each Baron and Peer; of his Lieutenant, and whether any under the degree of a Knight was capable of that office.

“ Chap. V.—That the Constable and Marshal are only ordinary judges; and that the Queen may personally sit, or delegate power to hear and determine causes in the first instance.

Chap. VI.—Of the *Promotor Causarum Regiarum*; the Advocates, Proctors, Register, and Heralds; their antiquity, duty, and function, in this Court.

“ Book II.—Of the Jurisdiction of the same, and causes there determinable.

“ Chap. I.—That the primary and original jurisdiction of this court was about military affairs, and that as well on the sea, as the land; and in order the better to explain the nature of some causes, formerly determined therein, a succinct account is given of the ancient methods of preparation for war, by sea and land; of military tenure and scutage; of indentures for service; of the government of the army; of acquiring property in, and of the right and treatment of prisoners; of orders preparatory to war; of the classes of soldiers, their privileges, and wages; of deserters, and other offenders; of their arms and weapons, as also of their coat-armour, and the signification of *arma militaria*, in respect of Knighthood; with an account
how

how *coats of arms*, and divers other subjects became of the sole jurisdiction of this Court.

“ Chap. II.—The jurisdiction of the Court is either in causes criminal or civil; an account and history of the former from the records.

“ Chap. III.—An account of causes civil, which were *de facto* anciently determined there, before and since the statute 13 Rich. II. chap. 2.

“ Chap. IV.—Of that statute, and the explanation thereof, being an enquiry into the cotemporary notion of *Feats of Arms*, and whether Tournaments are wholly designed by it. Of the nature of a privy seal, mentioned in the statute; and a large dissertation about the King’s council therein all taken from records.

“ Chap. V.—Observations on some particular instances of the jurisdiction of this court; as the antiquity of *arms* in *England*, mantles and escocheons; with draughts illustrating the remarkable variations in several ages; of supporters, and the reason thereof; of the ancient and modern differences of arms; of the corruption or mutation, anciently in arms; of impaling and quartering them; of arms and crests, surrendered or assigned from one private person to another; of seals, surnames, precedence, &c.

“ Chap. VI.—Of causes determined here by the voluntary submissions of the parties, and confirmed by Parliament; and divers parliamentary proceedings relating to this Court.

“ Book III.—The process, proceedings, sentence, and execution, in this Court, and of appeals from it.

“ Chap. I.—The Law of the Court is generally styled *Lex Armorum*, and is the Civil Law, qualified by particular usages and customs, derogatory to it.

“ Chap. II.—That the proceedings are in a summary way: of the petition, citation, attachment, caution, or stipulation, for appearance and performance of the sentence; and how far allowable by the common law. Of the terms, or times observed in this Court.

“ Chap. III.—Of trials by battle, their antiquity, and introduction here by a law of the Conqueror, yet remaining in the Saxon tongue; that this method is allowable only in defect of other proofs, and what persons were by privilege or otherwise exempted from it. The representation, or figure of a combat, taken from an original roll of the time of Henry the Third; with observations thereon.

“ Chap. IV.—Of proofs in this Court; that Barons are examinable on oath, but all above that degree on their honour; that none can be witnesses in a cause about the right of *Coats of Arms* besides gentlemen, having knowledge therein; with the method of compelling witnesses to give their testimony.

“ Chap. V.—Of the sentence, damages, and costs; and whether lands, goods, and the body, of the principal and pledges, be subject thereto; and of the manner of execution; with a particular account of the proceedings, taken from all the records of causes therein determined.

“ Chap. VI.—If this Court exceeds its legal bounds, the method of restraining it is either by appeal, or privy seal, according to the statute of 13 R. II. and lately by prohibitions from the Courts of Westminster; of all which particular accounts are given at large.”

“ Appendix.—Attorney General Noy’s Argument for the jurisdiction of the Marshal; and the argument
of

of another gentleman, (whose name is unknown) on the same subject; with a particular narrative of that case, at length, by Sir Henry St. George, Kt. Richmond Herald, late Garter Principal King of Arms."

Such were the outlines of this intended work of abstruse learning, which have been more slightly filled up by Sir Joseph Ayloffe in the Introduction to *Edmondson's Heraldry*; and in *Dallaway's Inquiries*.*

Of

* Dallaway mentions the last attempt of the Court of Chivalry to enforce its jurisdiction over armorial bearings, to have occurred in the case of *Blount and Blunt*, 1720. But see this case mentioned in *Cent. Mag.* Vol. VI. p. 165, as happening in 1736.

The following is recorded to have taken place a little before.

"*London, Saturday, Mar. 4, 1732.*

"Yesterday a Court of Honour, or High Court of Chivalry, was opened in the Painted Chamber, Westminster, in the following manner: about twelve o'clock the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Effingham came into this Court, preceded by the Proctors, Doctors of the Civil Law and Officers of the Court in their gowns; the Pursuivants and Heralds of Arms in their tabards and collars, and Garter and Norroy King of Arms, and followed by the Lords hereafter mentioned, who assisted him on the occasion; viz. the Dukes of Ancaster and Manchester; the Earls of Strafford, Warwick, and Pomfret; the Lords Herbert, Haversham, Foley, Onslow, Howard, and others. The Court being set, and proclamation made, the Duke of Norfolk's patent, constituting him Hereditary Earl Marshal of England, his Grace's nomination of the Earl of Effingham, his Deputy, and his Majesty's approbation of him, were severally read by the Register; and then the oaths of allegiance, abjuration, and oath of office, were administered to his Lordship: the patents of the several Officers of the Court were then read, and petitions of persons to be admitted proctors, who were sworn accordingly, viz. Dr. Henchman, the King's Advocate; Mr. Mark Holman, Register; Mr. Sandford Nevill, the Earl Marshal's proctor; and Mr. Greenby, Mr. Rawson, Mr. Smith, Mr. Farrant, Mr. Cook, Mr. Skelton, Proctors of the Court of Arches, to be Proctors of the said Court. The King's Advocate then exhibited a complaint against one Mrs. Radbourne, relict of one Mr. Radbourne, merchant, for using divers ensigns of honour, not belonging to his condition, at the funeral of her said husband; and likewise certain arms

Of the two letters, both of which are signed “*John Anstis*,” the latter is only an enlarged and amended edition of the former.

ART. IV. *A short Enquiry into the nature of the titles conferred at Portsmouth, and in the Camps, by his Majesty in 1773, and 1778; shewing the origin and ancient privileges of Knight Banneret. The Second Edition. London: Printed for H. Payne, opposite Marlborough House, Pall-Mall. 1779. 8vo. pp. 24.*

This pamphlet was by the late Sir William Fitzherbert, Bart. (elder brother of Lord St. Helen's and (according to *Bibliotheca Reediana*) only twenty-four copies were printed. A former edition in 1773 had come under the notice of the *Monthly*, and *Critical Reviews*.

“*Preface.*”

“I have collected all the precedents I have been able to meet with for the investigation of this enquiry, made for my own information and amusement, and the

both at the said funeral and likewise since, upon her coach, not being entitled thereto in her own or her husband's right, contrary to the law of arms; whereupon his Lordship was pleased to grant a process, and to adjourn the Court to the Hall in the College of Arms on Thursday the 30th instant.

“We hear some of the persons proposed to be cited before the Court of Honour, intend (in case they are so cited) to move the Court of King's Bench for a prohibition, which was formerly granted in Sir James Collet's case on a like occasion; for as there are no visitations, &c. their entries cannot be regular,” &c.

publication of this small tract may perhaps be of service to others, who have the same sort of curiosity with myself, in saving them the trouble of looking over records and books, to which every person has not immediate access. My only aim has been to arrive at truth: my judgment, but not my candour, may be justly called in question.

Lincoln's Inn, May 2, 1779."

The substance of this tract may be summed up in the words of the writer's Postscript.

"It has been imagined by some, that the Knights lately made at the camps are Knights Banneret; the present * hostilities with France, however, do not make them so; for every precedent we have seen, shews the title of Knight Banneret can only be conferred either in the field of battle, or for eminent services in battle, even if it is not necessary that this title should be conferred under the royal standard."

ART. V. *Anacreon. Bion. Moschus. Kisses by Secundus. Cupid crucified, by Ausonius. Venus Vigils, incerto Authore. Printed in the year 1651. Oct. pp. 260.*

This volume was sent into the world with a degree of nakedness rather unusual; and seemed to imply the learned translator, THOMAS STANLEY, had little care for the result of his labours. The superiority, which attaches to the scholar, might form the ground of this indifference; as the possession of an original

* V.z. in 1779.

picture destroys the value otherwise attached to a copy. A slight but only notice occurs in a few lines at the head of the notes. "To secure these translations (which were never further intended than as private exercises of the languages from which they are deduc'd) against the prejudice of such, as might perhaps apply the copy to a different original, it will not be unnecessary to give some account of the text, where subject to variety of reading or exposition."

" Ode III. *Love's Night Walk.*

" Downward was the wheeling Bear
 Driven by the waggoner: *
 Men, by powerful sleep opprest,
 Gave their busie troubles rest:
 Love, in this still depth of night,
 Lately at my house did light:
 Where perceiving all fast lockt,
 At the door he boldly knockt:
 Who'se that (said I) that does keep
 Such a noise, and breaks my sleep?
 Ope, saith Love, for pity hear;
 'Tis a child, thou need'st not fear,
 Wet and weary, from his way
 Led by this dark night astray.
 With compassion this I heard;
 Light-I struck, the door unbarr'd;
 Where a little boy appears,
 Who wings, bow, and quiver bears;

* *Στροφή ἀρκίως* is the conversion of the Bear from the meridian. Ovid.

Jamque moræ spatium nox præcipitata tenebat,

Versaq, ab axe suo Parrbasis Arctos erat.

Scaliger in Manilium; because Arctos or Helice never sets, the ancients observed his touching the horizon, which they called *Principium Ursæ*, and next, his transcension of the circle, which they called his conversion.

Near the fire I made him stand ;
 With my own I chaf't his hand ;
 And with kindly busie care
 Wrung the chill drops from his hair : *
 When well warm'd he was, and dry,
 Now, saith he, 'tis time to try
 If my bow no hurt did get,
 For methinks the string is wet :
 With that, drawing it, a dart
 He let fly that pierc'd my heart :
 Leaping then, and laughing said,
 Come my friend with me be glad ;
 For my bow thou seest is sound,
 Since thy heart hath got a wound."

" *Ode XXX. Love imprisoned.*

" Love, in rosy fetters caught,
 To my fair the Muses brought ;
 Gifts his mother did prefer
 To release the prisoner ;
 But hee'd not be gone, though free,
 Pleas'd with his captivity !"

* [Stanley's translation will be found on comparison equal, and in many instances superior to those of his followers. One instance,

" Wrung the chill drops from his hair ;"

is a felicity of expression which appears to have been scarcely equalled by the latest translator.

" I squeez'd his locks with tender care,
 And prest the water from his hair." Sewell's edit. 1713.

" Cheer'd him with kind assiduous care,
 And wrung the water from his hair." Fawkes.

" Placed by the hearth with fostering care,
 I chafed his hands and wrung his hair" Urquhart.

" Press from his dank and clinging hair,
 The crystals of the freezing air." Moore.

The last line does not exactly convey an idea of the chill of only a wet night.]

“ Ode XL. The Bee.

“ Love, a bee that lurkt among
 Roses, saw not, and was stung : *
 Who for his hurt finger crying,
 Running sometimes, sometimes flying,
 Doth to his fair mother hie,
 And, oh help, cries he, I dy !
 A wing'd snake hath bitten me,
 Call'd by countrey men a bee :
 At which Venus : if such smart
 A bee's little sting impart,
 How much greater is the pain,
 They whom thou hast hurt sustain.”

“ Ode XLIII. The Grasse hopper.

“ Grasshopper, thrice-happy ! who
 Sipping the cool morning dew,
 Queen-like chirpest all the day
 Seated on some verdant spray ;
 Thine is all what ere earth brings,
 Or the howrs with laden wings ;
 Thee, the ploughman calls his joy,
 'Cause thou nothing dost destroy :
 Thou by all art honour'd ; all
 Thee the Spring's sweet prophet call ;

• Pignorius mentions an excellent picture, representing the subject of this Ode, and underneath it these verses.

*Dum puer alveolo furatur mella Cupido,
 Furanti digitum cuspide fixit apis :
 Sic etiam nobis brevis & peritura voluptas,
 Quam petimus tristi mixta dolore nocet.*

As childish Cupid tried to rob a hive,
 A bee incensed stung the little thief:
 So all the short-liv'd joys for which we strive,
 None taste without the sharp allay of grief.

By the Muses thou admir'd,
 By Apollo art inspir'd,
 Agelesse ever singing good,
 Without passion flesh or blood,
 Oh, how near thy happy state
 Comes the gods to imitate!" *

“ *Ode LIV.*

“ When I see the young men play,
 Young me thinks I am as they;
 And my aged thoughts lay'd by,
 To the dance, with joy I fly.
 Come, a flowry chaplet lend me,
 Youth, and mirthful thoughts attend me;
 Age be gone, wee'l dance among
 Those that young are, and be young;
 Bring some wine, boy; fill about;
 You shall see the old man's stout;
 Who can laugh and tipple too,
 And be mad as well as you.” †

The

* The whole Ode is excellently paraphrased and explained in the life of Apollonius Tyanæus, lib. vii. cap. 5. The words of Philostratus are these. As Demetrius and Apollonius were sitting under a tree, the grasse hoppers incited by the heat of the day, chirpt round about them; to whom Demetrius, “ O happy and truly wise; you sing the song the Muses taught you, subject to no censure or misconstruction; by them freed from the slavishness of hunger and humane envies; and dwelling in these bushy tenements (which they provided for you) celebrate their happinesse and your own.” Apollonius, though he knew well whereto these words tended, gently reprov'd him, as more cautious than the time required. “ Why,” saith he, “ desiring to praise the grassehoppers, dost thou not do it freely and openly, but even here seemest to fear, as if there were an act against it.” Demetrius replied, “ I did not this so much to shew their happinesse, as our own misery; they are allowed to sing, but we not to whisper our thoughts; wisdom as a crime is laid to our charge.”

† [A single comparison with the more pleasing and amplified version of Mr. Moore may not be uninteresting.

“ When

The Odes of Anacreon are fifty-five in number; then follow the six Idylls of Bion.

“ *Idyll VI.* ”

Cleodamus. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, w^{ch} delight
Thee most? w^{ch} (Myrson) should thy wish invite?
Doth winter, when, the earth left unmanur'd,
Men are by sloth unto the fire allur'd,
Or fairer spring best please thee? say which fits
Thy choice? our want of businesse talk permits.

Myrson. Men must not censure what the gods create;
Delightful and divine is every state;
But thou shalt know with which I most am won;
Not summer, for the scorching of the sun,
Nor autumn, for th' unwholsomnesse of fruit,
Nor winter, for its snows with me doth suit.
Lov'd spring be all the year! when no excesse
Of heat or cold our spirits doth oppresse;

“ When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my brow of snows;
And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,
Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young as they.
Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Give my lips the brimming bowl;
Oh! you will see this hoary sage
Forget his locks, forget his age.
He still can chaunt the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;
He still can act the mellow raver,
And play the fool as sweet as ever!”]

In spring are all things fruitful, all things sweet,
Then nights and dayes in even measure meet."

The eight Idylls, and an epigram by Moschvs, are succeeded by the luxurious kisses of Secundus, in fourteen divisions.

" III.

" A kiss I begg'd; and thou did'st joyn
Thy lips to mine;
Then, as afraid snatch'd back their treasure,
And mock my pleasure;
Again my dearest, for, in this,
Thou onely gav'st desire, and not a kiss."

" XIII.

" Næra's lips, (to which adds grace
The ambient whiteness of her face,
As coral berries smiling ly
Within their case of ivory;)
When Venus saw, she wept. and all
Her little loves did to her call.
What boots it, cries she, that on Ide
From Pallas and Jove's sister-bride
My lips the glorious prize did gain
By judgment of the Phrygian swain,
If now another arbiter
Næra's may to mine prefer?
Go, spend upon him every dart,
Empty your quivers on his heart;
But into hers a frost, that may
Congeal her youthful veins, convey.
This scarce was spoke, but strait I felt
My soul in a soft flame to melt;
Whilst thy white breast, which far outgoes
In coldness, winter's sharpest snows;

In hardness Adria's stubborn rocks,
 Thy suffering lover safely mocks.
 Ungrateful, for those lips am I
 Tormented thus, nor know'st thou why
 Thou hat'st, or what effects may rise
 From discontented deities:
 Remit thy anger, and assume
 A smile that may thy cheek become;
 Thy lips (of all my misery
 The onely cause) to mine apply;
 And from my scorching bosom draw
 A warmth that may thy coldness thaw;
 Jove fear not, nor Cythera's hate;
 Beauty controls the power of fate!"

Cupid crucified is translated in the heroic measure, with a short epistle from Ausonius to his son G. prefixed, referring to "a picture of the amorous women crucifying Cupid." This piece hung in "Zoylus dining room at Trevers," and from admiring transferred the "excesse of admiration to the folly of poetizing."

Venus' Vigils is in stanzas of various length, repeating the first two lines as a burthen at the end of each, and thus begins;

*" Love he to morrow, who lov'd never;
 Tomorrow, who hath lov'd persever.
 The spring appears, in which the earth
 Receives a new harmonious birth;
 When all things mutuall love unites;
 When birds perform their nuptiall rites;
 And fruitful by her watry lover,
 Each grove its tresses doth recover;
 Loves Queen tomorrow, in the shade
 Which by these verdant trees is made,*

Their

Their sprouting tops in wreaths shall bind,
 And myrtles into arbours wind;
 To morrow, rais'd on a high throne,
 Dione shall her laws make known.

Love he, &c."

Excitations. Printed in the year 1651.

The portion of the volume, under this new title page, rather exceeds the preceding in quantity, collecting many valuable notes upon the variation of text, similarity of passages, and a translation of several poems from various authors. Upon the fifteenth Ode of Anacreon, at the line "come then let us drink," he says, "this false inference, frequent with Anacreon, is largely paraphrased by St. Amant in his *Debauchè*, a piece suiting with the genius of our poet.

"The Debauchè.

"Let's not rime the hours away;
 Friends! we must no longer play;
 Brisk Lyæus, see! invites
 To more ravishing delights.
 Let's give o're this fool Apollo;
 Nor his fiddle longer follow;
 Eye upon his forked hill,
 With his fiddlestick and quill;
 And the Muses, though they're gamesome,
 They are neither young nor handsome;
 And their freaks in sober sadness
 Are a meer poetick madness:
 Pegasus is but a horse,
 He that follows him is worse.
 See the rain soaks to the skin,
 Make it rain as well within.
 Wine, my boy; we'll sing and laugh,
 All night revel, rant, and quaffe;

Till the morn, stealing behind us,
 At the table sleeplesse finde us.
 When our bones, alasse! shall have
 A cold lodging in the grave,
 When swift death shall overtake us,
 We shall sleep, and none can wake us.
 Drink we then the juice o' th' vine,
 Make our breasts Lyæus shrine.
 Bacchus our debauche beholding,
 By thy image I am moulding;
 Whilst my brains I do replenish
 With this draught of unmixt rhenish;
 By thy full-branch'd ivy twine;
 By this sparkling glasse of wine;
 By thy Thyrsus so renown'd;
 By the healths with which th'art crown'd;
 By the feasts which thou do'st prize;
 By thy numerous victories;
 By the howls by Mænad's made;
 By the hau-gou carbonade;
 By thy colours, red and white;
 By the tavern thy delight;
 By the sound thy orgies spred;
 By the shine of noses red;
 By the table free for all;
 By the jovial carnivall;
 By thy language cabalistic;
 By thy cymbal, drum and his stick;*
 By the tunes thy quart-pots strike up;
 By thy sighes, the broaken hick-up;
 By thy mystick sect of ranters;
 By thy never-tamed panthers;

* The rhiming similarity of a couplet in Hudibras, published twelve years afterwards, must immediately occur to the reader's recollection.

By this sweet, this fresh and free air ;
 By thy goat, as chaste as we are ;
 By thy fulsome Cretan lasse ;
 By the old man on the asse !
 By thy couzins in mix'd shapes ;
 By the flowre of fairest grapes ;
 By thy biskes fam'd far and wide ;
 By thy store of neat's-tongues dry'd ;
 By thy incense, Indian smoake ;
 By the joyes thou dost provoke ;
 By this salt Westphalia gammon ;
 By these sauz'iges that inflaine on ;
 By thy tall majestick flaggons ;
 By Mas, tope, and thy flap-dragons ;
 By this olive's unctuous savour ;
 By this orange, the wine's flavour ;
 By this cheese ore-run with mites ;
 By thy dearest favorites ;
 To thy frolick order call us,
 Knights of the deep bowle install us ;
 And to shew thy self divine,
 Never let it want for wine."

*Sylvia's Park, by Theophile. Acanthus complaint, by
 Tristan. Orbanta, by Preti. Echo, by Marino.
 Love's Embassy, by Boscan. The Solitude, by
 Gongora. Printed in the year 1651.*

The length of this article precludes further specimens. These pieces are unaccompanied with any notes. The last division of the volume is

*A Platonick discourse upon Love. Written in Italian
 by Iohn Picus Mirandula, in explication of a Sonnet,
 by Hieronimo Benivieni. Printed in the year
 1651.*

This is divided into three books, having at the end of the second the sonnet, or rather long poem, upon

which it forms a commentary. The fifth section of the second book may serve to conclude as a specimen of the translator's prose.

“Beauty in general is a harmony resulting from several things proportionably concurring to constitute a third; in respect of which temperament and mixture of various natures, agreeing in the composition of one, every creature is fair; and in this sence no simple being is beautiful; not God himself. This beauty begins after him; arising from contrariety, without which is no composition; it being the union of contraries, a friendly enmity, a disagreeing concord; whence Empedocles makes discord and concord the principles of all things; by the first, understanding the variety of the natures compounding; by the second, their union: adding, that in God only there is no discord, he not being the union of several natures, but a pure un compounded unity. In these compositions the union necessarily predominates over the contrariety; otherwise the fabrick would be dissolved. Thus in the fictions of poets, Venus loves Mars; this beauty cannot subsist without contrariety; she curbs and moderates him; this temperament allays the strife betwixt these contraries. And in astrology, Venus is placed next Mars, to check his destructive influence; as Jupiter next Saturn to abate his malignancy. If Mars were alwayes subject to Venus, (the contrariety of principles to their due temper) nothing would ever be dissolved.”*

Conduit street.

J. H.

* Stanley's poems being described in the CENSURA, Vol. VIII. p. 416, as scarce, and standing in the third portion of *Trijbook's* descriptive catalogue just published, the volume was sent me, supposing by that notice it might furnish an acceptable article.—Stanley also published a volume of *original Poems*.

ART. VI. *A lamentable, and pitifull description, of the wofull warres in Flaunders, since the foure last yeares of the Emperor Charles the Fifth his raigne. With a brieffe rehearsall of many things done since that season, untill this present yeare, and death of Don Iohn. Written by Thomas Churchyarde, Gentleman. Imprinted at London by Ralph Nevverie. Anno 1578. 4to. 42 leaves.*

The Epistle Dedicatory is addressed to Sir Frauncis Walsingham, Knight, wherein the author says, “had I beautified my boke, with the depe iudgements of my betters, & filled the empty places & sētēces voyd of learning, with some borrowed termes & fine translatiōs, as wisely & lernedlie some haue done, my ignorāce and boldnesse heerein so soone had not bin espyed, and I might haue found more pillers and proppes to haue susteyned vp from falling a long season, my weake and feeble workemanship, and tottering buiiding: but wanting that prouision and foresight, and bringing frō the printer my booke, I make myselfe and my credite subiecte to the worldes reporte, and must desire your honorable countenance to the furthering of my good name, and liking of my worke. And for that of late you were Embassadour in Flaunders, and haue bin long acquainted with the causes of that countrey, I haue dedicated my paynes heerin to your hands and protection, minding, if this be well accepted, (as I doubt not but it shall be,) to set forth another worke, called, the calamitie of Fraunce, the bloody broyles of Germany, the persecution of Spayne, the misfortune of Portingall, the troubles of Scotlande, the miserie of Irelande, and the blessed state of England.”

Introductory to the work is a long poem of near eight pages, which commences;

“Flaunders bewayles with bitter sorovv the soare affliction of hir state and countrey.

“The vvife, that hath hir husband lost,
alone may sit and vvaile,

VVhose teares faste trickle dovvne hir cheekes,
as thicke as shovvres of hayle.

The friend that farre is from his feere,
and vvants a faithfull mate,

By vievve of foe, and fraude of vvorld,
laments his losse to late.

The lab’ring man, that sees his land
lye vvaste for vvant of plovve,

And cannot vvell supply his lack,
is fraught vvith sorrovv throvv.

The sadde and heaueie minded vvight,
(of ioy that takes no holde)

As mirth forsakes the stricken breast,
hath hart full deade and colde.

The merchaunt vvhom the pyrate spoyles,
and in vvide vvorld is laft,

May blame the vviles of vvicked heades,
and curse their cunuing crafte.

The Captaine which no souldiers hath,
vvho lost his force by fight,

Doth folde his armes and vvrrings his handes,
he sorrovves day and night.

But none of those compares vvith me,
that left am as you know,

In friendlesse sort with many babes,
like vvidovve full of vvoe:

That each man vvrrongs and feyve do help,
and in myne aged dayes

Am made a pray to people straunge,
 that plagues me many vvayes.
 I flourisht once in pompe and pride,
 beyonde my neyghbours all,
 But vvhen apace came in the tide,
 novv floud begynnes to fall :
 And at lovve vvater marke I stand,
 that earst haue floated stil ;
 My hauen mouth is chokt vvith sande,
 my loades men lacke the skil,
 To passe the strayghtes, and safely bring
 my barcke to quiet port.
 Novv vvaste and empty lye the tovvnnes
 vvherein vvvas greatre sort.
 And vvhere my merchauntes trafficke kept,
 novv men of vvare do flocke,
 And vvhere the gates vvide open stode,
 vvith barres and double locke,
 Novv are they shutte and rammed fast,
 and bulvvarkes still vve make,
 And ore the vvalles the cannon rores,
 vvhereat our houses shake."

Churchyard's narrative must be considered valuable from its embodying historical facts relative to transactions in which he was personally concerned. Of the English who sought glory in the Flemish wars, there are repeated notices, and an enumeration of the principal leaders. " Before Pyrsen, was Sir William Drurie shotte through the bridle hande by a Frenchmã, y^t. offered to breake a lance vpo^r him, who threwe downe his staffe when hee shulde haue putte it in the rest, and so discharged hys dagge at Sir William Drurie, whyche was accompted the parte of a cowarde."

To this anecdote may be added, as a specimen of the author's prose, a short relation respecting the town of Harlam. "Being a place of strength, somewhat by nature thorow the mean of water (& other causes a fortresse requireth) was manned & furnished with most assured souldiers. And as the Duke had greate adoe in many other places, and made great armies to besiege them, so at the siege of this y^e. Duke loste such a nũber of mẽ, as is incredible to be spokẽ, & would hardly be beleued; for women there were of such courage, as was wonderful to beholde; & one woman tooke a miraculous charge vpon hir, which was, to haue the leading of men (a matter to be smiled at, but yet of troth, and to be credited.) Then if women wer so stoute, what mighte men of noble hart & mind proue? forsooth their actes & deedes did shew thẽ to be in courage more than lions, & in worth & valor more than a C. M. of the ordinarie sorte of people. For some haue bin in many seruices, that neuer saw y^e. like of Harlam souldiers: & men may trauel to the very confines of Christendome, & not find such people, as were at Harlam (besieged by the Spaniardes, a nation in these dayes, that can both besiege a town, & can do much in the field,) whiche people had such resolute minds & willing bodies to defend & suffer whatsoeuer might happen, y^t. they seemed to be made & formed, not out of our common mould, but wrought and created of some speciall substance & workmanship, wherein y^e. glorie of manhood & valiancie was cunningly cõprehended. O that my stile were so stately (& could carry such life) that I might worthily expresse the noblenes of their courages. But I may not praise thẽ alone for their corage, but exalt thẽ also

also for their policies, & sufferance of al misery & aduersities a long seasõ, & in a maner past y^e. power of man's weak naturè & conditio.~ But alas, y^e. while, they were ouertake~ w^r. too much truste in their enimies words, & led at length like sheepe to y^e. slaughter; but how I liste not tell you, referring y^e. iudgment of such like actions, to those that haue y^e. managing of mighty matters, & knows how to cõquere & gouerne. Well, to finishe and knitte vppe the scanning and seruices of the famous souldiours of Harlam, to the furthest of my abilitie, I will honour the bones of all suche warlike people, wheresoeuer I shal finde them, and with perpetuall fame aduance theyr bodies to the lofty skies."

At the end "Finis q. Thomas Churchyard;" then sixty-eight lines, commencing,

"To the Worlde.

"Go sillie booke to suttle worlde,
and shew thy simple face,
And forward passe, and do not turne
agayne to my disgrace.
For thou shalt bring to people's eares
but troth that needes not blush,
And though Maell Bouch, giue thee rebuke,
care not for that a rush,
For euill tongs do ytch so sore,
they must be rubbing still
Against the teeth, that should hold fast
the clapper of the mill."

ART. VII. *Plaine Percevall the peace-maker of England. Sweetly indevoring with his blunt persuasions to botch vp a reconciliation between Mar-ton and Mar-tother. Compiled by lawfull art, that is to say, without witchcraft, or sorcery: and referred specially to the meridian and pole Artichoke of Nomans Land; but may serue generally without any great error, for more countries then I'le speake of.*

Quis furor aut hos,

Aut hos, arma sequi, ferrumque lacessere iussit.

[Rebus of Gregory Seton, Herbert, 1176, 1228.]
Printed in Broad-streete, at the signe of the Pack-staffe. n. d. or printer's name. 4to. 18 leaves.

From this rare controversial pamphlet (which I have but lately obtained the perusal of), the following extract is interesting and curious, by the notices of the morrice dance, and of Churchyard, as author of the preceding article.

“ If Menippus, or the man in the moone, be so quicksighted, that he beholds these bitter sweete jests, these railing outcries; this shouing at prelates to cast them downe, and heauing at Martin to hang him vp for Martilmas biefe; what would he imagine otherwise, then as that stranger, which seeing a Quintessence (beside the foole & the Maid Marian) of all the picked youth, strain'd out of an whole Endship, footing the morris about a may pole, and he, not hearing the crie of the hounds, for the barking of dogs, (that is to say) the minstrelsie for the fiddling, the tune for the sound, nor the pipe for the noise of the tabor, bluntly
 demaunded

demaunded if they were not all beside themselves, that they so lip'd and skip'd without an occasion, *

“Backe with that leg Percevall; nouice as thou art, dost thou thinke that we are some, all mad? Alas I am a stranger, and cannot tell what your horse play meanes. Learne, learne to vnderstand the occasion of those actions; their words are common, for euery cut-purse vseth them at the Old Bayly, that hath had any skil in his miniken handsaw.

“I can tell who was acquainted with an olde sooker, that carries such *potticall* verses of the *State of Flanders*, † in a linnen bag (though they be no baggage neither) as would make a man thinke vpon driving out sides, and taking of parts as long as he liues. My selfe drinking hand to hand with the founder of them; for lacke of a nutmeg, he gaue me a great and a lesse, to grate in a spice bole, and this was the powder.

*Orgia turbantem natum dum maclat Agaue,
Insana insanum Penthea credat aprum.*

* “There is a neighbour of ours, an honest priest, who was sometimes (simple as he now stands) a vice in a play, for want of a better; his name is Gliberie of Hawstead in Essex, hee goes much to the pulpit. On a time, I thinke it was the last May, he went vp with a full resolution, to doe his businesse with great commendations. But, see the fortune of it. A boy in the church, hearing either the summer lord with his May-game, or Robin Hood with his morice daunce, going by the church, out goes the boye. Good Glibery, though he were in the pulpit, yet had a mind to his old companions abroad, (a company of merry grigs you must thinke them to be, as merry as a vice on a stage), seeing the boy going out, finished his matter presently with John of London's amen, saying, ha ye faith, boy! are they there? Then ha with thee, and so came downe and among them he goes.” *Hay any worke for Cooper.*

† While at Antwerp Churchyard notices a surmise “that the Caluinistes had sworne to kill the Martinistes.”—Unless the conjectural allusion is without foundation, I do not find any other passage to provoke the ire of Flain Perceval.

“Had

“ Had not he a long wind that sowl’d vp these two at a draught? and a good head that carried them away without staggering, together with their appurtenances? *Mad was the mother & kild hir wood sonne, &c.* That liquid poet had askt himselfe the question, who was in the fault, that two factions were at daggers drawing, till they were like to draw all to an vprore; he answers like a slie slaue, *Ambo*, for that was his meaning, though he wheel’d about, seeking to declare his mind with a far-fetch’d simile.”

In the following passage the allusion appears intended for Aggeus the printer. “ It is an ill wind that blowes no man to good they say; yea but the prophet Aggeus would haue giuen counsaile to reparaire such a place of praier; if Martin himselfe crię hanocke at it, beleue him not, Aggeus was a great deale the honester man, although while he liu’de he was no saint. Where was I? My iourney lies not that way; I was about to say that the printers had hard luck if they lost by these matches that are made of late against Martin; whose states when I looke vpon, I am ready to crie at as a countreyman of mine did, when trauersing London streets, he spide a Jacke an apes, in a gaie cote, sit mooving on a marchant’s bulke, ‘ Good Lord, what knacks are made for money, now adaies?’

The lapse of time has rendered obsolete much of the author’s familiar humour, from which it is probable the tract was one of the most popular in the controversy. Describing the new upstart puritan, the picture commences with the following outline; “ I find that in euery trade and occupation, there is a better and a worse, as there is in euery warpe of fish, a great and a lesse. There is a shomaker, there is a cobbler: a
tailor,

tailor, and a botcher: a marchant, and a broker: a haberdasher, and a pedlar: a mason, and a dawber: a minstrell, and a fidler: a parson, and a vicar: a minister and a curat: there steps me in a third trick-sie, neat, nimble, spruse artificer into euery one of these occupations; and, like a prickear'd mule, will be of another distinct kind from either dame or sire. One standing all upon his pumps and pantables, will be aboute a shomaker. Another mounts vpon a loftier shop bourd then a tailor, and will be none otherwise ternde then a shaper of garments forsooth," where the parallel concludes.

Of the Introduction and mock recommendatory lines at the end sufficient notice may be found in Herbert, p. 1706.

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. VIII. *The Description of that ever to be famed Knight, Sir Iohn Burgh, Colonell Generall of his Maiesties Armie: with his last seruice at the Isle of Rees, and his vnfortunate death, then when the Armie had most need of such a pilote. Viuit post funera virtus. Written by Robert Markham, Captaine of a foote Company in the same regiment, and shot also in the same seruice. Fors dominatur nēq; vita est vlli propria in vita. Printed 1628 4to. 14 leaves.*

Prefixed is a rare and beautiful specimen of the graver by Cecill in a highly finished portrait of "S^r. Iohn Burgh, Knight, descended from y^e. house of y^e. Lord Burgh & heyre male to the bārōny, Cap^t. of an
English

English foote company in y^e. Vnited prouinces; Govern^r. of Frankendale, Collonell of a regiment of foote in y^e. expedition wth. Count Mansfield, Col. Generall in the Ile of Rees, where he was slayne wth. a musket bullet, September y^e. 11th, 1627."

As Captain Markham * was "shot also in the same seruice," this poem may be considered as posthumously published. The evident proof of the author's intention to give it to the public, may be pleaded in excuse for marring his fair fame, in preserving this bombastic phraseology of the soldier when attempted to be uttered as a poet. Prefixed are seven stanzas, as

"The Epistle.

"I will not dedicate these weeping lines
 Vnto a laughing Lord for patronage,
 That without mourning habit richly shines
 In gold, nor will I send a pilgrimage
 My sorrowes brought a bed in this same booke,
 To be protected by a ladyes looke;
 Nor will I inuocate a Iudge, because
 I write upon an honourable fate,
 Vntimely hastned; for within his lawes,
 Deathes immature are all degenerate;
 He that condemneth life, and goods, shall be
 No pittilesse protector, booke, to thee.
 No sycophant shall see thee by my will,
 No, nor a golden coward, for I vow
 I hate his quaking quallitie as ill,
 As any the worst vice that raigneth now;
 A foole shall neuer thy sad lines behold,
 Because brasse is as good to him as gold.

* Qu? Brother of Ce. vase Markham? See CENS. Vol. II. p. 218.

But I will send thee like a marshall booke,
 Vnto all souldiers, lac'd with noble skarres,
 That thinkes on Bvrgh with a deiected looke,
 And that hath knowne him well in all his warres;
 That can repeate all things that he hath done;
 Since the first minute that his sand did runne."

An address in two stanzas follows

"*To the Reader.*

"Faith, reader, if you vnderstand
 But little, in this little booke,
 Go shake *Tom Derry* by the hand,
 Or on your cozen *Archey* looke;
 Or if you will not be a foole,
 Returne againe, with speed to schoole."

Fourteen lines with initials I. E. are addressed
 "to my worthily esteemed kinsman the authour."
 Then,

"*The Author's eyes purging with the pills of sorrow,
 drops here vpon the obsequies of Sir Iohn Bvrgh,
 his noble colonell; with such a heauinesse, that they
 doe fall in print as followeth.*

"If teares could tell the story of my woe,
 How I with sorrow pine away for thee,
 My spongie eyes their bankes should over-flow,
 And make a very moore, or mire of me;
 I would out weepe a thousand Nyobyes,
 For I would weepe, till I wept out my eyes.

My heart should drop such teares as did thy wound,
 And my wound should keepe consort with my heart;
 In a red sea my body should be drown'd;

My gall should breake, and beare a bitter part;
 Such crimson rue as I would weepe, should make
 Democrates himselfe a wormwood lake.

Or if that my blew winged words could tell,
 How darke I mourne without a starre of glee,
 My tongue the clapper, and my mouth the bell,
 Should ceaselesse ring thy haplesse destinie:
 Whilst that my penne vnable for to speake,
 In tragicke songs should grind away her beake."——

The first twenty-one stanzas are given as introductory to the main subject. In these he relates he was uncertain if it was the greatnesse of pain he felt from a shot, or greatness of his grief that Burgh was slain; but he could not write and therefore judiciously went to sleep. The result, and the opening of the work, is thus given :

“ So did I sleepe vntill the morning light
 Reneu'd the glory of the world, and then
 I wakt againe with a more pregnant sp'rit,
 And once more flew vnto my fatall pen;
 Then with a little labour that I tooke,
 My braines were brought a bed, of this same booke.

Thy wisdome, Burgh, was like vnto a sea,
 Wherein thy famous actions dayly swam,
 Like Neptun's scaly burgers euery day;
 Currant wise men, like lesser riuers, came
 To mixe their freshnesse with thy season'd wit,
 Onely of purpose to grow salt by it.
 And as Pactolus flowes on golden sand,
 As rubies, pearles, and twinkling diamonds
 Doe starre the firmament of Neptune's land,
 So did thy virtue, like farre brighter stones,
 Be-pibble all the inside, outside floare
 Of thy hid channell, and thy publike shoare.”

How much to be regretted the author did not imbibe a few particles of the attic salt, of which he considers

siders his hero the fountain head. It is amusing to mark the succession of images, almost ludicrously opposite, as they swell to above eighty stanzas, with a description of the progress of this military general; sufficiently minute for the work to be described by Bromley in his catalogue, as a "Life." Perhaps an ingenious head piece might be saved much labour, in attempting to describe Napoleon, by adopting the following lines :

" Thy court was in the campe, they daunces were
 Stout marches footed to a drummer's play ;
 'Twas not thy sport to chase a silly hare,
 Stagge, bucke, foxe, wild-cat, or the limping gray :
 But armies, Marquesses, Graues, Counts, Dukes, Kings,
 Arch-dutchesses, and such heroicke things.

Guns were thy hornes which sounded thy retreite,
 Of noble warre (bright honour's truest chase),
 Pickes tipt with death, thy hunting poles to beate,
 And rouse thy game (sport for a Joue-borne race,)
 Thy deepe mouth'd hounds, a catt of cannons were,
 Whose brasen throates spew'd thunder in the air. —

Thy iudgement was so ripe that thou could'st tell,
 Without the calling of a warlike court,
 How many men would man that citie well,
 That counter-scarfe, redoubt, or little fort ;
 For thy braine lay within a sponce of bone,
 In iudgement stronger then a tower of stone."

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. IX. *Hawking.*

“Hawking was a sport vtterly vnknowne to the ancients, as Blondius and P. Iovius, in the second booke of his History, where he entreateth of the Mucovitish affaires, witnesseth; but was invented and first practised by Frederick Barbarossa, when he besieged Rome: yet it appeareth by Firmicus, that it was knowne twelve hundred yeeres since, where he speaketh of falconers, and teachers of other birds: and indeed beyond him, I thinke it can no where be found that falconry was knowne. There have beene many who have writen of falconry: Frederick the second Emperour of Germany, wrote hereof two excellent bookes, which Ioachim Camerarius (having by him the first copie in a manuscript) published together with a treatise of Albertus Magnus, of the nature of hawkes, and printed it at Norimberge. Budæus hath also written a large discourse of hunting and hawking, part whereof is annexed to the latter end of Henry Estienne’s French and Latine Dictionary: in English, Master Blundevile’s* booke is the best that I know. By the canon law hawking was forbidden vnto clergie.” This brief account is given by Henry Peacham who considered it one of the recreations very besfitting “the compleat gentleman; fashioning him absolute in the most necessary and commendable qualities concerning mind or body that may be required in a noble gentleman.” It may be inferred from an Act of Parliament of 34 Edw. IV. that the possession of a hawk could not be

* So it is in the editions of *Peacham*, 1622 and 1634; but certainly a mistake for *Turberville*.

kept by a simple man, or of less bearing than a gentleman with estate to have a hawk.* In other instances the tenacious support of this pastime may be traced through the statute law, and swelling the pains and penalties of criminal jurisprudence, is therefore again mentioned in the Institutes. "A knowledge of hunting and falconry," Warton describes as "an essential requisite in accomplishing the character of a Knight;" and for near four centuries it was the favourite amusement of the English nobility. An inquiry of how it became neglected, can, I believe, only be answered with conjecture. Peacham says "it can be no more disgrace to a great lord to draw a faire picture, then to cut his hawke's meat," and this nauseating curtesy established between the owner and the hawk and apparently in part a necessity to make the bird answer to the lure, might first occasion its falling into neglect and almost total disuse. Only a partial

* "Master Stephen. How does my coussin Edward, uncle?"

Knorwell. O, well cousse, goe in and see: I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Ste. Uncle, afore I goe in, can you tell me, an' he have ere a booke of the sciences of hawking, and hunting? I would faine borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

Ste. No cousse; but I'll practise against next yere uncle. I have bought me a hawke, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a booke to keepe it by.

Kno. O, most ridiculous,

Ste. Nay, looke you now, you are angrie, uncle: why you know, an' a man have not skill in the hawking, and hunting-languages now-a-dayes, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greeke, or the Latine. He is for no gallant's company without 'hem.—A fine jest ifaith! Slid a gentleman mun show himselfe like a gentleman!"

Ben Jonsõn's Every Man in his Humour, Ed. 1640, acted as early as 1598.

An elder brother "speaks no language, but smells of dogs, or hawks." *Overbury's Characters.*

trace can be considered as surviving the seventeenth century. The Rev. Mr. Dibdin, in the late elegant republication of the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, * has preserved several notices incidental to hawking, and remarks upon the best collections of ancient English ballads as not affording "any song upon this popular subject." Chaucer has a pretty episode of the Falcon rehearsing a tale of forsaken love to the Princess Canace, and in Spencer's Fairy Queen are occasional allusions to the amusement. George Turberville prefixed the following poem to his book of Falconry, and appears the oldest poet that invoked the Muse to immortalize the subject. A poem upon Field-Sports, by Somerville, gives a long and accurate description of this diversion.

"In commendation of Hawking.†

GEORGE TURBERVILLE.

"I deeme that no man doubt's, but games and al our chiefe delights,
Were first deuise'd to daunt the dumps of pensiuē payned sprights.

To

* This new edition of the Utopia, may be spoken of with confidence as possessing those necessary essentials which are too often omitted from negligence, or slovenly got rid of by probability and surmise. The text of the first translation has been minutely collated with variorum notices, and critical and explanatory notes are added, containing extracts from early writers as best able to elucidate the author's meaning. Mr. Dibdin, by his industry and quotations, has rendered the visionary Utopia a pleasing amplification of the manners, customs and pursuits of society at the time the original was first put forth by Sir Thomas More. And it now reappears characterised in the words of the title "a most pleasant, fruitful, and witty work."

† *"The Booke of Faulconrie, or Hawking, for the onely delight and pleasure of all Noblemen and Gentlemen: collected out of the best auctors, aswel Italians as Frenchmen, and some English practises withball concernyng Faulconrie, the contentes whereof are to be seene in the next page folowyng. By Geo. Turberville, Gentleman. Nocet emptā dolore voluptas. Imprinted at London for Cbr.*

To cleare the clouds of drowping cares and mists of mournful mind,
 And banish bale, that heeu y harts in cheerlesse chaines did bind.
 And more than that, to further health, by mouing to and froe,
 That in our lumpish lustlesse limmes, no more disease might groe.
 Which otherwise (set sport aside, and sweete delightfull glee)
 In idle bodies breeds of force, as we by proofe do see,
 Not much vnlike the standing lakes, in durtie dampish groundes,
 Where water hath no power to passe, most noisome filth a boundes.
 If games were thus found out at first, for minde and bodies ease,
 As well to quit that one of griefes, as th' other of disease :
 Why then l of force it follow must, that those delights are chiefe,
 And most to be imbraste, that lend to either part reliefe.
 Which if be so, I neede not blush, or deem it my disgrace,
 If hawks and spanels I preferre, and set in hiest place, *

For

Cbr. Barker, at the signe of the Grashopper in Paule's Churchyarde, 1575." To this is annexed

"The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting. Wherein is handled and set out the Vertues, nature and properties' of fiveteene sundrie Chaces, togither with the order and maner how to hunte and kill every one of them. Translated and collected for pleasure of all Noblemen and Gentlemen, out of the best approved authors, which have written any thing concerning the same, and reduced into such order and proper termes as are used here in the noble realme of England." Quarto.

"The Booke of Falconrie or Hawking," &c. as before. "Heretofore published by George Turbervile, Gentleman. And now newly revived, corrected, and augmented with many new additions proper to these present times. Nec est empta dolore voluptas. At London, Printed by Thomas Purfoot, An. Dom. 1611." To this is annexed,

"The noble art of Venerie," &c. as before.

* Turbervile attached the art of the ostrager or falconer to the character of a poet, and "of swicke matere made he many layes." In his "*Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs and Sonets,*" the technical terms of the diversion and various allusions to the temper of the hawks, are forced into the service of the muse to revile a fickle mistress. There he also laments the passing youthful years in the city, debarred of country sports; by some lines "*to his friend Francis Tb. leading bis lyfe in the countrie at bis desire.*"

"My Francis, whilst you breath your foming steede,
 Athwart the fields in peace to practise warre,
 In countrie whilst your kenel'd hounds doe feede,
 Or in the wood for taken pray doe iarre.

For truly no devise delights, the minde of man so much,
 No game so gladsome to the limmes, there is no pleasure such.
 No phisicke fitter to remoue the dregges of airefull paine,
 And to restore to former liē, the feeble force againe.
 Of spanels first I meane to speke, for they begin the glee,
 Who being once vncoupled, when they feel their collers free,
 In roysting wise about they raunge, with cheerfull chappes to ground
 To see where in the champion may, some lurking fowle be found.*
 A sport to view them stirre their sternes, in hunting to and fro,
 And to beholde how nature doth hir power in spanels sho:
 Who sooure the fields with wondrous skil, and deale in cunning sort,
 As though indeed they had conspirde, to make their master sport.
 What merier musicke can you craue? What note but halfe so good?
 As when the spanels crosse the ronne, of feasants in the wood?
 Or light vpon the little poutes, where they haue lately bene?
 Assuredly no better glee, is either heard or seene.
 So as by hawkes doth pleasure grow, vnto the gazing eie,
 And dogges delight the listning eares, before the hawkes do flie.

Whilst you with haukes the sielie fowle doe slaye,
 And take delight a quick retriue to haue,
 To flee to marke, and hear the spanels baye,
 Wasting your age in pleasure passing braue:
 In citie I my youthfull yeares doe spende,
 At booke perhaps some time to weare the day;
 Where man to man, not friend to friend doth lende,
 With vs is naught but pitch (my friend) and pay."---

- * Tusser has a good husbandly lesson;
 "To hunters and hawkers take heed what ye say,
 Mild answer with courtesie, drives them away;
 So, where a man's better, will open a gap,
 Resist not with rudenes, for feare of mishap."

He admonishes that "by hauke and hound, small profit is found;" for
 "Though some haue a pleasure, with hauke upon hand,
 Good husbands get treasure, to purchase their land."
 And he considers both diversions an annoyance in the "champion cuntry."
 "What hunting and hawking is there?
 Corn looking for sickle at hand;
 Acts lawles to do without feare,
 How yeerely together they band;
 More harme to another wil do,
 Then they would be done so vnto." Tusser's Husbandry, 1599.

What dolt so dull but takes delight, when once the spanell springs
 The fearfull fowle, and when the hawke lies long vpon hir wings?
 What sense so sad, what minde so mazde, but setteth his sorowes by,
 When once the falcon free begins, to scud amid the skie?
 To turne and winde a birde by sleight, and eke at last to slay
 With strong encounter, doves and duckes, and euery other pray?
 The pretty partridge, rayles and quayles, that haunt the open field?
 And from hir mountey to enforce the hearon haught to yeeld?
 By binding with hir close in cloudes, in maner out of sight?
 For noble peeres and cheefest states, a passing pleasant flight? •
 So small a birde, so large a fowle, at such a loftie gate,
 To reach and rappe, and force to fall, it is a game of state.
 No fellow to the flight at brooke, that game is full of glee,
 It is a sport the stowpifig of a roysting hawke to see.
 And if she misse, to marke hir how she then gettes vp amaine,
 For best aduantage, to enew the springing fowle againe.
 Who if be landed as it ought, then is it sure to die,
 Or if she slippe, a ioy to see, the hawke at random flie;
 And so for head to slea the fowle a noble sport to vew,
 In my conceyt no pleasure like to hawkes, I tell you trew. †

It

• Thus in Sir Philip Sydney's Ouranea

" Quick-scenting spannell, fit for princelie game,
 To perch the pheasant and rare birds of name.
 To set the heath-cocke, partrich and the quaille,
 The snype, the woodcocke, and the dainty raile;
 To serue the spar-hawke, faulcon and laneret,
 The gosse-hawke, ger-faulcon and young eklet;
 The marlyon, hobby, hawkes of swiftest wing,
 Which many pleasures unto ladies bring;
 Deserueth praise of the best fluent pen,
 Than euer wrote the benefits of men."

† " As for hawking, I commend it in some, condemne it in others; in men of qualitie whose estates will well support it, I commend it as a generous and noble qualitie; but in men of meane ranke and religions men, I condemne it with Blesensis, as an idle and foolish vanitie; for I haue ever thought it a kinde of madnesse for such men, to bestow ten pounds in feathers, which at one blast might be blowne away, and to buy a momentary monethly pleasure (if to see one bird torture another may be so called), with the labours and expence of a whole yeare. Yet I must acknowledge, I haue in my youthfull dayes with Machabæus beene guiltie of this vanitie, & haue beene as glad as ever I

It settes the senses all to worke, there may none idle bee,
The tung it lures, the legges they leape, the eie beholdes the glee,

was to come from schoole, to see a little martin in the dead time of the yeare when the winter had put on her whitest coat, and the frosts had sealed vp the brookes and rivers, to make her way through the midst of a multitude of fowle-mouth'd ravenous crows and kites, which pursued her with more hydeous cryes and clamors, than did Coll the dog, and Malkin the maide, the Fox in the Apologue.

When the geese for feare flew over the trees,
And out of their hiues came the swarme of bees.

Chaucer in his Nunnes Priests tale.

and maugre all their oppositions pulled down her prey, bigger than herselfe, being mounted aloft, steeple-high downe to the ground. And to heare an accipitrary relate againe, how he went forth in a cleare, calme, and sun-shine evening, about an houre before the sunne did vsually maske himselfe, vnto the river, where finding of a mallard, he whistled off his faulcon, and how shee flew from him as if shee would neuer haue turned head againe, yet presently vpon a shoote came in, how then by degrees, by little and little, by flying about and about, shee mounted so high, vntill shee had lessened her selfe to the view of the beholder, to the shape of a pigeon or partridge, and had made the height of the moone the place of her flight, how presently vpon the landing of the fowle, shee came downe like a stone and enewed it, and suddenly got vp againe, and suddenly vpon a second landing came downe againe, and missing of it, in the downecome recovered it, beyond expectation, to the admiration of the beholder at a long flight: and to heare him tell a third time, how he went forth early in a winter's morning, to the woody fields and pastures to fly the cocke, where having by the little white feather in his tayle discovered him in a brake, he cast of a taste gentle, and how he never ceased in his circular motion, vntill he had recovered his place, how suddenly vpon the flushing of the cocke he came downe, and missing of it in the downecome, what working there was on both sides, how the cocke mounted, as if he would have pierced the skies; how the hawke flew a contrary way, vntill he had made the winde his friend, how then by degrees he got vp, yet neuer offered to come in, vntill he had got the advantage of the higher ground, how then he made in, what speed the cocke made to saue himselfe, and what hasty pursuit the hawke made, and how after two long miles flight killed it, yet in killing of it killed himselfe. These discourses I loue to heare, and can well be content to be an eye-witnesse of the sport, when my occasions will permit, but to see one of these fæminine birds, who, like some wiues of our times keepe vnder the masculine, I mean a swift winged goshawke, or high flying jurkin, whose proper game is the pheasant, crane, or bitterne, in the moneth of August to pull downe a little partridge.—I must confess it hath often gone against my stomacke." *QVATERNIO, 1633.*

The eares are busied eke to heare, the calling spanels quest,
 Do tell me then what sense it is, that respite hath to rest?
 And more than that, the hart it leapes, and laughes for ioy to think
 How such a slender hawke should cause, so huge a fowle to shrink.
 This kinde of sport doth banish vice, and vile deuises quight,
 When other games do foster faults, and breede but base delight:
 No idle thought can harbor well within the falconer's braine,
 For though his sportes right pleasant be, yet are they mixt with paine.
 The toile he takes to find the fowle, his greedy lust to slay,
 The fowle once found cuts off conceits, & driues il thoughts away.
 He lures, he leapes, he calles, he cries, he ioyes, he waxeth sad,
 And frames his moode, according as his hawke doth well or bad.*
 Dame Venus harbors not in holtes, no Cupid haunts the hilles,
 Diana dwelles in open place, with bow hir game she killes.
 In wooddes no wanton goddesse woonnes: in cities soiournes sinne,
 There vice in vawts & dungeon dwelles, the lecher lurks within.

* At the conclusion of Turberville's "book of Falconry," is an "Epilogue vnto the reader," in twelve stanzas, wherein the volume is the principal subject. The following lines are incidental to the present title, as they rather show, to enjoy the sport, the master of the hawk, was not of necessity, to toil through the filth and garbage of the art.

"Some men perhappes will wonder that I wrote
 Of stately hawkes, and byrdes of rare delight,
 And blaz'de it out but in so base a note
 As scarce will please the gallant courtiers sight,
 Who weyes no golde that is not burnisht bright:
 His curious eare but hardly will dygest,
 Sweete musickes sound, that is not of the best.
 For mine excuse and for my simple pen,
 To answere thus, I feare I shall be faine,
 Sith charge of hawkes committed is to men,
 That nobles serue for yearely hire and gaine,
 (Who are not fine but homely mates and plaine,)
 My purpose was, to set them downe the trade,
 To man their hawkes, and how they might be made.
 For peeres I knowe, and you must needes agree,
 Regard no more but onely to beholde
 The fleeing hawkes, their ioy is but to see
 The haughtie haggarde, worth hir weight in golde,
 To slay the fowle at brooke with courage bolde,
 With hawkes they neuer deale in other sort,
 Their seruants feede, and they enjoy the sport."

D anas traine doth loue the laundes, they long abrode to rome,
 But bawdie Venus ympes embrace, the loitring life at home.
 To dice, to daunce, to coll, to kisse, to card the time away,
 To p ate, to prancke, to bowle, to bowse, and tippie out the day,
 To ch c'ke at Chesse, to heaue at Maw, at Macke to passe the time,
 At Coses, or at Saunt to sit, or set their rest at Prime.
 Both Ticktacke and the Irish game, are sportes but made to spende,
 I wote not I, to what auaille those trifling games do tende,
 Vnlesse to force a man to chaufe, to chide, to sweate, to sweare,
 To brawle, to ban, to cuisse, and God in thousand parts to teare.
 At Cockepit some their pleasures place, to wager wealth away,
 Where falkners only force the fields, to heare their spanels bay.
 What greater glee can man desire, than by his cunning skill,
 So to reclaime a haggarde hawke, as she the fowle shall kill. *

To

* The occasional untoward propensities of the haggard hawk is more fully given by Turbervile, in an address to his mistress, in the collection of poems, already noticed, as "The louer to a gentlewoman, that after great friendship without desart or cause of mislyking refused him.

" Have you not heard it long ago
 of cunning fawknars tolde,
 That hawkes which loue their keeper's call
 are worth their weight in golde.
 And such as knowe the luring voice
 of him that feedes them still ;
 And neuer rangle farre abroad
 against the keeper's will,
 Doe farre exceede the haggarde hauke
 that stoopeth to no stale ;
 Nor forceth on the lure awhit,
 but mounts with euery gale.
 Yes, yes, I know you know it well,
 and I by proufe haue tride,
 That wyld and haggard hawkes are worse
 than such as will abide.
 Yet is there eke another kinde,
 farre worsen than the rest ;
 And those are they that flie at check,
 and stoupe to erie gest.
 They leaue the lawe that nature taught
 and shun their woonted kinde,
 In fleeing after erie foule
 that mounteth with the winde.

You

To make and man hir in such sort, as tossing out a traine,
Or but the lewre, when she is at large to whoup hir in againe ?

Where

You know what I doe meane by this,
if not, giue eare a while;
And I shall shewe you my conceyte
in plaine and simple stile.
You were sometime a gentle hawke,
and woont to feede on fist;
And knew my luring voice right well
and would repaire at list.
I could no sooner make a beck
or token with my hand,
But you would quickly iudge my will
and how the case did stand.
But now you are become so wylde
and rammage to be seene,
As though you were a haggard hawke,
your maners altered cleene.
You now refuse to come to fist,
you shun my woonted call;
My luring lyketh not your eare,
you force mee not at all.
You flee with wings of often change
at random where you please:
But that in time will breede in you
some fowle and fell disease.
Liue like a haggard still therefore,
and for no luring care;
For best, I see, contents thy minde
at wishe and will to fare.
So some perhaps will liue in hope
at length to light on thee,
That earst reclaim'de so gentle werte
and louing birde to mee,
But if thou chaunce to fall to check,
and force on erie fowle,
Thou shalt be worse detested then,
than is the nightish owle.
This counsell take of him that once
did keepe thee at his beck;
But now giues vp in open field
for feare of filthie-check."

This

Where birds, and beasts, and ech thing else, their fredom so embrace,
As let them loose, they will be thralde no more in any case.

What

This amplification of the nature of the hawk, as compared with a mistress, cannot be adduced as either a proof of elegance or gallantry in the poet; but rather the dictates of a pining neglected passion, nurturing contempt and disgust. Another poem concludes in a similar manner.

“ I deemde that I had got
a fawlcon to the fist,
Whom I might quickly haue reclaimde,
but I my purpose mist.
For, oh ! the worsor hap
my fawlcon is so free,
As downe shee stoupes to strungers lure
and forceth least of mee.
Good shape was yll bestowde
vpon so vile a kite,
That haggard wise doth loue to liue
and doth in chaunge delight.
Yeeld me thy flanting hood,
shake of those belles of thine,
Such checking bussards yll deserue
or bell or hood so fine,
With fowles of baser sort
how can you brooke too flie,
That earst your nature did to hawkes
of stately kind applie ?
If want of pray enforste
this change thou art too blame ;
For I had euer traines in store
to make my fawlcon game.
I had a tassell eke
full gentle by his kinde
Too flie with thee in vse of wing
the greater ioy to finde.
No, doubtlesse wanton lust,
and fleshy fowle desire
Did make thee loath my friendly lure,
and set thy hart on fire.
Too trie what metall was
in bussardes to be founde
This, this was it that made thee stowpe
from loftie gate to ground

Wherefore

What finer feate than so to ympe a feather, as in vew,
 A man would sweare it were the olde, and not set on anew?
 When hawkes are hurt and broosde, by rash encounter in the skies,
 What bett'r skill, than for their harmes a powder to deuise,
 To drie the bloud within the buleke, and make his mummie so,
 As no phisition greater arte, on patients can bestow? * To

Wherefore if euer luck
 doe let me light on thee,
 And fortune graunt me once againe
 thy keeper for to bee;
 Thy diet shall be such,
 thy tiring rumpes so bare,
 As thou shalt know thy keeper well,
 and for none other care,
 Meanewhile on carren feede,
 thy hungrie gorge to glut:
 That all thy lust in daylie change
 and diet new dost put.
 Diseases must of force
 such feeding fowle ensue;
 No force to me, thou wert my bird,
 but, fawlcon, now adue."

Donne concludes a poem of "*Love's Diet*" with the following stanza.

" Thus I reclaim'd my buzard love, to flie
 At what, and when, and how, and where I chuse;
 Now negligent of sport I lie,
 And now, as other fawknars use,
 I spring a mistresse, sweare, write, sigh and weep,
 And the game kill'd, or lost, goe talke or sleepe."

* "A falkoner is the egge of a tame pullett, hatcht vp among the hawkes and spaniels. Hee hath in his minority conversed with kestrels and yong hobbies; but growing vp he begins to handle the lure, and look a fawlcon in the face. All his learning makes him but a new linguist; for to haue studied and practised the termes of Hawkes' Dictionarie, is enough to excuse his wit, manners, and humanity. He hath too many trades to thriue; and yet if hee had fewer, hee would thriue lesse. Hee need not be enuid therefore, for a monopolie, though he be barber-surgeon, physitian, and apothecary, before he commences *barok-lesch*; for though he exercise all these, and the art of bow-strings together, his patients be compelled to pay him no further, then they bee able. Hawkes be his object, that is, his knowledge, admiration, labour, and all; they be indeed his idoll, or mistresse, be they male or female; to them he consecrates his amorous ditties, which be no sooner framed then hallowed;

To cure the crampe, and eke the cray, the stone that lies within,
 The Philanders, the Frounce, the Goute, the Panthas, and the pin,
 The Rie, the Rhewme, the Canker, and both lice and mytes to marre,
 And all such wormes, as with your hawks do wage continuall war.
 To make hir mewes when time requires to bouse and eke to bath,
 By cunning skill to cause hir cast such glit, as breeds hir skath.
 To cut hir hoodes, to shape hir lesse, hir Tyrets, and her line,*
 With Belles, and Bewets, Veruels eke, to make the falcon fine:

hallowed; nor should he doubt to overcome the fairest, seeing he reclaimes such haggards, and courts every one with a peculiar dialect. That he is truly affected to his sweetheart in her feather-bed, appears by the sequels, himselfe being sensible of the same misery, for they be both mewed vp together: but he still chuses the worst pennance, by chusing rather an ale-house, or a cellar, for his moulting place than the hawkes mew.--"Satyrical Essays, Characters, &c. by John Stephens, 1615. 16mo. First edit.

* Turbervile thus addresses "to a fickle and vnconstant dame, a friendly warning.

"What may I thinke of you, my fawlcō free?
 That hauing hood, lines, buets, bels of mee;
 And woonted earst, when I my game did spring,
 To flie so well and make such nimble wing
 As might no fowle for weightnesse, well compare
 With thee, thou wert a bird so passing rare?
 What may I deeme of thee, fayre fawlcō! now,
 That neyther to my lure nor traine wilt bow;
 But this that when my back is turnde and gon,
 Another giues thee rumpes to tyre vpon.
 Well wanton well, if you were wise in deede
 You would regard the fist whereon you feede.
 You would the horse deuouring crow refuse,
 And gorge your selfe with fleshe more fine to chuse.
 I wishe thee this, for woonted olde good will,
 To flie more high, for feare the stowping will
 Breede him, that nowe doth keepe thee, out of loue
 And thinke his fawlcō will a bussard proue.
 Which if he deeme, or doe suspect at all,
 He will abate thy flesh, and make thee fall;
 So that of force thou shalt enforced bee,
 Too doe by him as nowe thou dost by mee;
 That is, to leaue the keeper, and away;
 Fawlcō take heede, for this is true I say!"

Beleue me is no common skill, no bare or base deuise,
 But meet, for ciuill courtly men, that are reputed wise.
 Which if be so, then yeelde me thanks, that beate my busie brow,
 And tooke this toile for thine auaille, to teach thee when and how
 To worke this practise and deuise. Accept the printer's paine *
 Who shewes thee sundry shapes of hawks, though litle to his gain.
 Both he and I can do no more, than offer our good will,
 And all to further thy delight, and adde vnto thy skill.
 Which if we do, we haue the hire, of both our meanings than,
 You cannot do a better deede than thanke the painfull man.

GEORGE TURBERVILLE."

[Turberville was not the only poet who addressed his mistress in the lure of a falconer. George Gascoigne's "*hundreth sundrie flowres*," has the following poem among "*the deuises of sundrie gentlemen*."]

Now to begin with another man, take these verses written to be sent with a ryng, wherein were engraued a patrich in a Merline's foote.

"The Partridge in the pretie Merline's foote,
 Who feeles hir force supprest with fearfulnessse,
 And findes that strength nor strife can do hir boote,
 To scape the danger of hir deepe distresse:
 These wofull wordes may seeme for to reherse,
 Which I must write in this waymenting verse.
 What helpeth now (sayeth she) dame nature's skill,
 To die my fethers like the dustie ground?
 Or what preuayles to lend me winges at will,
 Which in the ayre can make my bodie bound?
 Since from the earth the dogges me draue perforce,
 And now aloft the hauke hath caught my corse.

* Turberville's *Art of Falconry*, 1575, contains wood cuts of Queen Elizabeth in the field enjoying the sport, and also representations of the various birds. Attached to the *Utopia* are some incidental, and well-executed embellishments in wood. One, copied by Mr. Dibdin, from the "*Devi as Heroiques de Paradin*," is the figure of a man bearing a number of hawkes on a frame either for sale or diversion.

If change of coolors, could not me conuey,
 Yet mought my wings haue scapt the dogges despite;
 And if my wings did fayle to flie away,
 Yet mought my strength resist the merlynes might;
 But nature made the merlyne me to kyll,
 And me to yeeld vnto the merline's will.

My lot is like (deere dame) beleue me well,
 The quiet life which I full closely kept:
 Was not content in happie state to dwell,
 But forth in hast to gaze on thee it lept;
 Desire the dogge, did spring me vp in hast,
 Thou wert the hauke, whose tallents caught me fast.

What should I then seeke meanes to flie away?
 Or striue by force to breake out of thy feete?
 No, no, perdie, I may no strength assay,
 To striue with thee ywis, it were not meete:
 Thou art that hauke, whom nature made to bent me,
 And I the byrd, that must therwith content me.

And since dame nature hath ordayned so,
 Hir happie heast I gladly shall embrace;
 I yeeld my will, although it were to wo,
 I stande content to take, my grieffe for grace;
 And seale it vp within my secrete hart,
 Which seale receiue, as token of my smart

Spræta tamen viuunt."

[The following enumeration of the several descriptions of hawks is from *Sir Philip Sidney's Ourania*, by *Nicholas Breton*, 1606.]

"The spoyling goss-hawke not so good for sport,
 As fit to feed an armie in a fort.
 The faulcon, and Jerfaulcon for pleasure,
 Are accounted for a prince's treasure.
 Terscell, tarcell-gentle, and laneret,
 The lanner, bastard muller, malleret,

The princely sagar, and the sagaret,
 Which bastard-hawks, faulconers can hardly get,
 The thrice renowned noble marlion,
 Which ladies vse for recreation,
 The long-wing'd hobbie for the mounting larke,
 Fit for young eyes the tow'ring game to marke.
 The Irish spar-hawke to follow slender game,
 Deserues with hawkes to register her name:
 In winter time the musket at a bush,
 Will serve shepherds to maze a simple thrush;
 The kistrell, if he be well managed,
 For swiftnesse will not be disparaged;
 The coward kite* fittest to ceaze the mouse,
 To gurmandize young chickens from thy house;

She

* [Extract from "*Gascoigne's counsell to Douglassé Dihé* written upon this occasion. *She had a booke wherein she had collected sundry good ditties of diuers men's doings, in which booke she would needes entreate him to write some verses.*"]

"A puttocke set on pearche, fast by a falcon's side,
 Will quickly shew it selfe a kight, as time hath often tride.
 And in my musing minde, I feare to finde like fall,
 As iust reward to recompence my rash attempts withall.
 Thou bidst, and must bowe, thou wilt that I shall write,
 Thou canst command my wery muse some verses to endite.
 And yet perdie, thy booke is fraughte with learned verse,
 Such skill as in my musing minde I can noue like reherse.
 What followes then for me? but if I must needes write,
 To set downe by the falcon's side, my selfe a sillie kight.
 And yet the sillie kight, well weyed in each degré,
 May serue sometimes (as in his kindē) for man's commoditie:
 The kight can weede the worme, from corne and costly seedes,
 The kight cā kill the mowldiwarpe, in pleasant meads y^t. breeds:
 Out of the stately streetes, the kight can cense the filth,
 As mēn can clēse the worthlesse weedes frō fruteful fallowed tilth.
 And onely set aside the henne's poore progenie,
 I cannot see who can accuse the kight for felonie.
 The falcon, she must feede on partrich, and on quaile,
 A pigeon, plouer, ducke and drake, hearne, lapwing, teal, & rail;

She serues to take the garbage from the field,
 Least putrifaction might infection yeeld.
 The buzzard most hurtfull to thy warren,
 With spoyle of rabbets making it barren;
 Deserueth not so much to be hated,
 If he were to gaming animated.
 The ring-taile eke will truely kill her game,
 If cunning hand and wit her nature tame.
 The rauē (some say) if she be cicurated,
 Deserues in some sort to be nominated:
 But take thou heed of all the birds that flyne,
 The eagle and rauē will strike out thine eyne:
 Preuent it therefore least it come to passe,
 And arm thy face with spectacles of glasse.
 The siluer stringed sweet sounding virginall,
 Without the rauens quills is rusticall.

Hir hungrie throte deuours both foode and deintie fare,
 Whereby I take occasion, thus boldly to compare.
 And as a sillie kight, (not falcon like that flie
 Nor yet presume to houer by mount Hellycon on hye)
 I frendly yet presume, vppon my frend's request,
 In barraine verse to shew my skill, then take it for the best;
 And Douty Douglass thou, that art of faulcon kinde,
 Giue willing eare yet to the kight, and beare his words in mind."

[A simile by Turberville.]

" A fawcon is full harde
 amongst you men to finde
 For all your maners more agree
 vnto the kytish kinde:
 For gentle is the one
 and loues his keeper's hande,
 But th' other bussard like doth scorne
 on fawckner's fist to stande.
 For one goode turne the one
 a thousand will requite;
 But vse the other nere so well
 he shewth himself a kite."

To write the Roman hand, and secretarie,
 The rauen's pen is found most necessarie.
 Thus for supposed inconuenience,
 Her feathers yeeld young ladies recompence:
 And some commoditie doth seeme to grow,
 By the noysome deuouring carion crow." *

A work of considerable variety and popularity might be formed by collecting the scattered poems upon the several subjects of Hunting, Hawking, Angling, and Archery; attaching extracts from other writers that

* Terms in falconry. These are described in the early romances to be first invented by the gallant Sir Tristram de Liones, as the following passage from *L'morte d'Arthur* explains, where musick, hunting and hawking, are considered courtly amusements, and only attached to those possessing *gentle blood*.

"Tristram learned to be an harper, passing all other, that there was none such called in no countrey, and so in harping and on instruments of musike hee applied him in his youth for to learne, and after as he growed in his might and strength, he laboured euer in hunting and hawking, so that we neuer read of no gentleman more that so vsed himselfe therein. And, as the booke saith, hee began good measures of blowing of blasts of venery and of chase, and of all manner of vermeins, and all these termes haue we yet of hawking and hunting. And therefore the booke of venery, of hawking and hunting, is called the booke of Sir Tristram; wherefore, as me seemeth, all gentlemen that beare old armes, of right they ought so honour Sir Tristram, for the goodly termes that gentlemen haue and vse and shall vnto the world's end; that thereby in a manner all men of worship may disseuer a gentleman from a yeoman, and a yeoman from a vil-laine. For he that is of gentle blood will draw him vnto gentleatches, and to follow the custom of noble gentlemen." *The most ancient and famous history of the renowned Prince Arthur King of Britaine, &c.* 1634. B. ii. C. 3.

In the same book Arthur welcomes Sir Tristram "for one of the best knights and gentlest of the world, and knight of the most worship. For all maner of hunting thou bearest the prise. And of all measures of blowing thou art the beginner. And of all the termes of hunting and hawking yee are the beginner." C. XCI.

could either illustrate or entertain. The affairs of love encroach upon every press, but the poet depicting the amusements of society seems forgotten. To these might be added the poems upon fairies and a selection from the goblin tales or relations of superstition. There is another subject of a melancholy, though not an uninteresting nature, wherein the ballads are numerous. Dryden formed upon it a short dramatic dialogue; but there are more animated lines by Penrose, others by T. Warton, and some of considerable merit by Mrs. Robinson—I scarcely need add, “Moody Madness, laughing wild.” The idea that such a volume would be considered of utility is the origin of the present imperfect attempt upon hawking.

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. IX. *Ane godlie Dreame, compylit in Scottish meter be M. [Mistress] M. [Melvill] Gentelwoman in Culros, at the requeist of her Freindes.*

Introite per angustam portam, nam lata est via qua ducit ad interitum.

Edinburgh: Printed be Robert Charteris. 1603. 4to.

A subsequent edition of this rare book bears the following title:

A godly Dream, by Elizabeth Melvill, Lady Culros, younger: at the request of a speciall friend: Aberdene, Imprinted by E. Raban, Laird of letters. 1644. 8vo.

Mr. Pinkerton, in his second Dissertation prefixed to *Scottish Tragic Ballads*, 1781, has cited several passages

sages from an edition printed at Edinburgh, in 1737. A marginal note in his reprint of the same work, 1783, adds the following information.

“The Lady Culross here meant, was Elizabeth daughter of Sir James Melvil of Halhill, and wife of John Colvil, commendator of Culross. She is believed to have been the mother of Samuel Colvil the satirical poet, author of the Scots Hudibras,* &c.”

In his preliminaries to Scottish poems, 1792, the same writer says—“it seems very *doubtful* that this lady could be the mother of Colvil the poet, who wrote it is believed about the year 1690; nor could her name be Elizabeth Melvil.”

This doubt of Mr. Pinkerton, was strongly opposed by Ritson, who declared “it was absolutely *certain* Lady Culros *was* the mother of Colvil the poet, and that her name *was* Elizabeth Melvill.” The positivity of this declaration he grounded on Douglas’s Peerage, p. 146. But it has since been questioned by Mr. Irving, whether this female author (who by courtesy was styled Lady Culros) is likely to have been the mother of Colvil, as he flourished at the distance of nearly eighty years. † “To the faithfull and vertuous Ladie Elizabeth Melvill,” Alexander Hume inscribed his Hymnes or Sacred Songs in 1599, and eulogized her compositions as copious, pregnant, and spiritual. Lady Culros’s Dream, “one of these compositions, (says Dr. Leyden) ‡ was long popular among the Scottish presbyterians; and Armstrong relates in his Essays, that

* “A poor piece of Nonsense;” says Mr. P. in his list of the Scottish poets, prefixed to Maitland poems, p. cxxvi.

† See Lives of the Scottish Poets, ii. 299.

‡ See Scottish Descriptive Poems, p. 198.

he recollected having heard it sung by the peasants to a plaintive air." What air it could be, which was applied by the Scottish peasantry to so unlyrical a composition, it may now be difficult to decide: but a few stanzas will shew that no metrical production could be less adapted to vocal recitation. The whole poem indeed is a gloomy religious vision, dull as it is dismal, and dismal as an ascetic could devise in the cell of a devotee. The author holds discourse with her Saviour during this day-dream, and in the following passage is led to make inquiry concerning the purgatory of the Romanists.

“ I luikit* down and saw ane pit most black,
 Most full of smuke, and flaming fyre most fell:
 That uglie sicht maid mee to flie aback;
 I feirit to heir so manie shout and yell;
 I him besocht that hee the treuth wold tell;
 ‘ Is this (said I) the Papist’s purging place;
 Quhair thay affirme that sillie saulles do dwell,
 To purge thair sin, befoir thay rest in peace?’
 ‘ The braine of man maist warlie † did invent
 That purging place; (he answerit me againe:)
 For gredines together thay consent
 To say, that saulles in torment mon remaine
 Till gold and gudes releif them of thair paine.
 O spytfull spreits, that did the same begin!
 O blindit beists, your thochts ar all in vaine!
 My blude alone did saif thy saull from sin.
 ‘ This pit is hell; quhairthrow thou now mon go;
 Thair is thy way that leids thee to the land;
 Now play the man: thou neids not trimbill so;
 For I sall help and hald thee be the hand.’
 ‘ Allace! (said I) I have na force to stand:

* Looked.

† Worldly.

For feir, I faint to see that uglie sicht:
 How can I cum among that bailfull band:
 Oh, help mee now; I have na force nor micht.

‘ Oft haue I heard, that thay that enters thair,
 In this greit golfe, sall never cu a againe:
 ‘ Curage, (said hee) have I not bocht thee deir?
 My precious blude it was nocht shed in vaine:
 I saw this place, my saull did taist this paine,
 Or ever I went into my father’s gloir.

Throw mon thou go; but thou sall not remaine
 Thou neids not feir; for I sall go befoir.”

T. P.

ART. X. *The First Book of Palingenius, called
 Aries. Translated by Barnaby Googe.*

[From the edition of 1561. See CENSURA LITERARIA, II. p. 206.]

[CONCLUDED FROM P. 143.]

“ I cannot stay myself as now,
 When Anger comes upon;
 But needs I must defy both verse,
 And poets all as one,
 When boys I see decline to nought
 Whom masters do embue
 With verses filthy to be nam’d,
 Which most they should eschew.
 Their first possessed shainefacedness
 To see them clean forsake;
 And eke how apt and prone they be
 A naughty way to take,
 And foster mischief so in youth,
 That it may always dwell
 In them, whereby they may prepare
 In age alway to hell.

But yet it doth me good to see
 How hoping all for praise
 They get themselves immortal shame,
 That never more decays.
 For who will judge them void of vice,
 Or that they liv'd not so,
 As they themselves did give precepte
 To others for to go?
 The talk itself doth well declare
 The nature of the mind,
 And every man doth most frequent
 Things proper to his kind.
 Of oxen rake and culture sharp
 The ploughman's tongue doth walk;
 Of sail and cable, mast and oar,
 Is all the seaman's talk.
 Of horse and harness, spears and shield,
 The captain still will boast;
 So bawdy mates of bawdy things
 Their tongues do clatter most.
 I warn you, sirs, above the rest,
 Of youth that takes the cure,
 Whose parts it is the tender minds
 Of boys for to allure,
 To virtue and to godliness,
 Like wax, do them prepare;
 Hate you the wicked works of those,
 For greater matters care.
 Read not such things as are but vain,
 Unworthy to be told;
 But teach the worthy histories
 Of ancient fathers old:
 Herein let children noursled be;
 Let these be borne away;
 Hereof may spring a godly fruit,
 Direct their life that may.

They shew what things we follow should,
 And what we should reject;
 And fables all among the rest,
 We may not well neglect.

For oftentimes a comedy
 May wholesome doctrine bring,
 And monish men by pleasant words
 To leave some naughty thing.

There be, I grant, some poet's works
 Not altogether vain,
 Which with a pleasant suger'd stile
 Proceed from sober brain.

These things do help, and void of vice
 Their works do profit much :

In youth bring up your scholars with
 None other food but such;
 And when their young and tender age
 They once have passed out,

Then may they safely void of harm
 Go range the fields about ;

And gather flowers, where they list,
 For dangers is away.

But now awhile for to discuss
 I think it best essay,

Of which of these is needful most,
 Or most to be esteem'd;

The man, that good and honest is,
 Or he, that well is learn'd.

The good, or else the learned man,
 Of two which is the best ;

Learning is high, becomes the meek,
 And doth the proud infest ;

It doth refuse the belly gods,
 And such as sleep hath train'd

Without long time and labour great,
 It will not be obtain'd.

This city rules and moveth Mars,
 And this can wars repel :
 It sheweth the earth and goodly stars,
 And sickness doth expel.
 This teacheth figures fair to frame,
 Of sundry sort and kind :
 This teacheth us to number well,
 And music calls to mind,
 This doth ascend the heavens and
 Bring hidden things to light :
 No perfect man without this same
 May called be of right.
 Unlike to beasts and like to gods,
 This causeth us to be :
 Sometime and yet of little price,
 His virtue lost we see.
 As oft as with the dregs of vice,
 Defiled he doth put on
 Deformed hue amid the dirt,
 As doth the jasper stone.
 Or as the sun behind the cloud,
 Or shadow of the moon :
 Nor is it only vile in sight,
 But hurtful very soon.
 For if a wicked man it have
 Then may it be compar'd
 Unto a frantic foot that hath
 A sword without regard :
 Whereby he many doth destroy,
 And runneth more astray :
 But he that void of harm and hurt,
 To live doth well assay.
 Observing well the law of God,
 And of the higher power :
 And sin doth fly as open throat
 Of dragon to devour.

The sheep, the moyle, or horses kept,
 Whose office is to see,
 Though he be one, if learning lack,
 Esteemed he ought to be.
 Such one I say no man nor god
 Can ever well despise :
 But he that virtue doth envy;
 At least that is not wise.
 For who but such will not him love,
 And worthily commend,
 That feareth God, and righteousness,
 Observeth to his end,
 Whom gold can never overcome,
 Who willeth no man's wrong :
 Who helps the poor's afflicted case,
 Who flyeth the naughty throng,
 He feeds the humble and the meek,
 Ill tongues he doth reject :
 No man to hurt he doth rejoyce,
 But rather to protect.
 And that which is the worthiest praise
 At every time he can,
 In every thing a modesty
 Use, happy is the man.
 More happy yet I do him judge,
 That doth in both excel :
 Who that is good and learned too,
 A crown deserveth well.
 For other men he far exceeds,
 As gold doth copper pass,
 And as the flaming Pyropus
 Excels the dusky glass.
 And seldom sin thou shalt discern
 A man of learned fame,
 At least not much unto the rude
 There is no heed of shame.

But headlong rush they into vice,
 Which they forbidden be:
 And holy laws be taught to scorn
 By foolish fond decree.
 Like as the blind cannot beware,
 But fall in ditches deep:
 As men amid the dark be hurt,
 When Proserpine doth sleep;
 So mind of man, which is but blind,
 Take learning once away:
 In every vice it doth not doubt
 To fall and run astray.
 Except it be compressed by fear,
 Of pain that may ensue;
 No things but those that pleasant be
 It judgeth right or true.
 Yet many times it may be seen,
 That nature doth supply
 The master's room, and giveth grace
 In youth abundantly;
 Whereby that school did never teach,
 By grace they may obtain:
 What letteth such to lead a life,
 As virtue teacheth plain.
 The greater thanks be due to him,
 For evermore to give,
 Whose book doth shew a method true,
 Declaring how to live.
 Or famous gods of high renown,
 Which rule the forked hill;
 To whom my years I always gave,
 And dedicate them still,
 If that such weighty things a wretch
 May safely you desire,
 In this my work I take in hand,
 Your aid I now require,

Let not dishonour me deface,
 Nor in his blazing rage,
 Let limping Vulcan me destroy,
 At any time or age.
 And thus an end. The ram that keeps
 The entrance of our door,
 Doth leave his place unto the bull,
 That hasteth here afore.
 The book approaching next at hand,
 Doth will me to have done
 In haste, and bids me finish now,
 That I of late begun."

ART. XI. *On Shakespeare's Learning.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

Notwithstanding Dr. Farmer's essay on the deficiency of Shakespeare in learning, I must acknowledge myself to be one who does not conceive that his proofs of that fact sufficiently warrant his conclusions from them: "that his *studies* were demonstrably confined to nature and his own language" is, as Dr. Farmer concludes, true enough; but when it is added "that he only picked up in conversation a familiar phrase or two of French, or remembered enough of his school-boy's learning to put *hig, hag, hog*, in the mouths of others" (p. 93); he seems to me to go beyond any evidence produced by him of so little knowledge of languages in Shakspeare. He proves indeed sufficiently, that Shakspeare chiefly read English books, by his copying sometimes minutely the very errors made in them, many of which he might have corrected, if he had consulted

consulted the original Latin books made use of by those writers: but this does not prove that he was not able to read Latin well enough to examine those originals if he chose; it only proves his indolence and indifference about accuracy in minute articles of no importance to the chief object in view of supplying himself with subjects for dramatic compositions. Do we not every day meet with numberless instances of similar and much greater oversights by persons well skilled in Greek as well as Latin, and professed critics also of the writings and abilities of others? If Shakspeare made an ignorant man pronounce the French word *bras* like the English *brass*, and evidently on purpose as being a probable mistake by such an unlearned speaker; has not one learned modern in writing Latin made *Paginibus* of *Paginis*; and another mentioned a person as being born in the reign of Charles the First, and yet as dying in 1600; full twenty-five years before the accession of that king? Such mistakes arise not from ignorance, but a heedless inattention, while their thoughts are better occupied with more important subjects; as those of Shakspeare were with forming his plots and his characters, instead of examining critically a great Greek volume to see whether he ought to write *on this side of Tiber* or *on that side of Tiber*; which however very possibly he might not be able to read; but Latin was more universally learnt in that age, and even by women; many of whom could both write and speak it; therefore it is not likely that he should be so very deficient in that language, as some would persuade us, by evidence, which does not amount to sufficient proofs of the fact. Nay, even although he had a sufficiency of

Latin to understand any Latin book, if he chose to do it, yet how many in modern times, under the same circumstances, are led by mere indolence to prefer translations of them, in case they cannot read Latin with such perfect ease, as never to be at a loss for the meaning of a word, so as to be forced to read some sentences twice over before they can understand them rightly. That Shakespeare was not an eminent Latin scholar may be very true, but that he was so totally ignorant as to know nothing more than *hic, hæc, hoc*, must have better proofs before I can be convinced; and the same in regard to French likewise; his errors concerning both which seem to have arisen either from mere indifference about petty articles of accuracy, or else studiously, in order to suit with some of his ignorant characters; from whom one might as well expect good French and Latin as from Master Punch.

I have been confirmed in this opinion by a casual discovery of Shakespeare having imitated a whole French line and description in a long French epic poem, written by Garnier, called the *Henriade*, like Voltaire's, and on the same subject, first published in 1594, and which poem he not improbably read, as well as Hollinshed, in order to search for subjects for the tragic drama. This imitation occurred to me many years ago, and as the original French lines in question were not quoted by Steevens, nor do I know that they have been noticed by any later editor, I will therefore repeat what occurred to me on this subject long ago.

In *As You Like It*, Shakspeare gives an affecting description of the different manners of men in the different ages of life, which closes with these lines.

“ What

“What ends this strange eventful history
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.”

Now one cannot but wonder what could induce him to end his serious description of human life with a line which approaches to a low kind of the ludicrous by that gibberish of a repeated intermixture of French and English, as if he was ridiculing a foreigner who spoke bad English; it is like comic farce after a deep tragedy. One would have rather expected that he would have closed his account with a line, which had expressive strength at least, if not elegance to recommend it; and why have recourse for an insipid preposition to a language of which he is said to have been totally ignorant? I always supposed therefore that there must have been some peculiar circumstance well known in those times, which must have induced him to give this motley garb to his language and thus transfer buffoonery to a tragic subject: but what that circumstance was I could not discover until I accidentally in a foreign literary journal, met with a review of a republication of that poem of Garnier at Paris, in which were inserted, as a specimen of the poem, a description of the appearance of the ghost of Admiral Coligny on the night after his murder at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and in the following lines:

“Sans pieds, sans mains, sans nez, sans oreilles, sans yeux,
Meurtri de toutes parts; la barbe et les cheveux
Poudreux, ensanglantez, chose presque incroyable!
Tant cette vision etoit triste et horrible!”

Here it immediately appeared to what author Shakespeare had gone for the archetype of his own description

tion of the last stage of old age, which, by a parody on the above lines, he meant to represent like to that mutilated ghost; and this seems to indicate that he had read that poem in the original; for we even find the *meurtri de toutes parts* imitated by *sans any thing*. A friend of mine formerly mentioned this to Mr. Steevens, and he has briefly noticed this parody, if I recollect rightly, in his joint edition along with Johnson, but he did not copy the original lines of Garnier; nor so far as I know any editor since; which however are too remarkable to be altogether consigned to oblivion; and it is not very likely, that any Englishman will ever read through that long dull poem; neither should I myself have known of those lines, if they had not been quoted as a specimen. Steevens's note is so very brief as to be quite obscure in regard to what consequence he thought deducible from the imitation: he seems to suggest as if there might have been some English translation of the poem published, though now unknown; this is the constant refuge for Shakespeare's knowledge of any thing writ originally in another language. But even if the fact were true, yet no translator would have preserved the repetition of that word *sans*; for this he must have gone to the French poem itself, therefore must at least have been able to read that line in French, if not also the whole description of the ghost; and if that, why not able also to read other French books? It may, indeed, be *supposed*, that some friend may have shewn him the above description, and explained to him the meaning of the French lines, but this is only to make a second supposition in order to support a former one made without sufficient foundation: we may just as well

make a single supposition at once, that he was himself able to read and understand it, since he has evidently derived from it his own description of the decrepitude of old age. But in truth I wish that he had never seen the ghost, nor had been frightened by its horrible appearance from a more pathetic lamentation over the last joyless state of man, than by such a minute enumeration of the lameness, aches, bruises, corns and cramps incident to the mortal machine in the fifth and last act of human life. Upon the whole, if his copy of a single word from Hollingshead, viz. "on *this* side Tiber," is a proof of his having read that historian, why also is not his copy of the repetition of *sans*, and his parody of Coligny's ghost, an equally good proof of his having read the poem of Garnier in the original French language. To reason otherwise is to say, that when he gives us bad French, this proves him not to understand it; and that when he gives us good French, applied with propriety and even with ingenuity, yet this again equally proves that he neither understood what he wrote, nor was so much as able to read the French lines, which he has thus so wittily imitated, instead of so pathetically as one would have rather wished. S.

ART. XII. *On the best mode of explaining the Scriptural prophecies.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

Although the *particular* case of Grotius has been sufficiently discussed, yet there result from it considerations of a general nature, which materially affect other

other commentators, relative to that mode of explaining scriptural prophecies, which has ever since been adopted by the best of them, more or less, down to Lowth, Bishop of London, who has followed that example more than any others; and these demand illustration, in order that the authors of them may not be involved in a similar condemnation of weakening the evidence in favour of Christ being the promised Messiah. Now it was an ancient and useful advice *nequid nimis*, and this is equally applicable to the present and other subjects of literature, as to the conduct of men in common life: Horace also had long ago observed *Brevis esse laboro obscurus fio*; when men run into extremes they introduce greater difficulties than what they seek to avoid; prudence therefore ought to restrain them near to the medium point between excess and deficiency, both of which terminate in error. It has been the want of adhering to this rule, which has caused the discordant opinions concerning the right mode of interpreting the prophecies concerning Christ; and even an author, who does adhere to it, will be in danger from that very circumstance of his medium neutrality of dissatisfying two opposite parties, both of whom run into extremes. Thus I have mentioned already the too great disposition of the *ancient* Jews for finding typical, allegorical, and mystical senses hidden in every part of scripture, especially relative to the Messiah; but the fault of the *late* learned Jews since Saadia's has been the directly opposite, by their finding every where nothing but *literal* senses applicable altogether to the history of the times in question, without having any signification prefigurative of events concerning the Messiah: the earlier Christian exposi-

tors were too much inclined to follow the example of the ancient Jews; hence when later ones of better discernment began to reprobate that method, they fell under the censure of favouring the literal senses of the later Jews, and of undermining Christianity. *Hinc illæ lachrimæ*. Even in the pastoral song of Solomon, where an expressive description is given of the pleasant arrival of spring after the severity of winter, the ancient Jews found hidden under it a secondary and mystical description of the happy arrival of the kingdom of the Messiah after a long period of human sin and misery. “Lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines give a good smell, arise and come away.” *Ch. ii. 11*. This the Jewish typical commentary *Tikkune Sohar* explains thus—“*Canticum Canticorum est illius regis, ad quem Pax proprie spectat, illud canticum locum habebit illo tempore quo peccatores ex mundo perierent,*” i. e. tempore Messiaë. Every one sees the extravagance of such explanations as these; but when you apply the same censure to some other passages in scripture, which have been more anciently considered as prophetically descriptive of the Messiah, then some are apt to exclaim, no, now you go too far; for to give a mere literal and historic sense to such passages, as have been always considered to be predictive of the Messiah, is to undermine Christianity. Where then is the point at which commentators can stop with the approbation of all readers? Different readers will have different opinions, and what one approves another will reject. Fortunately however the medium point be-

tween

tween too typical and too literal explications is not of the nature of a mathematical point, which has neither breadth nor thickness, but it admits of a great degree of *latitude* toward both extremes; so that expositors may depart from the precise medium point and tend toward either extreme without any detriment to the prophecies concerning the Messiah; for either way there will be still prophetic passages enough left, which will satisfy the demands of both parties of readers, and they may both of them, without danger to their Christian faith, peaceably and charitably give up many prophecies to their Christian neighbours, yet without deeming them as turned into adversaries, or themselves deprived of sufficient evidence of the full literal accomplishment of other prophecies in Jesus Christ.

Those readers, who after the ancient Jews and first Christians, find predictive descriptions of the Messiah and mystical hidden senses in almost every noun, verb, and participle of scripture, must end in fanatical enthusiasm; while those on the other hand, who adhere so strictly to literal interpretation, along with the later Jews, as to admit of no parts of scripture having a latent and secondary meaning expressed in an allegoric manner by a more literal one, whether by *words* or by *actions*, must end in scepticism concerning the evidence of Christianity deduced from the prophetic parts of scripture. But there is a medium way between these extremes, which has with propriety been adopted by expositors since the example set by Grotius, that of admitting nothing as typical of the Messiah, which beside its literal meaning and application to historic events, does not carry with it some strong and reasonable evidence of some distant future event being

actually shadowed out and prefigured by some present one; but in doing this different persons may still disagree with respect to more or less, just as in politics and many other subjects, yet without any essential detriment to Christianity in the one case, any more than to good government in the other; and by these means they may keep some where in the *middle* between opposite extremes, instead of running along with the Jews from one extreme to another. This may indeed be difficult to execute while the judgments of readers are so different, but it can produce no ill consequences, although an expositor should deviate a little too much from the true medium either way, unless to those, who possess nothing of the spirit of Christianity while they dispute about the proofs of it, by their having no charitable forbearance for the errors and different opinions of one another. It might just as well be expected that every man's palate should equally relish the very same food, and should therefore quarrel with his next-door neighbour because he loved beef rather than mutton.

Now that there are *some* passages not only in profane authors but also in scripture, in which beside the first most obvious and ostensible meaning, a different latent and secondary one is understood and obliquely thus conveyed to readers, is so evident, that examples of it occur in every author ancient or modern. Thus when Tarquin was afraid to send a message to his son by *words*, he cut off in presence of the messenger the highest tops of a bed of poppies with his walking stick, the latent meaning of which, when reported to his son, was immediately understood by him to be, that he should cut off the heads of the principal citizens. Here the typical sense was conveyed by an *action*, but
in

in many other cases by a relation in *words* only. Thus in 2 Chr. xxv. 18, "Joash King of Israel sent to Amaziah King of Judah saying, the thistle that was in Lebanon sent to the cedar that was in Lebanon, saying, give thy daughter to my son to wife, and there passed by a wild beast and trode down the thistle." Sometimes also *words* are united with *gestures*, and sometimes also *gestures* may supply the place both of *words* and *actions*. Such allegoric passages occur so often both in profane and scriptural writers, and the meaning is so clear, that no disagreement ever arises concerning them any more than of the allegories in Esop's fables; but there are also others which may be of more doubtful interpretation. But, on the contrary, there are some in which the typical or latent meaning intended to be conveyed, is, as the Bishop of London justly observes, more clearly to be understood than to what the literal meaning of the words themselves refers. This use of allegoric and typical expressions was more frequent in ancient times than at present, and scriptural language every where abounds with it; for which frequency Warburton has assigned as a reason, that in the infancy of language information by *gestures*, or *actions*, or *allegoric words*, helped to supply the poverty of language, and the deficiency of skill in argumentation. It is evident also by the success of Esopian allegoric fables in the instruction of children, that it is an easy and popular mode of information. Sometimes also *words* are annexed to *actions* for the better conception of the meaning. Thus Isaiah relates, "that he walked naked and barefoot three years for a sign unto Egypt, that the King of Assyria should so lead the Egyptians away prisoners."

Those readers then, who reduce along with the later Jews all passages in scripture strictly to their literal senses, without allowing any latent, secondary, and typical meaning whatever, err as much in one extreme, as the ancient Jews did in the other, both in the Talmud and elsewhere, by turning every thing into allegory. But what may at first seem wonderful is, that the same commentator should be censured for following the typical senses of the Talmud too much, and yet equally censured for adopting the too *literal* explanations of the later Jews, although these two archetypes are in direct opposition to one another by running into opposite extremes: this could only arise from a similar cause, as in political factions, in which every man, who is neutral enough to follow his own best reason only, and not the hue and cry of party disputes, will be certain of being equally blamed by both parties, and blamed for opposite defects. Grotius rightly allowed those passages to have a literal meaning only, which he could not deny consistently with reason and truth; but nevertheless he maintained that others beside the primary and literal sense had also a secondary and typical one relative to the Messiah, wherever he found good critical reasons to maintain it consistently with apparent truth; and in this conduct he has been followed, and thereby amply justified, by the Bishop of London, as will appear by the subjoined note to ch. xl. ver. 1; and this equally vindicates that mode of exposition by both authors at the same time, which it was my object, both to illustrate and justify by the foregoing observations, lest he should equally fall under a similar condemnation.

“ Isaiah in the foregoing chapter had delivered a very explicit declaration of the impending dissolution of

of the kingdom of Judah, and of the *captivity* of the royal house of David and of the people also under the Kings of Babylon. But as the subject of his subsequent prophecies was to be chiefly of a consolatory kind, he opens them here with giving a promise of the restoration of the kingdom and the *return* of the people from that captivity by the merciful interposition of God in their favour. The views of the prophet however are not *confined* to this event; but as that restoration was necessary in the design and order of Providence for the fulfilling of God's promises of establishing a more glorious and an everlasting kingdom, under the Messiah, of the family of David, the prophet *connects* these two events together, and scarcely ever treats of the *former* without throwing in some intimations [*typical prefigurations*] of the latter; and sometimes is so fully possessed with the glories of the future more remote kingdom, that he seems to leave the more immediate subject of his commission [*concerning the return from Babylon*] almost out of the question. This *evangelical sense* of the prophecy is so apparent, and stands forth *in so strong a light*, that *some* interpreters *cannot see that it has any other*, and will not allow the prophecy to have any relation at all to the return from Babylon; it may be useful then to consider carefully *the images* under which he displays his subject—if the *literal* sense of this prophecy cannot be questioned, much less surely can the object of the *typical* sense, which, I think, is allowed on all hands, even by Grotius himself. If both senses are to be admitted, here is a plain example of the allegoric or double sense, as it is commonly called, of prophecy, which the sacred writers of the New Testament clearly suppose, and according to which they frequently

frequently frame their interpretations of passages in the Old Testament. Of the foundation of which sort of allegory see my book *de S. Poes. Hebr. Prælect. II.*"

Agreeably to this account I have mentioned before, that the Bishop explains *literally* those words "How beautiful upon the mountains," &c. of the good news of the delivery from Babylon, which the evangelist applies *prophetically* to the advent of Christ; and the same in a variety of other passages afterwards. Now this serves as a lesson and example to us of the great *latitude* of that medium mode of explication between the two opposite extremes of being *all literal* or *all typical*, which the prophecies admit of, and which readers may reasonably allow to their expositors and to one another, without loading them with suspicions of an intention to undermine the evidences for the Messiahship of Jesus. For here we find that this learned advocate for Christianity is directly at variance with another more ancient advocate, *Origen*, who was *one of those*, who would not allow these prophecies of Isaiah and *the servant* referred to in them to have any relation at all to the return from Babylon, and he could not see that they had any other sense than what related to the Messiah, just as many do at present; in which he differed also (just as well as the Bishop) from Saadias, Grotius, and Rosemuller, as to *my servant* referring to *some prophet* or other, instead of *the whole people of Israel in captivity*; and yet there is no need of testimonies to prove that those writers were all equally true Christians or well designing men. But after so many different explications as have been given of the contents of the fifty-third chapter, both by ancients and moderns, Jews and Christians, during the space

space of 1600 years from the time of Origen, it is certainly somewhat remarkable, that the sense which Origen reprobated in the beginning of that period, should be the very sense which the late Bishop of London should defend at the end of it, namely, that *my servant* means *the whole people of Israel in captivity*, and thus should justify the interpretation of those Jews of that early age; although in opposition to Origen the most Christian advocate then existing. * Let this example

* The words of Origen are these “Memini me olim in quâdam cum Judæorum sapientibus disputatione usum de hac prophetiâ in capite 53, quam Judæus aiebat vaticinari *de uno integro populo disperso et percusso*, occasione dispersionis Judæorum inter gentes plurimas—in ea disputatione multis verbis coargui, hæc, quæ de unâ aliquâ personâ prædicta sunt, non rectè illos referre *ad integrum populum*; sciscitabarque ex cujus persona dicatur “Hic peccata nostra fert,”—manifestè enim hi qui dudum in peccatis fuerant, servatoris passione sanati hæc dicunt apud prophetam futura videntem, sive sint ex illo populo sive ex gentibus,—si enim juxta illorum opinionem *populus* est de quo prophetatur, quomodo propter iniquitates populi dei hic ad mortem ductus est, nisi intelligamus de quopiam alio quam de dei populo? Quis autem is est nisi Jesus Christus? *Contra Cels. l. i. p. 42.* It is equally difficult to reconcile the explication of the Bishop as above with these words of other writers. “It was very little to be expected, that any scholar of the present age would revive the obsolete application of *my servant* to the *Jewish people*, which has been so often proved to be unfounded, and which even Grotius has reprobated in his refutation of that opinion first broached by Celsus’s Jew.”—This he may have done properly if it was meant *solely* of the Jewish people and not also typically and ultimately of Christ, which latter he maintains equally with the Bishop, as his own words thus prove. “Ipsa autem historia Christi nos admonet ita directam a deo mentem prophetæ loquentis, ut quod *de populo Israelitico* ab ipso dicebatur non minus rectè, aut etiam rectius in Christum conveniret.” And hence he adds, “that the delivery from captivity in Egypt was as it were a prefigurative sketch of the delivery by Christ, *majoris libertatis per Christum partæ rudimentum quoddam fuit.* (Not. Matth. i. 22.)—This is the same with the explication of the Bishop concerning the delivery from captivity at Babylon.

example be applied to the case of others in their not rejecting some *literal* explications of the modern Jews, which the conviction of their reason could not refuse any more, than this late head of the Christian church in his ingenuous and candid statement of the above subject in question.

This revival and defence of the propriety of typical and allegoric prophecies had been begun by Martin in his *Pugio Fidei*, in which he made a vast collection of all the allegoric interpretations of scripture by the ancient Jews, both weeds and flowers, and by the productions of which he meant to oppose the too literal expositions of the same passages by the modern learned Jews in Spain of his own age; and to shew that if there was any defect in such typical explications, as applied by Christians to Christ, yet it was at least a defect, of which the ancient Jews had themselves set the example, who had applied those same passages to their expected Messiah; so that the literal interpretations of those modern Jews were at best innovations reprobated by their ancestors. This was at least a good argument *ad hominem*, as it is expressed; but it was reserved for the later commentators from Grotius down to Lowth Bishop of London to justify this mode of interpretation as being an equally good one *ad omnes homines*; so that what Martin begun, Grotius corrected, and Lowth completed.*

There

Babylon. Again, “*Verba ipsa prophetæ ad ultimum illud complementum obtinent significatum magis proprium magisque excellentem.*” (Matth. ii. 15.) In the Letters of M. Simon are two being a full vindication of Grotius, and in course of Lowth. *Tom. iii. Letter 26, 27.*

* The real author was so little known before the publication of *Pugio Fidei* in 1651, that notwithstanding the opportunities for extensive inquiry which

There has however been one objection advanced by Collins against allegorical evidence in prophecies, as if they must in consequence be uncertain, unsolid and chimerical. (*Liter. Proph. p. 8.*) But to draw such a conclusion is in reality to impose upon the rational faculties of readers: for the truth is, that facts or general truths conveyed to the understandings of men by means of allegories have just as much perspicuity, solidity, and certainty, as by the most direct means of information, in words which can be employed. Is not the allegoric message by Tarquin to his son (which was indeed only borrowed from a similar allegory by a celebrated Greek) just as intelligible, and as little uncertain and chimerical, as if he had said *behead the chief citizens?* So at least those citizens found it to be, and had no reason to question the meaning of the allegory. Is not the contempt of Joash for the power of Amaziah just as clearly evident by his allegoric message to him, as if he had said in direct words, *I defy and despise you?* Is not the moral truth recommended by the parable of the good Samaritan equally intelligible, certain and true, as if it had been a real history instead of a supposed one, and had been found in an ancient historian related in the plainest words? All such truths have been always found to be impressed on the mind with as much, if not with more force by means of allegory than by the most formal and direct precepts in words. Such evasions then as

which Jos. Scaliger possessed, yet he supposed the author to have been Raymundus Sebond. M. Simon confirms that R. Juda Haccadosch never wrote any such book, as Gale-raseia ascribed to him by Galatinus, it being a spurious tract, as well as *several others* (he says) quoted by Galatinus. (*Bib. iqt. Choisee, p. 76.*)

these

these are in contradiction to the universal experience of mankind: and if possible, still more so, whenever information of *distant facts* and truths is conveyed to men allegorically by means of present and *real facts* and truths, such as the redemption of mankind in general by the return from the actual captivity and slavery of the particular nation of the Jews: for the fact predicted cannot be the less certain because the fact which allegorically prefigures it is a real fact and not a supposed one. The mind of man easily discerns similitudes and contrarities, and it is by means of the similitude that the information is conveyed in allegories, whether the facts which convey it be real or only supposed: but similitude alone is not sufficient to convey information, unless also it be evident, that the speaker intended by such a similitude in some present object to give information concerning some distant one; and in this consists one chief defect in the many allegoric interpretations of scriptural prophecies by the Jews in *Pugio Fidei*, that the speaker had himself no idea of them, and never intended to prefigure any such facts, as those Jews suppose; as for example in the description of the return of spring in the Song of Solomon. But another chief defect is, that even if it were probable that the speaker might intend an allegory, yet it ought not to be admitted as such, in case the similitude arises only by putting a forced sense upon the construction of the words, which is not obviously and naturally contained in them. In such cases as these and in no other can an allegory be deemed *uncertain* in its meaning and *chimerical*: and in fact all language is in a great degree only a continued tissue of metaphors and allegories, the latter being a more con-

tinued

tinued and consistent course of the former; so that there could be no *certainty* in any thing which is writ or spoken; if metaphors and allegories destroyed it, and rendered what is said *chimerical*. For these reasons Grotius and the Bishop have rejected all allegoric prophecies, which might thus seem to any persons chimerical, and retained only those, which the prophets evidently intended as such, and which contained obvious prefigurations of future events, and thus have separated the chaff from the corn; on which account they have sometimes been blamed for adopting too much merely *literal* senses. But if any person should wish not to go quite so far, or else to go still further than these authors in adopting allegoric prefigurations of future things, yet this is only going a little more or less toward one of the two extremes, and does not destroy that proposed medium between the two; which admits of such a *latitude*, as no single person can reasonably limit or determine for all other men; and therefore admits them all within the pale of well-intending Christians, notwithstanding such minute differences in their opinions: These different shades of opinion do in fact amount to nothing more than as in the following case, viz. if several persons of a company see some pieces of gold coin upon a table, many may possibly think their colour not so much of the right gold colour as is generally the case, some may be judged to be too pale and others of too deep a hue for gold; and yet after better inspection they may all conclude that they really are good gold, stamped, as they see, by the most unequivocal marks of the supreme authority of the royal name impressed upon them.

S.

die nativit. ann. ætat. 80.

ART.

ART. XIII. *Old Poetry.*

*The angry man dothe frett;
 The pleasant harte dothe feed,
 The idle dooth not gett;
 The dome shall never speed!*

“The angrie man by fretting hindreth health,
 consumes himself by broiles within his brest;
 Delightes his foes that flattre him for his wealth,
 and greves his frinds, that waile his want of rest;
 But cheefly God, full sore misliketh this,
 that showes how great a vertue pacience is.

The pleasant harte, that pleaseth God as chief,
 and please itself, with suche as he hathe sent,
 Waxe fatt with joie, that rendreth fresh relief;
 it never wantes bicause it is content!
 But tickled is, to feele the solace still
 that others lack, that lack contented will.

The idle man dothe ever live with lack,
 yet what he likes he wanteth not wee see;
 His pleasure is to waste and torne to wrack
 that others want, howe moche soere it be;
 Naie more than this, he never getteth grace,
 that leades his lief in suche a retchlesse race.

The dome speeds not, the proverbe teacheth vs,
 for spare to speak, and spare to speed wee saie;
 Howsoere thow serve, the world nowe fareth thus,
 suche as are served, to serve then seek delaie;
 Yet speechlesse men of God may so require,
 that he (no dowte) will yeld them their desire.

Finis.

RO. DAVY.”

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART.

ART. XIV. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

Nº. LI.

On the imperfect Morality of the Heathens, compared with that of Christianity.

I cannot occupy the present paper with more important matter than the following unpublished fragments of Archbishop Secker, which formed part of a correspondence with the learned translator of Epictetus, during the progress of that elaborate work. They obviously have relation to the topics discussed in the Introduction.

Nº. I. *

“ I must re-examine the Preface ; and fear I cannot enter upon it, till after my Visitation, which ends June 21.

“ I approve highly of charity to the poor heathens. But is it not more charitable to think that they did not, and could not easily know so much of moral truth, as some would persuade us, than, that they knew it perfectly, and yet denied it, or disregarded it in the degree, which most of the wisest and best of them, if we are rightly informed, who they were, appear to have done. But however this be, charity must be regulated by fact.

* Both these papers are transcribed from the original MSS. in the Archbishop's own hand ; which have been furnished by an intimate friend to whom I am under continual obligation. *Editor.*

“Not only whores were allowed by law, and are forbidden by the Mosaic law, which surely is not in that article abrogated by Christianity, whatever indulgences may obtain in some nations professing it; but whoring was held to be innocent by the generality of the Greeks and Romans: so that Cicero defies any one to shew, when the contrary was held. This and more may be seen in *Potter's Greek Antiquities*, l. i. c. 12. For what purpose c. ii. is cited I do not perceive. He doth indeed, c. xii. agree with Grotius, that only Jewish whores were forbidden, not foreign ones. But Lev. xix. 29, plainly shews, that all whoredom was accounted criminal, though this law, as well as others, might be but imperfectly executed. And foreign idolatrous whores would be still more dangerous than Israelitish ones. As to the heathens, though severer things may be said by them of whores, I doubt, and I venture to say no more, whether any prohibition of whoredom is to be found in any of them, before this gentle, rather counsel than precept, of Epictetus. Nor do I see why it is not fair to quote both the Old and New Testament, as giving better directions concerning this point: or why we are to suppose, that perhaps good and wise heathens might be highly offended at the common practice, when there is nothing to render the supposition probable. For that reason proves it to be unjustifiable, is no support of the supposition: unless we must suppose further, that the heathens knew every thing, which reason can teach. Indeed if some heathens did condemn it, yet if the prevailing doctrine were in its favour, the heathen morality must be estimated by the notions received amongst their moralists: there being no standard, as amongst Christians,

of superior authority. Their morality ought not indeed to be depreciated, that is, unjustly. But neither ought it to be unjustly extolled as it hath been: and particularly with a view of inferring that Christianity was not wanted for the regulation of manners. I would grant even to these gentlemen every thing, which they can demand with truth: but I would grant them no more, though Christianity would have ever so many distinguishing advantages left. I would insist on all that God hath given it: and not adventure to say, what in some sense might be said, that fewer are enough. Now that the moral notions of the principal heathen nations and philosophers in general were wrong and defective in several capital points, is notorious. That of the exposition of children is a shocking instance. Another of lending wives you may see in *Potter*. Plato's doctrine on these two points is monstrous beyond belief. And sodomy was deemed by him, and many others, but a venial offence at worst. One might go on further: but there is no need. I only add, that why it should scarce ever be of use to state their mistakes, in order to shew the happiness of being better taught, I cannot imagine."

N^o. II.

"The reason given Lev. xix. 29, holds against the allowance of any prostitutes; making whoredom wickedness, or the cause of wickedness: and greater mischief was likely to proceed from foreign than domestic prostitutes. The Grecian laws were, I presume, to preserve the honour of their families. They express a further view. Exod. xxii. 17, directs, that if a man lie with a single woman, (it is not limited to a Jewish woman)

woman) he shall marry her; or by way of penalty give her a portion, if her father forbids the marriage. Deut. xxi. 10, &c. supposes even according to our translation, no other way of a man's gratifying his desire towards a female captive than by marrying her: that is, I conceive, as a wife, or concubine, which was an inferior sort of wife. After a month, and not before, he might go in unto her, and, which is closely connected with it, be her husband. But probably v. 11 should be rendered, *and hast a desire unto her, then thou shalt take her to thy wife.* The next verse directs the method of proceeding for this purpose; *and thou shalt bring her home, &c.* I know the Rabbins put a very different, and I think absurd, interpretation upon this passage. The penalty of a trespass offering appointed Lev. xix. 20, for lying with a bond maid betrothed to another man, was no amends to that other man, but an acknowledgment to God for the sin, for which amends could not be made to her by marriage, because she was betrothed to another. But indeed the word here translated *betrothed* signifies nothing like it elsewhere: the word translated *bondmaid* is elsewhere commonly translated *handmaid*; and doth not imply a foreigner: the word translated *scourged* signifies elsewhere only *an examination*, which may indeed be made by scourging. And the Samaritan copy applies this inquiry or scourging to the man, and goes on, *he, not they, shall be put to death*, the offence against a servant maid not being so great. And thus the law will determine nothing about her; but leave her to be corrected by her master. Upon the whole I think this text will be of little use in the present question. Deut. xxiii. 2,

forbids

forbids a bastard to enter into the congregation of the Lord, i. e. to be deemed a citizen of Israel and capable of public offices. 1 Cor. x. 8, mentions fornication as a crime in the Jews, and doth not mean spiritual fornication, i. e. idolatry, for the preceding verse speaks of that; and the fornication, to which it refers was with foreign women. Philo the Jew, who lived in Christ's time, saith in his life of Joseph, that it was peculiar to the Jews, that they were forbidden all whoredom by their law. It was reckoned a ground of shame and contempt before the law; Gen. xxxviii. 23. Job xxxi. 9—11 saith, *if mine heart hath been deceived by a woman*, (he doth not confine it to a married woman) *this is a heinous crime*, &c. Nay, v. 1, he goes further still. And certainly the Proverbs and the prophets condemn whoredom in men very strongly. And there is no intimation in scripture, that it was permitted the Jews for the hardness of their hearts. It appears indeed from 1 Kings, iii. 16, that they did sometimes tolerate it, as they did many other bad things.

“ Now compare with these particulars the praises given Solon for allowing full liberty to whores at Athens; the praises given by Cato to a young fellow coming out of a *bawdy* house; the well-known passage of Terence in favour of whoring; the challenge of Cicero to name any time, when men were blamed for it, or not countenanced in it, &c. &c. &c. Pythagoras's verses were not written by him, nor is it known when: besides that his precept, as you observe, is too general to determine any thing. Learned men have observed long ago, that Phocylides is interpolated both from the Old and New Testament, probably after the days of the early Christian writers: for they do not

produce these places from him. And therefore his two words, *preserve virginity*, will be of no use neither. But, which is very remarkable, several philosophers after Christ, Mausonius, Dion called the Golden-mouthed, and Porphyry, speak warmly against fornication.

“I may as well add here, what will perhaps be of use to you in another place, as I know not whether you observed it in reading Brucker, [*I now see you did*] that he extends the life of Epictetus to Adrian’s time, who reigned from A. D. 117, to 138. He would therefore have time, and his situation both in Rome and Greece would give him opportunity, not only to converse with many Christians, but to see the books of the New Testament, and other writings of theirs. Some think he lived to the reign of the Antonines: but Fabricius hath shewn, that probably they mistake.”

N^o. LII.

Fugitive Poetry.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

I request the favour of you to give place to the following fugitive pieces, of which MS. copies have been found, among a literary relation’s papers. I cannot positively assert that they have not been in print before.

I. *On Bagham Abbey.**

Be hush’d, ye Fair! Yon monitor survey,
That awful living legend of the day;

* In Sussex, now the seat of Earl Camden.

Tread soft, nor rudely press the hallow'd ground,
 Where all is sacred mystery around ;
 Where nodding reason must perforce awake,
 When passion sleeps while mouldering ruins speak ;
 Where silence can some useful lesson teach,
 And pour forth all the energy of speech.
 Think underneath you tread some friend ador'd,
 Whose jocund soul once bless'd the social board ;
 Now play'd the hero's, now the lover's part,
 Now for his country bled, now stole a heart ;
 He's gone, cold death, inexorably just
 Strikes the dread blow ; frail man returns to dust.
 Methinks I hear some furrow'd monk relate
 What frenzy urg'd to Bagham's still retreat ;
 With vain regret in pensive mood declare,
 " I fought at Agincourt, my trade was war ;
 The path to fame with eager zeal pursu'd,
 But sunk a victim to ingratitude ;
 Then quitting honour and ambition's road,
 Sought an asylum in the house of God."

Another Monk, by tottering age opprest,
 With fault'ring tongue disburthens thus his breast ;
 " I figur'd once a beau, and flatter'd too
 Each credulous fair, as you and others do,
 To all alike vow'd constancy, and strove
 To fix each heart, unpractis'd yet in love,
 'Till genuine ardour warm'd my breast at last,
 And disappointment paid me for the past ;
 Thus robb'd of all that passion reckons dear,
 Compunction touch'd my soul and fix'd me here ;
 The curtain drops, my vain pursuits are o'er,
 And life's gay prospect, now enchants no more."

You Friar, perhaps the idol of an hour,
 Once rul'd supreme in dignity and power ;
 A minister of state, what state is worse ?
 The prince's favourite, but the nation's curse.

The people's tyrant, but ambition's slave,
 Now doom'd to damn the state, and now to save;
 Till tir'd by faction's persecuting host,
 By friends betray'd, who once had flatter'd most,
 He seeks like wearied travellers an home,
 And adds one saint to Bagham's sacred dome.
 To this grave moral then, ye Fair! attend,
 Life and its pleasures soon must have an end;
 One general summons hence we all obey,
 One fate absorbs this tenement of clay;
 Man in his strength and beauty in its prime
 Float but as bubbles on th' expanse of time;
 An airy sound that nought of substance wears,
 A vision that enchants, then disappears!
 Clad all in regal pomp, e'en princes must
 Mix, undistinguish'd, with the peasant's dust;
 Heroes together with the coward lye,
 And beauty mingle with deformity:
 Man struts awhile, by pageant folly drest,
 A monarch, soldier, politician, priest;
 Each acts his part, and when the scene is o'er,
 Must tread that path which others trod before;
 'To tyrant death e'en youth and beauty bow;
 And Milner be what Queensbury is now.

II. *To the Right Honourable the Lady Viscountess
 Limerick, upon her leaving England in the year
 1745. An Ode. Sent after her into Ireland. By
 Mr. Wright, the Astronomer.*

I.

A general good was ne'er confin'd
 To time, or place, by heaven design'd
 To bless the human race:
 The sun thus rolling round the year,
 And climates varying ev'ry where,
 Exemplify the case.

II.

No season fix'd was ever found,
 Except on Eden's happy ground,
 Where Nature try'd her laws;
 But she'd no sooner learn'd to change,
 Than storks and swallows long'd to range,
 And follow'd with applause.

III.

Thus you, who write, and talk with ease;
 Possess'd of ev'ry power to please,
 With science at command;
 Forsake your friends, and native home,
 And, destin'd far from us to roam,
 Now bless a foreign land.

IV.

The sun so sinks below the west,
 When mortals have retired to rest,
 And leaves the welkin pale;
 Whilst fainting clouds his absence mourn,
 Despairing of his wish'd return,
 And conscious shades prevail.

V.

So you, compell'd by partial fate,
 Submissive in that happy state,
 Which all your wishes crown,
 Though sad, recede, in calm content,
 And leave your friends to late lament,
 A loss! they find too soon.

VI.

But expectation's yet alive,
 And chearful hopes shall long survive,
 That we may meet again;
 Where future joys may still be our's,
 Till when, all present ones be your's:
 O! Fortune, say *amen*."

“ III. *Hymn by Dr. Hawksworth.*

“ Attune the song to mournful strains,
Of wrongs and woes the song complains,
An orphan’s voice essays to swell
The notes, that tears by turns repel.

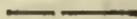
Left on the world’s bleak waste forlorn,
In sin conceiv’d, to sorrow born;
By guilt and shame foredoom’d to share
No mother’s love, no father’s care;

Alone, amidst surrounding strife,
And naked to the storms of life,
Despair looks round with aking eyes,
And sinking nature groans and dies.

“ But who is he who deigns to claim
From all the wrong’d a father’s name?
To rapture tune the changing strains,
’Tis God whose hand the world sustains.

He smiling bends from Mercy’s throne,
And calls the fatherless his own;
To stranger hands he gives thē trust;
We feel that stranger hands are just.

They to the poor his gifts dispense,
And guard the weak with his defence:
Oh Father, let us still be thine,
And claim thine heritage divine;
Still blest while gratitude repays
Thy endless love with endless praise.”



“ IV. *The Arcadia of Poussin.*

“ See how the skilful hand of fam'd Poussin
Copies from nature the fair past'ral scene!
Arcadia's self behold!—her waving woods,
Her flow'ry meads, and silver shining floods:
Each rural beauty rises to the sight,
And the whole landscape smiles serene delight.

Awhile it pleases,—but the painter knew,
To please us long he must affect us too:
With lively animated strokes of art,
Must touch the tender sympathizing heart.

For this, he in the midst a tomb design'd,
On which the statue of a maid reclin'd,
With graceful attitude informs the eye,
Here, (early fall'n to earth,) youth, beauty lye.

A short inscription tells her hapless fate,
' Happy I liv'd and all life's sweets enjoy'd,
I in Arcadia liv'd, and yet I dy'd!'

Near, see two blooming nymphs and two youngswains,
Who seem as if (while roving o'er the plains
In search of pleasure, innocent delight)
Chance had just struck them with the mournful sight:
See one the pointing finger wond'ring raise
To fix the rest, in more attentive gaze.

On each chang'd face you hardly can descry
The parting farewell of expiring joy.

While you regard, the sight deceives the ear,
And morals sage from rosy lips you hear;

'Tis thus imagination makes them say,
' All must th' inexorable law obey;

Death spares not sex, nor youth, nor beauty's bloom,
No clime is an asylum from the tomb.”

N^o. LIII.

Few Books animated by Genius: the great delight afforded by such as possess it.

Among the innumerable volumes, with which the shelves of libraries groan, how few are animated with any striking portion of that living spirit, which is infused by genius. Of the best of them, the major part are heavy and dead masses of learning. Dr. Johnson, speaking of Dr. Birch, the biographer, remarked, "Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation, but no sooner does he take a pen in his hand, than it becomes a torpedo to him, and benumbs all his faculties." * Minds must be more than ordinarily endowed, to give vitality to ideas and language without any aid from external objects. A lively and breathing picture of the visions of the brain can only be produced by the fervour of genius.

Books are in general little more than transcripts of those which went before them, with a little difference of arrangement and combination: the same ingredients only poured into new vessels. Memory is the principal faculty which has been exercised in making them. When thoughts or images are brought forward, which have *originated* in the mind of the author, they will exhibit a freshness and vigour, that, even though they may be similar to such as have been produced by others, will make them interesting and valuable. There is all the difference, which there is between an original, and a copy, in painting. There

* Boswell, I. 138.

may be the same outlines, the same figures and colours; but the difference can be better felt than expressed; one is faint, and cold, and dead; the other breathes and moves.

It is idle to be quibbling about the definition of literary genius, and limiting it to one or two forms of excellence; every thing is genius, which is inspired by this living spirit. Nor is it confined alone to poetry, though in poetry its higher powers may be exhibited: still less is it narrowed to one or two tracks of poetry: though Dr. Darwin seemed strangely to think almost all the merit of that art was restrained to the representation of material objects. Elevated thoughts, and tender sentiments, when conveyed in congenial language, partake surely as much of the essence of this divine power, as the most brilliant imagery!

I desire no more infallible test of genius, than that ardent manner, which, displaying the soul of the writer predominant over his language, communicates its own fire to the reader, and carries him along with it. He, who is characterized by this trait, gives an interest to every subject that he touches, and throws sparks of light on the dullest subject.

I have been in the habit of contemplating beings so gifted, with a peculiar degree of veneration, beyond perhaps what the sternness of a cold philosophy will allow. Their powers seem to be out of all proportion to their learning, acquirements, and opportunities; or rather appear to have no kind of concurrence with them. They are actuated by something beyond themselves; and are in some respects like the *Æolian* harps, on which the airs of heaven play involuntary music. I continually think of the happy, though somewhat

severe

severe words, in which some one (Lord Orford, I think,) spoke of Goldsmith. He called him "an inspired idiot!"

Men of this cast have an acuteness of sensibility which is dangerous to their peace, and too frequently troublesome to others. A due regulation of it can alone conduct them to old age; and to the performance of those greater undertakings by which a high and permanent fame is secured. Burns, and many more, have fallen sacrifices in early life. Some on the contrary have touched it with too violent a hand, and have extinguished their genius with it.

These richly endowed mortals too frequently pay dear enough for their superiority. Ordinary minds make no allowance for their eccentricities; but pursue them with unrelenting ridicule and hatred. Unsusceptible of the charms of their eloquence, they perceive only the impetuosity of their passions, and the inequality of their judgments. They see them inferior and neglectful in the trifles, in which alone they are themselves conversant; and think of them by the puny standard of their own pleasures and pursuits: while if a glimpse of the pre-eminence to which they are entitled breaks in upon their dark intellects, envy rises at the same instant, and makes them worse foes than mere dulness.

I am not sure that I would wish my child to be a genius. Its advantages and its evils are so intermixed, that it is a fearful gift, for which I should not have the boldness to pray. But I cannot withhold my worship from it, wherever it inhabits.

If I am asked, why, with so keen a sense of discrimination

mination of the heavenly flame, I have in the *CENSURA LITERARIA* endeavoured to revive so many old volumes, which never possessed a spark of it, I answer, that it is for other subordinate claims to notice, which the course of time has given them beyond their original value, that I bring them forward; and that I call attention to them, as illustrations of the progress of language and manners.

It would be easy to specify numerous works of obsolete rhymers, possessed of a considerable portion of minor ingenuity, which secured them a transient fame, and renders them still curious to the philologer and the antiquary, yet so deficient in a true poetical spirit, that not a single passage of that high class can be found in them. Some one of leading powers sets the fashion of the day; and a hundred imitators start up with productions similar to the original in shape and make, and every thing but the soul that animates it! Dull readers at first are deceived by the outward likeness; but time, the surest touchstone, proves which is buoyant, and which is doomed only to sink.

A book of genius is a mirror which reflects back the rich scenery of an higher intellect, adorned with all the imagery of a visionary world. It affords one of the most acute, and surely one of the purest pleasures, of which our nature, when refined and improved by education, is capable. But alas! it is almost as rare, as it is delightful.

Nov. 23, 1808.

N^o. LIV.

The difficulty of a genuine transcript of the operations of the mind greater than those, who have not made the attempt, suppose.

The following communication is very opportune, as it has a very close connection with the subject of the foregoing paper.

Nov. 24, 1808.

MR. RUMINATOR,

There is a certain degree of self-approbation, which is really necessary for one's peace of mind. You perhaps may be able to afford it me, by putting me in a little better humour with my own talents. It has been my ambition to be an author, I mean of original compositions; but, though nothing seems easier before I sit down to write, I no sooner take my pen in hand, than my powers fail me. I seem beforehand to have a store of ideas; and I flatter myself that an easy flow of language is at my command.

I cannot tell whether it is the mechanical operation of writing, that puts to flight the train of my thoughts; or whether I deceive myself as to the existence of an intellectual fund, which will not bear the test of an attempt to realize it.

He, who possesses the talent of committing to paper a series of reflections or sentiments, in a manner which will interest an impartial reader, and abide the censure of candid criticism, can perform no more, than, if we were to judge from the pretensions thrown out in common conversation, almost every educated person of ordinary

ordinary abilities can easily execute. I confess my own opinion is very much the reverse: and, in truth, I should be necessitated to deem myself miserably below the usual standard of mental faculties, if I thought otherwise.

I am inclined to believe, that in the oral communication of our ideas so much depends on voice and manner, while, from their transitoriness, so much less time is given for a strict examination, that there is little opportunity for appreciating them severely and justly. These praters therefore do not know what it is to bring the operations of their minds to the nicer scrutiny, which written thoughts afford.

For my own part, I own, with a due sense of mortification, that my shadowy conceptions are perpetually eluding my grasp at the instant of embrace. I know not, whether I am more venturous than some others, and follow delusive lights. The generality of authors, I observe, cannot hazard a step out of the beaten track. They follow their leaders with a timid servility; and repeat their songs almost like mocking-birds.

There is something convenient in the use of a thought, that has been already tried, and moulded into shape, and properly dressed and ornamented: no perils are encountered: all is safe, and all is easy. As we have had little cost in the education of such a mistress, we can spare something for a trifling addition of ornament!

It is much the same to the generality of readers: it looks as well to the eye, and sounds as well to the ear. They cannot judge between the original, and that which is borrowed.

But Mr. Ruminator, if I fail in catching these nymphs

of my own fancy, "these fairy creatures of the brain," which shine by their own light, my time is too much occupied, and my taste is rendered too keen to put up with these hacknied strumpets, which display themselves in borrowed feathers in the travelled roads.

These aërial ladies, that thus fly from my pursuit, what are they?

—— "gay creatures of the element,
That play i' th' plighted clouds!"

Poets can catch them at their will; can bid them sit for their pictures; and then can delineate with facility all their beauties. I, alas! follow, non passibus æquis; "clouds interpose;" and the flattering vision vanishes in an instant in darkness.

You can tell me, for sometimes at least you must have experienced these disappointments, what remedy, or what consolation there is for these failures! Am I in truth more deficient than falls to the common lot; or do the generality of educated people delude themselves with the possession of powers in which on trial they would find themselves as wanting as I have experienced myself to be?

When I look back on Addison, and Steele, and Johnson, and Hawksworth, and recollect how very few have been able to follow in the same course with any tolerable success, I am induced to hope, that the difficulty is greater than this mob of talkers and readers have been willing to suppose.

Such a combination of endowments and opportunities seems so requisite to produce eminence in the higher orders of composition, that I trust a failure may be incurred without disgrace, while the value of a happy performance ought to be enhanced. Of those, on whom Nature has bestowed gifts sufficiently rich, how many
are

are there, whose exertions are palsied by indolence, adversity, morbid nerves, or other unpropitious circumstances!

Sometimes I persuade myself to think, that my inability arises from my anxiety; and that, were I more confident, I should be more likely to succeed. Dr. Johnson used to say, that "with the necessity comes the ability." I have not found it so.

As you have said, that you love to investigate the internal movements of the human mind, I trust, you will not deem this picture of the struggles of mine unacceptable.

Your's,

PHUGAPHILUS.

ART. XV. *Continuation of Auld Robin Grey.*

"The spring it was past, it was simmer, nae mair,
 And thinly were scatter'd the leaves in the air:
 Oh winter, says Jenny, we kindly agree,
 For the sun he looks wae, when he shines upon me.
 Nae langer she grat, for her tears were a spent,
 Despair it was come, and she thought it content:
 She thought it content, but her cheek it look'd pale,
 And she droop'd like the snowdrop broke down by the hail.
 Her mither was vex'd, and her father was wae;
 What ails you, my bairn? they would oftentimes say:
 Your wheel ye turn round, and ye come little speed,
 Your hand it grows feeble, and weak is your thread.
 She smil'd, when she heard them, to banish their fear;
 But sad looks the sibile, that is seen through a tear,
 And bitter the tear that is forc'd by a love,
 Which virtue and honour can never approve.
 Her feather was vex'd, and her mither was wae,
 But dowie, and silent sat auld Robin Grey;
 He spake not a word, and his cheek it grew lean,
 Like the side of a brae, where the torrent had been.
 Nae questions he ask'd her, concerning her health,
 He look'd at her often, but aye 'twas by steal h;
 Then his heart it grew grit, and often he feign'd,
 To gang to the dobr, to see if it rain'd.

Syne he took to his bed, no physick he sought:
 He ordered his neighbours around to be brought,
 While Jenny supported his head in its place,
 Her tears trickled down, and fell on his face.

Oh ! kill me not, Jenny, said auld Robin Grey,
 I have not deserv'd this—I have something to say:
 I knew not, dear Jenny, I knew not your vow;
 In mercy forgive me,—'twas I stole the cow.

I valued not Crummy, I thought but of thee,
 I thought it was her, stood between you and me.
 While she fed your parents, oh ! did nae ye say,
 Ye never would marry that auld Robin Grey."

ART. XVI. *Two short Trifles in Verse, by the late
 Professor Porson.*

Though charades may be deemed too trifling for this
 work, yet surely a trifle from the late lamented Porson will
 be worth preserving.

I.

My first from the thief tho' your house it defends,
 Like a slave or a cheat you abuse or despise;
 My second, tho' brief; yet alas comprehends
 All the good, all the great, all the learn'd, all the wise.
 Of my third I have little or nothing to say,
 Except that it marks the departure of day.*

II.

My first is the lot, that is destin'd by fate
 For my second to meet with in every state;
 My third is by many philosophers reckon'd
 To bring very often my first to my second.†

ART. XVII. *Sonnet on the Neglect of Virtue.*
 Sleepless as I lie tossing on my bed
 Thro' half the midnight hours, while thro' my brain
 This vile world's base affairs revolve with pain,
 I sigh and weep to think, in virtue's stead

* Curfew.

† Woman.

How mean intrigue and falsehood lift the head ;
 And every palm that valour ought to gain,
 All that the toils of genius should sustain,
 Corruption's rav'nous appetite has fed !
 O state of sharp probation, where the good
 Meet disappointment, sad neglect, disgrace ;
 And only in retreat can comfort find !
 O wretched world, on whose affairs to brood,
 Where thro' black clouds no gleam of hope I trace,
 Is woe and madness to my troubled mind !

X.

Nov. 2, 1808.

ART. XVIII. *Sonnet on the Trade of Book-making,
 and its consequences.*

Ah ! were the Muses more than but a name,
 Those they would rescue from the harpy claws
 Of sordid booksellers, who love their laws,
 Rehearse their dulcet chants, and spread their flame.
 Hence there is room for pity more than blame
 That loveliest POESY few votaries draws ;
 That few remain to guard the sacred cause
 Of Art, Taste, Genius, Wisdom, Virtue, Fame :
 That now to MAKE, * that high CREATIVE power
 Which named the POET, is become a trade ;
 Monsters obscene the hallow'd groves invade :
 Ignorance, Folly, Vice, profane the bower
 Where all the Graces dwelt in laureate shade,
 And blasts of senseless scorn the gentle bloom devour.

C. L.

18 Nov. 1808.

* Makers, Poets. *Spenser*. Ποισιν, Πονητης, *Plato*. Though to create, in its proper sense, be incommunicable, yet the analogy is enlarging and exalted.

ART. XIX. *Report of Sales of Books from May to October (both inclusive), 1808.*

N^o. IV.

A small, but very choice and elegant collection of books, the property of Robert Heathcote, Esq. by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; two days, May 2, 3; lots 223, vols. 670.

Library of the late G. Atwood, Esq. F. R. S. by Messrs. Jordan and Co.; May 3; lots 246, vols. 370.

Miscellaneous collection, chiefly the property of a foreigner [including a portion of the library of the late Lord Strafford], by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; seven days, May 5—12; lots 1821, vols. 3500.

Miscellaneous collection, principally best classic authors, by Mr. Stewart; three days, May 9—12; lots 529, vols. 1140. *

Miscellaneous collection, by Messrs. King and Lochée; May 13; lots 251, vols. 560.

Library of the late Rev. John Marshall, rector of Orsett, Essex, and chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by Mr. Stewart; twelve days, May 16—28; lots 2774, vols. 3760. †

Libraries of the late Rev. Thomas Bowen, of Palham, Norfolk; and Charles Francis Forster, Esq. of Low Buxton, Northumberland, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; ten days, May 18—28; lots 2581, vols. 4560.

Miscellaneous collection by Mr. King, jun. four days, May 23—26; lots, 852, vols. 2690.

Library of the late Mr. Thomas Hull, of C. G. T. by Mr. Fisher; two days, May 23, 24; lots 218, vols. 1260.

* This collection was disposed of by private contract.

† The first portion, consisting of duplicates, &c. was sold in the life time of the collector, by Mr. Stewart; seven days, May 5—12, 1806; lots 1842, vols. 2520.

Library of the late Rev. David Durand, minister of the French Protestant church, by Messrs. King and Lochée; two days, May 31, June 1; lots 573, vols. 1530.

Library of the late John Lambert, Esq. of Kenton Lodge, near Harrow, Middlesex, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; four days, June 1—4; lots 743, vols. 1500.

Portion of the library of a very distinguished collector, brought from his seat, [at Fonthill,] in Wiltshire, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; three days, June 9—11; lots 323, vols. 730.

Library of the late George Hill, his Majesty's ancient Serjeant at Law, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; eight days, June 20—28; lots 1774, vols. 3130.

Miscellaneous collection by Mr. Dodd, St. Martin's Lane, seven days, June 20—27; lots 1288, vols. 1990.

Library of the late Sir Giles Rooke, Knight, one of the Judges in the Court of Common Pleas, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; five days, July 4—8; lots 1109, vols. 1790.

Miscellaneous collection, by Messrs. King and Lochée; three days, July 7—9; lots 649, vols. 1340.

Library of the late Charles Henry Wilson, Esq. * formerly editor of the *Gazetteer*, author of the *Wandering Islander*, *Beauties of Burke*, &c. by Mr. Stewart; four days, July 7—11; lots 980, vols. 3310.

Libraries of the late Charles Francis Sheridan, Esq. and

* A singular pile of manuscripts, enough to fill a common cart, was sold in one lot, belonging to this writer. The greater proportion consisted of extracts from modern works, scraps of novels, and translations from the German. Some of the pieces were supposed to have been original, but it was not easy to discriminate. A theatrical piece, considered original, is entitled "The Englishman in Dublin, an operatical entertainment in two acts. 'I never knew a good Irish joke that didn't make an Englishman laugh.' Lord Chesterfield." It does not appear to have received the author's final corrections.

the Rev. Daniel Williams, late of Christ Church, Oxford, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; three days, July 13—15; lots 837, vols. 1290.

Miscellaneous collection by Messrs. King and Lochée; five days, July 12—16; lots 1248, vols. 3150.

Library of Sir Patrick Blake, the Heraldic MSS. of the late William Latham, Esq. and the Diplomatic MSS. of the Earl of Halifax, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; four days, July 20—3; lots 854, vols. 2510.

Library of Mr. J. Mathews, of Goodman's-Fields, by Messrs. King and Lochée; four days, July 25—28; lots 1027, vols. 9880

Library of the late Walter Hill, Esq. of Ross, Herefordshire, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; two days, August 2, 3; lots 406, vols. 1120.

Miscellaneous collection by Messrs. King and Lochée; seven days, August 22—30; lots 1732, vols. 4930.

Miscellaneous collection by Messrs. King and Lochée; four days, September 26—29; lots 1076, vols. 3130.

Miscellaneous collection by Messrs. King and Lochée; five days, October 10—14; lots 1210, vols. 3110.

Library of the late Col. Fullarton, F.R. S. and M. P. for the county of Ayr, by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby; four days, October 10—13; lots 1048, vols. 2130.

Miscellaneous collection by Messrs. King and Lochée; four days, October 17—21; lots 1057, vols. 2124.

The second-hand stock in trade of Messrs. Bristow and Cowtan, Booksellers, Canterbury, by Mr. King, Jun.; seven days, October 19—26; lots 1650, vols. 10,900.

Miscellaneous collection, the property of Mr. John Walker; seven days, October 27—November 3; lots 1835, vols. 2550.

In the last six months 80,654 volumes have been disposed of. A year has now elapsed since the account of auctions usually attended by literary characters first commenced, and

notices

notices have been given of sixty-four sales where the aggregate of volumes amount to 177,430. For many years it has been usual to average three volumes to a lot, an average that now ceases to be a proper ratio. Those who consult old catalogues, when the loiter of the morning was to view, and the amusement of the evening to purchase, can easily distinguish the variation. The principle of reading becoming inverted, by creeping back to converse with our ancestors, in their own idiom, has preserved the black letter, (which used to pass in piles unregarded as the refuse of a library,) until every article appears like a single brilliant. This increase of value abolished the general average, and rendered the proportion of a modern library not more than two volumes to a lot; thus, for the year,

Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby sold 27,082 lots, 50,186 vols.

Messrs. King and Lochée sold 25,008 lots, 60,603 vols.

The last number was particularly swelled by the extraordinary collection of Mr. J. Mathews, of Goodman's-Fields, whose reading was universal. To gratify an insatiable appetite, he purchased soiled copies and imperfect works to an incredible accumulation: their condition may be best conjectured from the circumstance of about twenty lots containing above seven thousand volumes. By subtracting his fortuitous numbers, it will leave the ratio as above stated. Such collections render nugatory all systematic computation, and the like effect may be pointed out as to collectors. Above two hundred persons have been known to purchase at the sale of a library, and at another period the number has not exceeded fifty in the disposing of a more extensive collection. Again, the year commenced with the library of Mr. Reed; many of the books therein have since repeatedly passed the hammer in the above sales; and are still, like birds of passage, wandering from bookseller to bookseller, and dragged from auction-room to auction-room, uncertain

of

of a resting place. To consider circumstances like these, must suggest the impracticability of giving definitive numbers.

To quail over "*The Miseries of Human Life*," has lately afforded universal amusement. A slight retrospect of the history of a volume, gives birth to a variety of characters to excite the lucubration of an essayist. Composed under the severe pressure of want; earnest solicitude attending and tedious promulgation at the press; presentation to a patron; placed unread amidst 10,000; sketch of the learned visitors to the library, who often dreamed near it, but never dosed over it; neglected for near two centuries; further sketch of modern visitors who never looked beyond the title page; unexpected escape from a dormant state by the pilfering of a chair-woman; saved by a reading barber from a Vandalistic cheesemonger; fortunately discovered by a noted bibliopolist, and purchased for sixpence; suspence of the hammer and contention of collectors; final regeneration, according to the new cant of an auction, being *bound out of sheets* under the immediate inspection of the most renowned Emperor of Morocco; a Roger Payne, Kalthoeber, Herring, or M'Kinlay, names that crowd into catalogues in rivalry of a Warton, Locke, Dryden, or Shakespeare; and must descend to posterity with modern libraries, like heir looms to a family mansion.*

Conduit street.

J. H.

* Among the splendid libraries forthcoming for sale, may be noticed the genuine and entire collection of the late John Maddison, Esq. of the foreign department in the post-office, which is eminently rich in Classics, and French, Italian, and German literature. For rare and fine copies of sterling old editions, it will rival the most eminent sales of the last twenty years. It will be sold in February next, by Messrs. King and Lochée.

ART. XX. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

Art. 1. *A true discourse of the most happy victories obtained by the French King, against the Rebels and enemies of his maiesty. With a particuler declaration of all that hath beene done betweene the two armies, during the monthes of September and October and part of Nouember 1589. Also of the taking of the sublturbes of Paris by the King. Here vnto is adioyned a Mapped, wherein is set forth the whole platforme of the Battells, for the better satisfying of the curteous reader. Faithfully translated out of French into English, according to the cobby imprinted at Tours. By T. D. London, printed for J. Woolfe, and E. White. 1589. Ato. 10 leaves.*

T. D. must have been the initials of the original author. The translation has a short dedicatory epistle "to the right Honourable Lord Robert, Deuorax, Earle of Essex and Ewe, Viscount of Harryford, and Bouchier, Lord Ferrers of Chartley, Burchier and Louaine, maister of the Queenes maiesties Horse, and Knight of the most honourable order of the garter: [to whom] Luke Wealsh wisheth all heauenly happinesse, and increase of honourable vertue," and says, "in respect of your honourable and magnanimous minde, your hardinesse in warres, and hatred to rebellion sondrie times manifested to your eternall and well deserued praise, as also to declare my well affected hart to your honour, I haue chosen you the patrone of this warlike discourse."—The next leaf entitles Luke Wealsh to a niche in the *Bib. Poetica* by eight six-line stanzas; from which are transcribed the last four. They are entitled "certain verses written by master Wealsh as a thankesgiuing vnto God, for the prosperous successe of the king."

— "Thou,

—“ Thou, O France! whose fame in former daies,
 Did glorifie the pleasant western partes :
 How oft in thee did God his wonders raise,
 Which neuer yet could mollify your hartes ?
 But praised be our God of greatest power,
 Who can confound his foes within an howre.

What grieuous tumultes in thy townes are wrought ?
 What rage and bloudshed by thy city wales ?
 What wrongfull broyles and causelesse wars are sought ?
 What great rebellion on thy people falls ?
 But praysed be our God of greatest power,
 Who can confound his foes within an howre.

Jerusalem that citty of renowne,
 By diuers tokens warned was of sinne ;
 And thou, O France! didst lately see a crowne
 Plast in the skie, by God ouer the King ;
 As many men affirme and plainely shoe,
 A wonderous thing if that the truth be so.

Then cease your iarres obey your soueraigne Lord,
 Whom God from Heaven affirmes your louing king ;
 Whose heart, whose hand, doth seeke with one accord,
 Your health, your wealth, and realme in peace to bring ;
 And blessed be our God of greatest power,
 Who can confirme these blessings in an howre.

The victories narrated are those obtained by Henry IV. in support of his accession to the crown of France after that sanguinary conflict of the three Henries. In the army were “ certaine Englishē lords well mounted and armed, and most sumptuously attired ; among the rest the noble gentleman maister d’Euerax, brother to the right honorable Earle of Essex, who was one of the formost and forwardest in the fight.” Elizabeth assisted with money and provisions as well as troops : four thousand English had “ Lord Wil-
 loughbie

loughbie their generall," which only appear a portion of the supplies. At the time the king lay in the fort of the Mount of Cats, "the first day of October the enemy planted sixe peeces of ordnance vpon the toppe of the hill by Ianuall shooting fine or sixe vollies of shot into the towne, wherewith was slaine one of the kings cookes, a woman, a maiden, and a boye, doing also great hurt vnto two shippes which lay at anker in the hauen. But they withdrewe soon after their cannons from that place, because by our cannons their master gonner was slaine, and two pieces of their ordnance dismantled, which was done by a skilfull English cannoner, who was presented to the king by my Lord Stafford ambassadour to the Queene of England." The next three tracts upon the same subject, escaped the research of Herbert; the present article is insufficiently described by him, p. 1176.

Art. 2. *The Letters Pattents of the Kings Declaration for the generall assemblie of the Princes, Cardinalls, Dukes and Peeres, as well Ecclesiasticall as Temporall, the Officers of the Crowne, the Lords, Gentlemen, Officers and others, vnto the 15 day of March next comming. Also to reclaime his subjects and rebellious townes to his obedience. Published in the Parliament of Caen the 22 of December, 1589. Faithfullie translated out of the French copie printed at Caen. At London printed by Thomas Orwin for Augustine Lawton, dwelling in Maiden lane neere Woodstreete. n. d. 4to. 8 leaves.*

A proclamation "given at our Campe before Mans the 28 of Nouember in the yeare of grace 1589 and of our reigne the first. Signed Henrie: and vpon the fould, "By the King in his counsell. Forget." again subscribed, "in the Parliament at Caen the 22d of December 1589 signed Godefroy." There is added a short extract from the register of same parliament, confirming the
grant

grant of pardon to those persons who had incurred the crime of felony and rebellion, except those that might be found guilty of the slaughter of the late King.

Art. 3. *The Discoverer of France to the Parisians, and all other the French Nation. Faithfullie translated out of the French: by E. A.* [Printer's device of a wyvern rising out of a ducal coronet, the crest of George Earl of Cumberland, &c.] *Imprinted, 1590. 4to. 8 leaves.*

The initials appear to belong to Edward Aggus, the printer: they are to be found in the titles of several pieces translated from the same language, printed by him.

Art. 4. *A recitall of that which hath happened in the Kings Armie, since the taking of the suburbs of Paris, vntill the taking of the towne of Humflet* [arms of France]. *Imprinted at London for Tobie Cooke, 1590. 4to. 14 leaves.*

At the end. "After the siege of Falese, the King gaue the Englishmen leaue to depart; and he himselfe with his armie, to weete, the Frenchmen and Switzers, Rutters and Lants-knights went vnto Lizeux, which within ten dayes after he took: and from thence his Maiestie went vnto Humflet, which he did batter vpon Fridaie the xvj of Ianuarie. At which time, part of our English forces were shipped at Dines in Normandie, and the rest, the morrow after."

Conduit-street.

J. H.

ART. XXI. *Further Bibliographical Catalogue.*

Bentivolio and Urania, in six books. By Nathaniel Ingelo, D. D. The second edition. Wherein all the obscure words throughout the book are interpreted in the margin, which makes this much more delightful to read than the former edition.

tion. London, printed for T. Dring, J. Starkey, T. Basset, and are to be sold at their shops in Fleet-street, 1669. fol. pp. 391.

This work is divided into two parts, of which the first is dedicated to the "Honourable William Brereton, Esq." eldest son of Lord Brereton; and the second to John Earl of Lauderdale. In the preface, the author gives an account of the motives which induced him to undertake a work of this nature. It is much to be lamented that his execution is not equal to the goodness of his intentions.

Perceiving, with regret, how bad the tendency of most works of fiction were in his days, the author's intention was to produce a romance, in which religious and moral instruction should be conveyed in an amusing form. He seems, from some expressions in his preface, to think that he has succeeded in this design. "For my own part," says he, "I do not desire that all books should be as dull as many are, and none composed, as all are not, to delight; but I would have that delight true, and the quickness not evaporate into lightness and vanity. Is there no joy but laughter? Doth nothing recreate but what is fabulous? Such as do not like true happiness, because it is a serious thing, have a reasonable soul bestowed upon them in vain, and would have been better pleased if God had made them worse, and more content if God had not designed them to so noble an end."

The work itself is a religious allegory, not much unlike the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," though very inferior to it, but in which the two principal characters, Bentivolio and Urania (i. e. *Goodwill* and *Heavenly-light*), are represented as perfect Christian characters. And they travel through the world, being brother and sister, meeting with various adventures, every where reprovng vice and recommending virtue and piety. All the places and persons have allegorical names, which are explained in the margin, alluding to their

their qualities. There is much ingenuity, learning, and goodness in it; but it is so completely dull and uninteresting as a narrative, that it requires no small degree of patience and perseverance to travel through it.

P. M.

Oct. 7, 1803.

ART. XXII. *Literary Obituary.*

1808. September 27, at Upper Slaughter, co. Gloucester, Rev. Ferdinando Tracy Travel, A. M. forty-four years Rector of that parish, who, when incapable of edifying his parishioners from the pulpit, improved them by his writings, having been author of several literary works.

Nov. 3. In Essex-street, Strand, æt. 86. The Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, formerly Rector of Catterick, in Yorkshire. This living he resigned in 1773, from a conviction that the service of the church of England, as far as it involves the doctrine of the Trinity, is repugnant to the precepts of our Saviour and his Apostles: and in the year 1774, he opened a Dissenting Meeting-House in Essex-street, and preached his doctrines till his seventieth year.

Nov. 11. At Bath, Sir Henry Paulet St. John Mildmay, Bart. of Dogmersfield Park, Hants; and M. P. for that county, æt. forty-four. He was (at least the nominal) Editor of the late edition of the works of his grandfather, Abraham Tucker, Esq. of Betchworth in Surry, which had been originally published under the title of *The Light of Nature pursued*, with the fictitious name of *Search*. Sir Henry's paternal name was *St. John*, which he changed to *Mildmay*, in consequence of his marriage. He was of *St. John's College Cambridge*, 1782. He was quick; and had some original talents for literature, which a large fortune, and a public life did not much tend to cherish.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXXVI.

[Being Number XXIV. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *Poems by Thomas Carew, Esquire, one of the Gentlemen of the Privie Chamber; and Sewer in ordinary to his Majesty. London: Printed by J. D. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at the signe of the Flying Horse, and York House. 1640.* Sm. 8vo. pp. 264.*

ART. II. *Castara: Carmina non prius audita, Musarum sacerdos, Virginibus. The third edition corrected and augmented. London: Printed by T. Cotes, for Will. Cooke: and are to be sold at his shop neere Fernivals-Inne Gate in Holburne, 1640.† 12mo. pp. 228.*

ART. III. *Lucasta: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c. to which is added Aramantha, a Pastorall, by Richard Lovelace, Esq. London: Printed by*

* The second edition 1642; third, 1651; fourth 1670.

† The second edition was in 1635, 8vo.

Tho. Harper, and are to be sold by Tho. Ewster, at the Gun in Ivie Lane, 1649. Sm. 8vo. pp. 166.

Lucasta. Posthume Poems of Richard Lovelace, Esq.

Those honours come too late,
That on our ashes waite.

Mart. Lib. I. Epig. 26.

London: Printed by William Godbid for Clement Darby. 1659. Sm. 8vo. 107.

Elegies sacred to the memory of the author: by several of his friends. Collected and published by D. P. L.

Nunquam ego te vitâ frater amabilior
Adspiciam posthac; at certe semper amabo.

CATULLUS.

London: Printed 1660. Sm. 8vo. pp. 14.

OF these three elegant poets of the reign of Charles I. though the public notice has been frequently drawn to their of late years, and the volumes are not particularly scarce, * yet I should be sorry to omit the register among the comprehensive contents of works of a similar class which have at length found a place in the CENSURA.

In the elegant Specimens of Mr. George Ellis they have each of them found their due place; and the first of them was reprinted by T. Davies in 1772. A portrait of Lovelace from an original picture has been given in Harding's *Biogr. Mirror*; and a memoir of him inserted in *Gent. Mag.* Vol. LXI. p. 1094; Vol. LXII. pp. 99, 321, 604, 971. † Carew has had

* They are however far from common.

† He died 1658. See Wood's *Ath.* II. 228.

the good fortune to be delineated in the beautiful colours of Lord Clarendon's pen. Of Habington and his family a very interesting account may be found in Nash's * History of Worcestershire, I. 588. He died Nov. 30, 1654.

“Thomas Carew,” says Lord Clarendon, “was a younger brother of a good family, and of excellent parts, and had spent many years of his youth in France and Italy; and returning from travel, followed the court; which the modesty of that time disposed men to do sometime before they pretended to be of it; and he was very much esteemed by the most eminent persons in the court, and well looked upon by the King himself some years, before he could obtain to be Sewer to the King; and when the King conferred that place upon him, it was not without the regret even of the whole Scotch nation which united themselves in recommending another gentleman to it; of so great value were those relations held in that age, when Majesty was beheld with the reverence it ought to be. He was a person of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems (especially in the amorous way) which for the sharpness of the fancy and the elegance of the language, in which that language was spiced, were at least equal, if not superior to any of that time. But his glory was that after fifty years of his life spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity, that his best friends could desire. † He is said to

* See also Wood's Ath. II. 109, 110.

† Life of Lord C. i. 36.—Common as Lord Clarendon's works are, yet

to have died in 1639, aged fifty. See also Wood's Ath. I. 630, who says he was younger brother of Sir Matthew

his characters are so excellently drawn, that I cannot refrain from throwing together in this note, the portraits of other cotemporary poets.

BEN JONSON.

“ Ben Jonson's name can never be forgotten, having by his very good learning, and the severity of his nature and manners, very much reformed the stage; and indeed the English poetry itself. His natural advantages were judgment to order and govern fancy, rather than excess of fancy, his productions being slow and upon deliberation, yet then abounding with great wit and fancy, and will live accordingly; and surely as he did exceedingly exalt the English language in eloquence, propriety, and masculine expressions, so he was the best judge of, and fittest to prescribe rules to poetry and poets, of any man who had lived with, or before him, or since; if Mr. Cowley had not made a flight beyond all men, with that modesty yet, to ascribe much of this to the example and learning of Ben Jonson. His conversation was very good, and with the men of most note; and he had for many years an extraordinary kindness for Mr. Hyde, till he found he betook himself to business, which he believed ought never to be preferred before his company. He lived to be very old; and till the palsy made a deep impression on his body and his mind.” He died Aug. 6, 1637, æt. 63. A collection of Elegies and Poems, under the title of *Jonsonius Verbius*, was published on the occasion.

CHARLES COTTON, THE FATHER.

“ Charles Cotton was a gentleman born to a competent fortune, and so qualified in his person and education, that for many years he continued the greatest ornament of the town, in the esteem of those, who had been best bred: his natural parts were very great; his wit flowing in all the parts of conversation; the superstructure of learning not raised to a considerable height; but having passed some years in Cambridge, and then in France, and conversing always with learned men, his expressions were ever proper and significant, and gave great lustre to his discourse upon any argument, so that he was thought by those who were not intimate with him to have been much better acquainted with books than he was. He had all those qualities, which in youth raise men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen; such a pleasantness and gaiety of humour; such a sweetness and gentleness of nature; and such a civility and delightfulness in conversation, that

Matthew Carew of the Gloucestershire branch of the family.

“ *A Pastoral*

no man in the court, or out of it, appeared a more accomplished person ; all these extraordinary qualifications being supported by as extraordinary a clearness of courage, and fearlessness of spirit, of which he gave too often manifestation. Some unhappy suits of law, and waste of his fortune in those suits, made some impression on his mind ; which being improved by domestic afflictions, and those indulgences to himself, which naturally attend those afflictions, rendered his age less revered than his youth had been ; and gave his best friends cause to have wished, that he had not lived so long.” He died 1658. He was son of Sir George Cotton, of Warblington, Hampshire (on the borders of Sussex,) and married a daughter of Sir John Stanhope of Elvaston in Derbyshire, heiress to her mother, who was a Beresford of Beresford * in Derbyshire. By her he had Charles Cotton, the younger, a well-known poet, born 1630, who died 1687 ; and whose Poems were published together 1689 : his *Wonders of the Peak* ; his *Virgil Travestie* ; and *Burlesque of Lucian*, are well-known ; as is his *Complete Angler*, annexed to Isaac Walton’s.

THOMAS MAY.

“ Thomas May was the eldest son of his father, a Knight, and born to a fortune, if his father had not spent it ; so that he had only an annuity left him not proportionable to a liberal education ; yet since his fortune could not raise his mind, he brought his mind down to his fortune by a great modesty and humility in his nature, which was not affected, but very well became an imperfection in his speech, which was a great mortification to him, and kept him from entering upon any discourse but in the company of his very friends. His parts of nature and art were very good, as appears by his translation of LUCAN, which being entirely his own, for the learning, the wit, and the language, may be well looked upon as one of the best epic poems in the English language. He writ some other commendable pieces of the reign of some of our Kings. He was cherished by many persons of honour, and very acceptable in all places ; yet to shew that pride and envy have their influences upon the narrowest minds, (and which have the greatest semblance of humility,) though he had received much countenance and a very considerable donative from the King, upon his Majesty’s refusing to give him a small pension, which he had designed and promised to another

* See Topogr. III. Suppl. p. 25.

“ *A Pastoral Dialogue.* By *Tho. Carew.*

Shepherd; Nymph; Chorus.

Shep. This mossy bank they prest. *Nym.* That aged oak
Did canopy the happy pair
All night from the dank air.

Chor. Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day breaking their embraces broke.

Shep.

very ingenious person, whose qualities he thought inferior to his own, he fell from his duty and all his former friends; and prostituted himself to the vile office of celebrating the infamous acts of those who were in rebellion against the King; which he did so meanly, that he seemed to all men to have lost his wits, when he left his honesty, and so shortly after died miserable and neglected, and deserves to be forgotten.” He died 1652.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

“ Sidney Godolphin was a younger brother of Godolphin; but by the provision left by his father, and by the death of a younger brother liberally supplied for a very good education, and for a cheerful subsistence in any course of life he proposed to himself. There was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room; so large an understanding and so unrestrained a fancy, in so very small a body; so that the Lord Falkland used to say merrily, that he thought it was a great ingredient into his friendship for Mr. Godolphin, that he was pleased to be found in his company, where he was the properer man; and it may be, the very remarkableness of his little person made the sharpness of his wit, and the composed quickness of his judgment and understanding the more notable. He had spent some years in France, and in the Low Countries; and accompanied the Earl of Leicester in his ambassage into Denmark, before he resolved to be quiet, and attend some promotion in the court, where his excellent disposition and manners, and extraordinary qualifications, made him very acceptable. Though every body loved his company very well, yet he loved very much to be alone, being in his constitution inclined somewhat to melancholy, and to retirement amongst his books; and was so far from being active, that he was contented to be reproached by his friends with laziness, and was of so nice and tender a composition, that a little rain or wind would disorder him, and divert him from any short journey he had most willingly proposed to himself; inasmuch as when

Shep.

See, Love, the blushes of the morn appear,

And now she hangs her pearly store

(Rob'd from the eastern shore)

I' th' cowslip's bell, and roses rare :

Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nymph.

when he rid abroad with those in whose company he most delighted, if the wind chanced to be in his face, he would (after a little pleasant murmuring) suddenly turn his horse and go home. Yet the civil war no sooner began (the first approaches towards which he discovered as soon as any man by the proceedings in Parliament, where he was a member, and opposed with great indignation) than he put himself into the first troops which were raised in the west for the King; and bore the uneasiness and fatigue of winter marches with an exemplar courage and alacrity; until by too brave a pursuit of the enemy into an obscure village in Devonshire, he was shot with a musket; with which, (without saying any more than, *Ob God, I am hurt*) he fell dead from his horse, to the excessive grief of his friends, who were all that knew him; and the irreparable damage of the public." He died Feb. 1643. He was second son of Sir William Godolphin, who died 1613, by Thomasin daughter and heir of Thomas Sidney, Esq. of Wrighton, in Norfolk. He translated into English verse from the fourth book of Virgil, *the Passion of Dido for Æneas*, printed 1658. Sidney Godolphin, the Lord Treasurer, who was created Earl of Godolphin, was also a writer of verses, and his nephew. He died 1712, aged 67.

EDMUND WALLER.

"Edmund Waller was born to a very fair estate by the parsimony or frugality of a wise father and mother; and he thought it so commendable an advantage, that he resolved to improve it by his utmost care, upon which in his nature he was too much intent; and in order to that he was so much reserved and retired, that he was scarce ever heard of, till by his address and dexterity he had gotten a very rich wife in the city against all the recommendation and countenance and authority of the court, which was thoroughly engaged on the part of Mr. Crofts; and which used to be successful in that age against any opposition. He had the good fortune to have an alliance and friendship with Dr. Morley, who had assisted and instructed him in the reading many good books, to which his natural parts and promptitude inclined him, especially the poets, and at the age when other men used to give over

Nymph.

Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,
 But shew my sun must set, no morn
 Shall shine, till thou return;
 The yellow planets, and the grey
 Dawn shall attend thee on thy way.

Shep.

writing verses (for he was near thirty years of age, when he first engaged himself in that exercise, at least that he was known to do so,) he surprised the town with two or three pieces of that kind; as if a tenth Muse had been newly born, to cherish drooping poetry. The Doctor at that time brought him into that company which was most celebrated for good conversation; where he was received and esteemed with great applause and respect. He was a very pleasant discourser in earnest, and in jest; and therefore very grateful to all kind of company, where he was not the less esteemed for being very rich.

“ He had been even nursed in parliaments, where he sat when he was very young; and so when they were resumed again (after a long intermission) he appeared in those assemblies with great advantage; having a graceful way of speaking, and by thinking much upon several arguments (which his temper and complexion, that had much of melancholic, inclined him to) he seemed often to speak upon the sudden, when the occasion had only administered the opportunity of saying what he had thoroughly considered, which gave a great lustre to all he said; which was rather of delight than weight. There needs no more be said to extol the excellence and power of his wit, and pleasantness of his conversation, than that it was of magnitude enough to cover a world of very great faults; that is, so to cover them, that they were not taken notice of to his reproach; viz. a narrowness in his nature to the lowest degree; an abjectness and want of courage to support him in any virtuous undertaking; an insinuation and servile flattery to the height, the vainest and most imperious nature could be contented with; that it preserved and won his life from those who were most resolved to take it; and in an occasion in which he ought to have been ambitious to have lost it; and then preserved him again from the reproach and contempt that was due to him for so preserving it, and for vindicating it at such a price; that it had power to reconcile him to those, whom he had most offended and provoked; and continued to his age with that rare felicity, that his company was acceptable where his spirit was odious; and he was at least pitied, where he was most detested.” He died 1687, aged 82.

Dr.

Shep. If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
Their useless shine. *Nymph.* My tears will quite
Extinguish their faint light.

Shep. Those drops will make their beams more clear;
Love's flames will shine in every tear.

Chor. They kiss'd, and wept, and from their lips and eyes
In a mix'd dew of briny sweet
Their joys and sorrows meet.

DR. JOHN EARLE.

“ Doctor Earles* was a person very notable for his elegance in the Greek and Latin tongues; and being fellow of Merton College in Oxford, and having been proctor of the university, and some very witty and sharp discourses being published in print without his consent, though known to be his,” [probably *Microcosmography*, 1628, 8vo. for which see CENS. LIT. Vol. II. p. 145.] “ he grew suddenly into a very general esteem with all men; being a man of great piety and devotion; a most eloquent and powerful preacher; and of a conversation so pleasant and delightful, so very innocent and so very facetious, that no man's company was more desired, and more loved. No man was more negligent in his dress and habit and mien; no man more wary and cultivated in his behaviour and discourse; insomuch as he had the greater advantage when he was known, by promising so little before he was known. He was an excellent poet both in Latin, Greek, and English, as appears by many pieces yet abroad; though he suppressed many more himself, especially of English, incomparably good, out of an austerity to those salies of his youth. He was very dear to the Lord Falkland, with whom he spent as much time as he could make his own; and as that Lord would impute the speedy progress he made in the Greek tongue to the confirmation and assistance he had from Mr. Earles, so Mr. Earles would frequently profess, that he had got more useful learning by his conversation at *Terw* (the Lord Falkland's house) than he had at Oxford. In the first settling of the Prince his family, he was made one of his chaplains, and attended on him, when he was forced to leave the kingdom. He was among the few excellent men, who never had, nor ever could have an enemy, but such an one, who was an enemy to all learning and virtue, and therefore would never make himself known.” He was made Bishop of Worcester 1662; translated to Salisbury 1663, and died Nov. 17, 1665. His Elegy on Francis Beaumont is prefixed to that author's *Poems*, 1640. See Wood's *Ath.* II. 365.

* So Clarendon writes it.

But she cries out. *Nym.* Shepherd, arise;
The sun betrays us else to spies.

Shep.

The winged hours fly fast whilst we embrace;
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.

Nym. Then let us pinion time, and chase
The day for ever from this place.

Shep.

Hark! *Nym.* Ay me, stay! *Shep.* For ever. *Nym.* No,
arise

We must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of spice.

Nym. My soul. *Shep.* My paradise.

Chor. Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes
Grief interrupted speech with tears supplies."

"To my friend G. N. from Wrest.*

"I breathe, sweet Ghib, the temperate air of Wrest,
Where I, no more with raging storms opprest,
Wear the cold nights out by the banks of Tweed,
On the bleak mountains, where fierce tempests breed,
And everlasting Winter dwells; where, mild
Favonius, and the vernal winds exil'd,
Did never spread their wings; but the wild North
Brings sterile fern, thistles, and brambles forth.
Here steep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant earth
Sends from her teeming womb a flowry birth,
And cherish'd with the warm sun's quick'ning heat
Her porous bosom doth rich odours sweat;
Whose perfumes thro' the ambient air diffuse
Such native aromatics, as we use;
No foreign gums, nor essence fetch'd from far,
No volatile spirits, nor compounds that are

* I suppose, Wrest, in Bedfordshire, the seat of the Earls of Kent.

Adulterate; but at Nature's cheap expense
 With far more genuine sweets refresh the sense.
 Such pure and uncompounded beauties bless
 This mansion with an useful comeliness
 Devoid of art; for here the architect
 Did not with curious skill a pile erect
 Of carved marble, touch, or porphyry;
 But built a house for hospitality:
 No sumptuous chimney-piece of shining stone
 Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,
 And coldly entertains his sight, but clear
 And chearful flames cherish and warm him here.
 No Doric, nor Corinthian pillars grace
 With imagery this structure's naked face.
 The Lord and Lady of this place delight
 Rather to be in act, than seem in sight;
 Instead of statues to adorn their wall
 They throng with living men their merry hall,
 Where at large tables fill'd with wholesome meats
 The servant, tenant, and kind neighbour eats.
 Some of that rank, spun of a finer thread,
 Are with the women, steward, and chaplain fed
 With daintier cates; others of better note,
 Whom wealth, parts, office, or the Herald's coat
 Have sever'd from the common, freely sit
 At the Lord's table, whose spread sides admit
 A large access of friends to fill those seats
 Of his capacious circle fill'd with meats
 Of choicest relish, till his oaken back
 Under the load of pil'd-up dishes crack.
 Nor think, because our pyramids, and high
 Exalted turrets threaten not the sky,
 That therefore Wrest of narrowness complains,
 Or straiten'd walls; for she more numerous trains
 Of noble guests daily receives, and those
 Can with far more convenience dispose

Than

Than prouder piles, where the vain builder spent
 More cost in outward gay embellishment
 Than real use: which was the sole design
 Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
 But fit for service. Amalthea's horn
 Of plenty is not in effigie worn
 Without the gate, but she within the door
 Empties her free and unexhausted store.
 Nor crown'd with wheaten wreaths doth Ceres stand
 In stone, with a crook'd circle in her hand :
 Nor on a marble tun, his face besmear'd
 With grapes, is curl'd unscissar'd Bacchus rear'd.
 We offer not in emblems to the eyes,
 But to the taste, those useful deities.
 We press the juicy God, and quaff his blood,
 And grind the yellow Goddess into food.
 Yet we decline not all the works of Art :
 But where more bounteous Nature bears a part,
 And guides her handmaid, if she but dispense
 Fit matter, she with care and diligence
 Employs her skill; for where the neighbour source
 Pours forth her waters, she directs her course,
 And entertains the flowing streams in deep
 And spacious channels, where they slowly creep
 In snaky windings as the shelving ground
 Leads them in circles, till they twice surround
 This island mansion, which i' th' centre plac'd,
 Is with a double crystal heaven embrac'd,
 In which our watry constellations float;
 Our fishes, swans, our waterman, and boat
 Envied by those above, which wish to slake
 Their star-burnt limbs in our refreshing lake ;
 But they stick fast, nail'd to the barren sphere,
 Whilst our increase in fertile waters here
 Disport, and wander freely where they please
 Within the circuit of our narrow seas.

With various trees we fringe the water's brink,
 Whose thirsty roots the soaking moisture drink,
 And whose extended boughs in equal ranks
 Yield fruit, and shade, and beauty to the banks.
 On this side young Vertumnus sits, and courts
 His ruddy-cheek'd Pomona. Zephyr sports
 On th' other with lov'd Flora, yielding there
 Sweets for the smell, sweets for the palate here.
 But did you taste the high and mighty drink,
 Which from that fountain flows, you'll clearly think
 The God of Wine did his plump clusters bring,
 And crush the Falern grape into our spring;
 Or else disguis'd in wat'ry robes did swim
 To Ceres bed, and make her big of him,
 Begetting so himself on her: for know,
 Our vintage here in March doth nothing owe
 To theirs in Autumn; but our fire boils here
 As lusty liquor as the sun makes there.
 Thus I enjoy myself, and taste the fruit
 Of this blest peace, whilst toil'd in the pursuit
 Of bucks, and stags, th' emblem of war you strive
 To keep the memory of our arms alive."*

*"A Dialogue between Araphill and Castara. By
 William Habingdon.*

ARAPH. Dost not thou, Castara, read
 Amorous volumes in my eyes?
 Doth not every motion plead
 What I'd shew, and yet disguise?
 Senses act each other's part;
 Eyes, as tongues, reveal the heart.

* See a description of Wrest in Pennant's Journey to London.

CAST. I saw love as lightning break
 From thy eyes, and was content
 Oft to hear thy silence speak:
 Silent love is eloquent.
 So the sense of Learning hears
 The dumb music of the spheres.

ARAPH. Then there's mercy in your kind,
 Listn'ing to an unfeign'd love.
 Or strives he to tame the wind,
 Who would your compassion move?
 No y' are piteous, as y' are fair.
 Heaven relents, o'ercome by prayer.

CAST. But loose man too prodigal
 Is in the expense of vows;
 And thinks to him kingdoms fall,
 When the heart of woman bows;
 Frailty to your arms may yield;
 Who resists you wins the field.

ARAPH. Triumph not to see me bleed;
 Let the boar chaf'd from his den
 On the wounds of mankind feed:
 Your soft sex should pity men.
 Malice well may practise art;
 Love hath a transparent heart.

CAST. Yet is love all one deceit;
 A warm frost, a frozen fire.
 She within herself is great,
 Who is slave to no desire.
 Let youth act, and age advise,
 And then Love may find his eyes.

ARAPH. Hymen's torch yields a dim light,
 When Ambition joins our hands;
 A proud day, but mournful night,
 She sustains, who marries lands.
 Wealth slaves man; but for their ore
 Th' Indians had been free, though poor.

CAST.

CAST. And yet wealth the fuel is
 Which maintains the nuptial fire;
 And in honour there's a bliss;
 Th' are immortal, who aspire.
 But truth says, no joys are sweet,
 But where hearts united meet.

ARAPH. Roses breathe not such a scent
 To perfume the neighb'ring groves,
 As when you affirm content
 In no sphere of glory moves.
 Glory narrow souls combines:
 Noble hearts Love only joins."

These lines appear to the Editor to be highly elegant and beautiful; and require no allowance whatever for the time at which they were written. They are alone sufficient to immortalize Habington's name.

The following is from the third part of Castara, entitled *The Holy Man*; and consisting almost wholly of religious poems.

" Cogitabo pro peccato meo.

" In what dark silent grove:
 Profan'd by no unholy love;
 Where witty Melancholy ne'er
 Did carve the trees, or wound the air,
 Shall I religious leisure win
 To weep away my sin?

How fondly have I spent
 My youth's unvalued treasure, lent
 To traffic for celestial joys?
 My unripe years pursuing toys,
 Judging things best that were most gay
 Fled unobserv'd away.

Grown elder I admir'd
 Our poets as from heaven inspir'd.
 What obelisks decreed I fit,
 For Spenser's art, and Sydney's wit?
 But waxing sober, soon I found
 Fame but an idle sound.

Then I my blood obey'd,
 And each bright face an idol made:
 Verse in an humble sacrifice
 I offer'd to my mistress' eyes.
 But I no sooner grace did win,
 But met the devil within.

But grown more politic,
 I took account of each state trick;
 Observ'd each motion, judg'd him wise,
 Who had a conscience fit to rise;
 Whom soon I found but form and rule,
 And the more serious fool.

But now my soul prepare
 To ponder what and where we are:
 How frail is life; how vain a breath
 Opinion, how uncertain death:
 How only a poor stone shall bear
 Witness that once we were.

How a shrill trumpet shall
 Us to the bar as traitors call,
 Then shall we see too late that pride
 Hath Hope with flattery belied;
 And that the mighty in command
 Pale cowards there must stand."

"The Grasshopper. By Richard Lovelace, Esq.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND, MR. CHARLES COTTON.

"Ode.

" O thou, that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well fill'd oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropp'd thee from heaven, where now th' art rear'd;

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly,
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carv'd acorn-bed to lie!

Up with the day; the sun thou welcom'st then;
Sport'st in the gilt plats of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thy self, and melancholy streams.

But ah! the sickle! golden ears are cropt;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night;
Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topt,
And what scythes spar'd, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now green ice, thy joys
Large and as lasting, as thy perch of grass,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter, rain, and poise
Their floods, with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends! we will create
A genuine summer in each other's breast;
And spite of this cold time and frozen fate
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally
As vestal flames; the north wind he
Shall strike his frost-stretch'd wings, dissolve and fly
This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
 Bewail th' usurping of his reign;
 But when in showers of old Greek we begin,
 Shall cry, he hath his crown again.

Night as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip
 From the light casement, where we play,
 And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
 And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
 That asking nothing nothing need:
 Though lord of all what seas embrace; yet he
 That wants himself is poor indeed."

"Sonnet. Set by Mr. William Lawes.

I.

"When I by thy fair shape did swear,
 And mingled with each vow a tear,
 I lov'd, I lov'd thee best;
 I swore, as I profest;
 For all the while you lasted warm and pure,
 My oaths too did endure;
 But once turn'd faithless to thyself and old,
 They then with thee incessantly grew cold.

II.

I swore myself thy sacrifice
 By th' ebon bows that guard thine eyes,
 Which now are alter'd white,
 And by the glorious light
 Of both those stars, of which their spheres bereft
 Only the jelly's left:

Then changed thus, no more I'm bound to you,
Than swearing to a saint, that proves untrue."*

*"Elegy to the memory of his worthy friend, Colonel
Richard Lovelace. By Charles Cotton.*

"To pay my love to thee, and pay it so
As honest men should what they justly owe;
Were to write better of thy life than can
The assuredst pen of the most worthy man:
Such was thy composition, such thy mind
Improv'd from virtue, and from vice refin'd;
Thy youth an abstract of the world's best parts,
Inur'd to arms and exercis'd to arts;
Which with the vigour of a man became
Thine and thy country's pyramids of fame,
'Two glorious lights to guide our hopeful youth,
Into the paths of honour and of truth.

These parts so rarely met made up in thee
What man should in his full perfection be;
So sweet a temper into every sense,
And each affection breath'd an influence,
As smooth'd them to a calm, which still withstood
The ruffling passions of untamed blood,
Without a wrinkle in thy face to show
Thy stable breast could no disturbance know;

* Some one in my copy has mark'd in pencil the following imitation:

"I lov'd thee, beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now."

Walter Harte has observed, that "not a few celebrated poets have taken the liberty to borrow some thoughts from this author; and sometimes the very expressions." *Gent. Mag.* Vol. LXII. p. 166.

In fortune humble, constant in mischance ;
 Expert in both ; and both serv'd to advance
 Thy name by various trials of thy spirit,
 And give the testimony of thy merit ;
 Valiant to envy of the bravest men,
 And learned to an undisputed pen ;
 Good as the best in both, and great ; but yet
 No dangerous courage, nor offensive wit :
 These ever serv'd, the one for to defend,
 The other nobly to advance thy friend ;
 Under which title I have found my name
 Fix'd in the living chronicle of fame
 To times succeeding ; yet I hence must go
 Displeas'd, I cannot celebrate thee so ;
 But what respect, acknowledgment, and love,
 What these together when improv'd, improve,
 Call it by any name (so it express
 Aught like a tribute to thy worthiness,
 And may my bounden gratitude become)
 LOVELACE, I offer at thy honour'd tomb.

And though thy vertues many friends have bred,
 To love thee living, and lament thee dead,
 In characters far better couch'd than these,
 Mine will not blot thy name, nor theirs increase ;
 'Twas by thine own great merits rais'd so high,
 That, maugre time and fate, it shall not die.

Sic flevit

CHARLES COTTON."

Of these three poets, the most intrinsic merit appears to me to be possessed by Habington ; and Carew is superior to Lovelace, with the exception of the famous Song by the latter, to ALTHEA from Prison ; beginning " *When Love with unconfined wings.*" It is the fault of Carew's poems that they are too quaint, laboured,

laboured, and far-fetched; which renders the censure of his satirical cotemporaries, that he was slow and costive in his productions, highly probable. Superfluous ornament is the result of art and toil; and never flows from animated genius in the fervour of composition. The search after minute similes and metaphors, and still more the pursuit of metaphysical conceits, is totally inconsistent with the rapid movements of the eye "in a fine phrenzy rolling." Headley says of Carew, I think rather unhappily, that "he has the ease without the pedantry of Waller, and perhaps less conceit." He certainly writes like an eloquent courtier, of an ingenious and exercised fancy; but his ingenuity and elegance are palpably laboured. Lovelace would have exhibited more nature with equal imagination, if he had made composition more a business; but he seems to have wanted the requisite degree of polish and attention. Habington seems almost every where to shew a mind exuberant in a copious and affecting morality, gilded by a smiling fancy, almost always chaste and classical.

ART. IV. *The Fancies Theater.* By John Tatham,
Gent.

Horat.

"Quod si me Lyricis vatibus inseres
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."

London: Printed by John Norton, for Richara Best, and are to be sold at his shop neere Grayes-Inne gate in Holborne. 1640. 12mo.

“ John Tatham (says Winstanley) * was one whose muse began to bud with his youth, which produced early blossoms of not altogether contemptible poetry, in a collection of poems entituled ‘ *Fancy’s Theater*:’ which was ushered into the world by divers of the chief wits of that age ” The names of these wits are R. Broome, Tho. Nabbes, Geo. Lynn, Rob. Chamberlaine, H. Davison, James Jones, Wm. Barnes, Tho. Rawlins, An. Newport, R. Pynder, W. Ling, and another in the body of the book signs himself Geo. Sparke. By Lynn our poet was fed with the following gross flattery :

“ — methinks the genius of those *three*
Admired laureats are ensphear’d in thee,
Smooth *Shakespeare*, neat *Randolph*, and witty *Ben*,
Flow in a mutuall sweetnesse from thy pen.”

And by Ling he was thus addressed :

“ Had I *Chapman’s* line or learning, *Johnson’s* art,
Fletcher’s more accurate fancie, or that part
Of *Beaumont* that’s divine, *Dun’s* † profound skill:
Making good verses live, and damning ill,
I then would praise thy verses,” &c.

These “ chief wits ” seem to have studied the *ars adulandi* more than the *ars poetica*; and I therefore contrast their applauses with the censure of a minor wit.

“ TATHAM makes verses of all sorts and sizes,
And plays, and songs, and ballads he comprizes
In keene iambicks; a lymphatick lyrick
He is, and plays and sings sweeter than *Derick*: ‡

* *Lives of the English Poets*, p. 190.

† i. e. *Donne’s*.

‡ Probably the *Hangman*.

For which amongst the broakers and broom-criers,
 Amongst the watermen, 'mongst dolts and dyers,
 Hee's cried up for a bard—and he is one;
 For he writes Welsh, or in some stranger tone."*

Winstanley proceeds to inform us, in his brief poetical biography, that Tatham was contemporary and "of much like equal fame with Thomas Jordan:" a report that may probably be true, since he seems to have been "of much like equal" talent. He tells us further, that Tatham was also city-poet, making those speeches and representations used at the Lord Mayor's Show, and other public meetings. This piece of information is by Granger called erroneous; but his reasons for saying so he has omitted to assign: and we therefore seem entitled to give credence to Mr. Reed, who affirms that he was succeeded by Jordan † in the office of *city-poet*. † It is certain that he com-

* Sheppard's Epigrams, &c. 1651, p. 142.

† Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine, says, as to his being City Poet, "To the Restoration I have traced him, and a year or two beyond, in that office; but what became of him afterwards I know not. I suppose he was succeeded by Thos. Jordan." Oldys mentions his 1. "Londinum Triumphans," &c. 4to. 1663. 2. "Neptune's Address to his Majesty," congratulating his coronation in shews upon the water. Fol. 1661. 3. "London's Triumph celebrated Oct. 29, 1659," in honour of Tho. Allen, Lord Mayor of that city. 1659. 4to.

"There is some true history of Oliver Cromwell's wife Elizabeth in the play of 'The Rump, or the Mirrour of the late Times, 1661. 4to.' as well as much drollery. His friend Thos. Jordan, in his little Collection of Poems, called 'Wit in a Wilderness,' has one upon his faithful and ingenious friend, and old acquaintance, John Tatham, Gent. much to his praise."

"There was one John Tatham of Merton College, Oxf. admitted M. A. 1567, and afterwards Rector of Lincoln College." Oldys.—EDITOR.

‡ Biographia Dramatica, i. 266.

posed a mask in honour of Sir John Frederick's assuming the mayoralty of London in 1661, as a printed copy of it occurs in the British Museum. Gildon smiles at Langbaine for having found out a pleasant compensation for Tatham's want of extraordinary wit, by saying he possessed loyalty in the highest degree: this, he shrewdly adds, might be something to atone for the defects of a servant's brains, but very little for those of a poet.* Tatham however seems to have wanted judgment more than capacity, and taste more than ingenuity. He evidently formed his love-poems on the model of Cowley, and his miscellanies in emulation of Jordan. The present collection, which he terms "the maiden-blossoms of his Muse," is inscribed to the most worthy Mæcenas, Sir John Winter, Knt Secretary of State and Master of Requests to the Queen. It consists of numerous amatory odelets and acrostics, addresses to friends, epithalamiums, elegies, epigrams, &c. From the former of these I extract one of the most pleasing pieces.

"Cupid's Summons."

"Fairest mortall, think not I
 Priviledge a starre-like eye,
 Or the choycest Faire on earth;
 I can blast 'em in their birth:
 Yet that you might feel desires,
 Quenching Love's Idalian fires,
 'Mongst a many beauties more,
 I preserv'd thee to adore
 My deity: but now I see
 Thou disdain'st my power and me.

* Lives of the English Dramatic Poets, p. 140.

Therefore,

Therefore, by my Paphian bow,
 My commands must let you know,
 That a strange complaint of late
 Beat a parley at my gate;
 And so entred, that the gods
 With that uprore grew at odds:
 In so much that they me sent
 Messenger of punishment,
 In my mother's sacred name
 You a traitor to proclame
 'Gainst the laws of love and beauty;
 And to what you owe by duty,
 To th' ethereal powers and me,
 Cancell'd through inconstancie.
 By my bow and flaming dart,
 By the lover's bleeding hart,
 By the hand and by the glove,
 By the eye that captiv'd Jove,
 I command and summon thee
 At Love's barre to answer me,
 To what we shall there object
 'Gainst thy scorn and base neglect.
 Fail not, creature, as you will
 Answer your ensuing ill."

I add two specimens of the epigrams: and bad are the best.

"Will, the perfumer, met me in the street;
 I stood amaz'd:—he ask'd me what I meant?
 'In faith, (said I) your gloves are mighty sweet,
 And yet your breath doth cast a stronger scent;

"Jonas, the brasier, and his wife fell out:
 He call'd her 'Slut,' and so it came about.

'Slut, knave, (she said) now in good truth you lye—
 'With whom?' quoth he. Whereat, she 'gan to cry:

Reply'd—

Reply'd—' Enough; I'll yield in such a case,
When you are still your selfe a brazen face.'

The volume closes with "Love crownes the end: a *pastorall* presented by the schollers of Bingham in the county of Nottingham, in the yeare 1632." Much of this pastoral is as little fitted for scholastic representation as are some of the plays of Terence: but the plot is sufficiently puerile. Langbaine calls it a *tragi-comedy*,* and says it was printed with Tatham's poems entitled "The Mirrour of Fancies," in 1657. If so, the present volume may have had a second impression: though I think it more likely to have had only a new title; an established trick of trade among the book-venders of every period.

T. P.

ART. V. *Ostella: or the Faction of Love and Beauty reconcil'd.* By I. T. Gent. London: Printed for John Tay, at the White Lion in the Strand, near the New Exchange. 1650. 4to. pp. 115.

The dedication to Sir Richard Hastings is signed John Tatham; whose portraiture is prefixed, and under it the following lines by R. C. initials that would apply to several contemporaries, though here probably

* Langbaine appears to have borrowed this blunder from Winstanley, who is certainly most to blame, since he had seen the book, or he could not have treated his readers with what he calls a taste of Tatham's juvenile wit; being the first six lines of introduction to a metrical dialogue, and as unfavourable a sample as he could have selected.

put for Robt. Chamberlain, who had complimented his "Fancies' Theater."

"Here is noe schisme, the judging eye may see
In every line a perfect harmony
And *Love* and *Beauty*, for soe great a grace,
Joy in their lovely *reconciler's* face."

This publication would seem to be more rare than the preceding, from being unnoticed by Winstanley and others, who have given us notices of the former: but it has little except its rarity to recommend it. The servile mimicry of "*Cowley's Mistress*" will be obvious in the following specimens.

"*The Retreat.*

"Retreat, retreat; do you not see
As fast as you granadoes throw,
She quencheth them in pits of snow,
Intrencht about with ivory.

And when you undermine, you are
By cunning countermining crost,
And all your pioneers are lost;
Nay, all your treaties are but air.

Your cannons do no terrour sound;
For she, with penetrateless strength
Repels them:—then retreat, at length,
Ere your own weapons give you wound."

"*A Tempest.*

"Help, Love! or else I sink; for know
He best can help, that causeth woe:—
Help then, and with thy smoother palm,
The fury of my passion calm.
Succeeding tears in billows rise,
As they were seas met in my eyes:

My sighs united, proudly groan,
 As the four winds combin'd in one.
 Hark! how they roar:—my sighs and tears
 Sure have conspir'd to tempt my fears:
 See, how they swell!—now they are met,
 And even a tempest do beget:
 It shakes my bark, her ribs do crack,
 And now my hopes expect a wrack.
 Help, Love! for pity then, I pray—
 Ere my poor heart be cast away."

All this is the froth or feculence of poetic wit. Writers of such love-verses sound "the very base string of humility" upon the dulcimer of apathy: or in the pastoral language of Shenstone—" 'tis their's with *mock* passion to glow," &c. After proceeding through seventy pages, devoted to his imaginary *Dulcinea*, yclept *OSTELLA*, the poetizer commences with "Occasional copies of verses upon several subjects." Among these the most interesting appears to be stanzas addressed to the accomplished and gallant author of "*Lucasta*."

"Upon my noble friend, Richard Lovelace, Esq. his being in Holland. An invitation.

"Come, Adonis, come again;
 What distaste could drive thee hence,
 Where so much delight did reign
 Sateing ev'n the soul of sense?
 And though thou unkind hast prov'd,
 Never youth was more belov'd.
 Then, lov'd Adonis, come away,
 For Venus brooks not thy delay.
 Wert thou sated with the spoil
 Of so many virgins' hearts,
 And, therefore didst change thy soil,
 To seek fresh in other parts?"

Dangers wait on foreign game;
We have deer more sound and tame.

Then, lov'd Adonis, &c.

Phillis, fed with thy delights,

In thy absence pines away;

And Love, too, hath lost his rites;

Not one lass keeps holiday.

They have chang'd their mirth for cares,

And do onely sigh thy airs.

Then, lov'd Adonis, &c.

Elpine, in whose sager looks

Thou wert wont to take delight,

Hath forsook his drink and books

'Cause he can't enjoy thy sight:

He hath laid his learning by

'Cause his wit wants company.

Then, lov'd Adonis, come away,

For friendship brooks not thy delay.

All the swains that once did use

To converse with Love and thee,

In the language of thy Muse,

Have forgot Love's deity:

They deny to write a line,

And do only talk of thine.

Then, lov'd Adonis, &c.

By thy sweet Althea's* voice

We conjure thee to return;

Or we'll rob thee of that choice,

In whose flames each heart would burn:

That inspir'd by her and sack,

Such company we will not lack;

That poets in the age to come

Shall write of our Elisium."

* See Lovelace's Poems, p. 97; or Percy's Reliques, Vol. ii. p. 329.

Like Lovelace our author must have been "in durance vile," since he makes Ostella shed "precious tears" for his *imprisonment*. Two prologues occur near the end of the volume: one spoken at the Cock-pit, at the coming of the Red-Bull-players thither; and the other spoken at the Red-Bull, to a play called "The Whisperer, or what you please;" a play not recorded in the *Biographia Dramatica*.* Tatham has a few quibbling lines on the death of his father, and he informs us that his mother was Dorothy the daughter of Christopher Percy, Esq. of Manson in Dorsetshire, a justice of peace and high-sheriff of that county. I close my report of this obscure publication with a tribute to the loyal brother of Henry Lawes, the composer of Milton's *Comus*. He was killed at the siege of Chester, and for his death King Charles I. is said to have worn a private mourning. † He rivalled his brother in musical talent.

"On the report of Master William Lawes his death.

“ Who says Will Lawes is dead?—had not his breath
 Virtue enough to charm the spleen of Death?—
 He that to discord could pure concord give,
 Instructing all society to live,
 Doth't come within your reason he can die,
 Who bears a part in friendship's harmony?
 Let not such thoughts abuse you: for the earth
 Receives no musick but what was his mirth.
 He dead, the melancholly world must be
 Brought straight into a general lethargie:

* Tatham has a copy of verses before the "Sun's Darling," a masque, by Ford and Decker, printed in 1656.

† See Todd's *Milton*, V. 209.

Yet this I guess; finding his health impair,
He made this change but for a better air."

T. P.

ART. VI. *The Serpent of Deuision. Wherein is contained the true History or Mappe of Rome's ouerthrowe, gouerned by Auarice, Enuy, and Pride, the decaye of Empires be they neuer so sure.*

Three things brought ruine vnto Rome,
that ragnde in Princes to their ouerthrowe:
Auarice, and Pride, with Enue's cruell doome,
that wrought their sorrow and their latest woe.
England take heede, such chaunce to thee may come:
Feelix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

*Whereunto is annexed the Tragedye of Gorboduc, sometime King of this Land, and of his two sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. Set foorth as the same was shewed before the Queene's most excellent Majesty, by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple. At London printed by Edward Allde for Iohn Perrin, and are to be sold in Paules Church yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1590. * 4to. 12 leaves.*

An Address "to the Gentlemen Readers."—"If thou demaund why I publish out Cæsar in this simple manner, I answer; that being not able to doo as I would, I must doo as I can.—To say somewhat to the purpose, though not altogether so much as thou expectest: I cannot though I would paint him foorth in bare cullours, yet I know his vallour hath blazend his

owne perpetuall honour in England, in oyle cullours, which are of longest continuance: for note when he entred Brutes Albion, after called Brittain, and now of late England, in memory of his name, what rare monuments erected he after he had conquered Cassibelian of Albion, and made this lande paye yeerelye vnto Rome 3000 poundes tribute, then builded he Douer, with the two famous citties, Canterburie and Rochester, the tower of London, the castell and the town of Cesarisbury, now named Salisbury, and more according to his owne name, he edified Cesar-chester, after called for brevitie's sake Chichester, and after the strong castell of Exeter. In the meane space his prefixed time was past, and he returning to Rome received his ouerthrow, which hereafter followeth.—Such is the Serpent of diuision,—let it suffice, affable reader, thou sit thee downe and patientlye with a mer-maide's eye peruse this small volume.”—

Then follows an account of some of the principal events in the life of Cæsar and the manner of his death. “The cheef worker of this murder, was Brutus Crassus, associated with two hundreth and sixtye of the senate; all hauing bodkins in their sleeues; and as it is written in stories, he had twentye fower deadly woundes as he sat in the capitall. And as saith diuers recordes, he neuer in all his smart made cry nor noise, except only a lamentable sigh like one whom sodain sorrow had affrighted, so that touching the manner of his tragedy, I may conclude with y^e. flower of poets in our English tung, and the first that ever elumined our language with flowers of rhetorick & eloquence; I mean famous and worthy Chaucer which compendiously wrought

wrought the death of this mighty Emperour, saying thus:

With bodkins was Cæsar Iulius
Murdred at Rome; of Brutus Crassus.
When many a region he had brought full lowe
Lo: who may trust fortune any throw."

One page at the end with "the conclusion. Thus by the large writings and golden vollums of that woorthye Chaucer, the froward dame of Chaunce hath no respecte of persons, &c."

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. VII. *A lytle treatyse entytuled the damage and destruccyon in Realmes.* [The fragment of a tract printed by Peter Treuerys.] 12mo. L. iii.

This little work is the same as the last article, and attributed to that voluminous writer John Lydgate.

—“befell tofore the dethe of Cezar, was this. Vpon the same nyght-tofore, that he was slayne on the morow; this noble Cynquerour Julius had a reuelacyon; semynge vnto hym in his slepe that he was wynged lyke an egle; and how he toke his flyght so hyghe, that he sored aboue the skyes, and aproched to the celestyallsee of Jupyter, and fell downe vppon the ryght hande of his god. An other maruelous sygne or prodygy there fell. Also his wyfe named Caliphurna, a lytle tofore the dethe of her lorde Julius, had a wonderfull drême or vysyon, semynge vnto her when she was a slepe, that the moste hyghest pynacle of the imperyall palays, sodeynly and vnwarely fell downe, and

there vppon incontynently all the wyndowes of the chambre where she slepte, without hande of any man; sodaynly brake a two theyr barres of yron and opened. Of whiche noyse she beyng sore afrayde in her slepe and of femynyne drede full sore syghed in her harte, as she that could nat conceyue in mynde what it ment. Also as Vnycēt in his hystoryall boke maketh mencyon, an hondred days before his petyous murdre, in the large market place of Rome, where as the stature & the gret ymage of Cezar stode vppon an hyghe pyller of stone, the name of Cezar grauen with letters of gold aboue his hede, whan the wether and the attempre ayre was most clere and styll, with a sodeyn stroke of the fyry leuen, the fyrst letter of his name C was smyten away; declarynge by this pronostycall sygne that lyke as this lettre C in nombre betokeneth an hondred, and was also most craftely wrought & grauen as for the chyef capytall letter of his name; to shew openly that the rasyng away of this lettre by vyolence of the fyry leuen, that he that was hede of all the erthe, within the space of a hondred days next ensuyng, sholde be vengeably murdered in Rome.

“ Also the same day of his mordre as he wēt moste ryally in his imperyall aray toward the consystory, a pore man named Tongisius toke hym lettres of all the purposed conspyracy by the Cenate vpon his dethe. But for he was neclygent to rede the lettres and to enclose them, the vengeable mordre was execute vpon hym. By which example, let no man be slowe nor neclygent to rede his letters, leste after for his neclygence it may turne hym to gret damage, which after may nat lyghtely be recouered. And the chyef cause and worker of this murdre was Brutus Crassus, assocyed

vnto hym two hondred & syxty of the Cenate, all hauynge bodkyns in theyr sleues. And as it is in story remembred, he had foure and twenty dedely woundes as he sat in the Capytoly. And; as sayth myn auctour, he neuer in al his smarte, made nouthery crye nor no noyse, excepte onely a lamentable and a dolorous syghe, lyke a man that with sodeyne sorowe were afrayde. So that touchynge the vengeable maner of his pyteous murdre, I may conclude with hym that was floure of poetes in our Englysshe tonge, & the fyrst that euer enlumyned our language with floures of rethoryque & of eloquence. I mene my mayster Chaucer which compendiously wrote the deth of this myghty Emperour, saynge in this wyse. As foloweth on the next syde of the lefe.

¶ With bodkyns, was Cezar Julius
 Murdred at Rome, of Brutus Crassus
 Whā many a regyon he had brought full low;
 Lo, who may trust fortune any throwe.

Thus by wrytynge of my wyse prudent maister tofore sayd the frowarde and the contraryous lady dame fortune spareth nether emperour nor kynge to plunge hym downe sodeynly fro the hyghest prycke of her vnstable whele. Alas that neuer man lyst to lyfte vp his hertes iye, and prudently to aduerte the mutabylyte and the sodeyne chaunge of this false worlde. And let the wyse gouernours of every lande and regyon make a myrrour in theyr mynde of this manly man Julius, and consydre in theyr hertes the contageous damages and the importable harmes of dyuysyon, and let them se aduysedly and take example how the ambycyous pryde of Julius, the fretynge enuye of Pompeyus, & the vn-

stauncheable greedy couetyse of Marcus Crassus, were chyef and prymordyall cause of theyr destruccyon, executed and accomplysshed by cruell dethe. And nat onely that these aforseyd thre abhominable vyces were cause of theyre owne deth onely, but occasyon of many a thousãde other, many more than I can tell. Thus the cytty of Rome nat onely made bare and bareyne of theyr olde rychesse and spoyled of theyr treasour on the tone syde, but destytue & desolate by deth of theyr knyghthode on the other syde, me semeth ought ynough suffyce tō exemplyfy what is tō begyn a warre: and specyally to consydre the irrecuperable harmes of dyuysyon. And for this skylle moste especyally by cōmaundement of my mayster, I toke vpon me this lytell translacyon, & after my lytle cunnyng haue put it in remēbraunce.

“ ¶ Thus endeth this lyttle treatyse entytuled the Damage and destruccyon in Realmes. Newly and of late Enprynted by me Peter Treuerys.

Dwellynge at London in Southwarke,
at the sygne of the Wodowes.”

[The following unentitled verses on the last page.]*

“ This lytle prose, declareth in figure
The great damage, & destruccyon
That whylõ fell, by fatall auēture
Vnto Rome; the myghty royall towne
Caused onely, by false Dyuysyon
Amonge them selfe, the story telleth thus
Through Couetyse, & vayne Ambycyon
Of Pompey; and of Cezar Julius.

* “The declaracion of thys tragical History in this lytle Booke.” Edition 1559.

Chryste hymselfe, recordeth in scrypture
 That euery lande, & euery regyon
 Which is deuyded may no whyle endure
 But turne in haste to desolacyon
 For whiche ye lordes & prynces of renowne
 So wyse, so manly, and so vertuous
 Make a myrrour, tofore in your reason
 Of Pomney and of Cezar Julius.

Harme done by dethe no man may recure
 Agaynste whose stroke, is no redempcyon
 It is full harde, in fortune to assure
 Her whele so ofte turneth vp & downe
 And for to eschew stryfe & dyscencyon
 Within your selfe be nat contraryous
 Remembrynge ay, in your dyscressyon,
 Vpon Pompey, and Cezar Julius.

Finis."

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. VIII. *Syrs, spare youre good.* [The fragment of a poem printed in quarto by Wynkyn de Worde]

Of the shattered remains of two leaves the first page has apparently the customary ribband, for title which begins, "Sy." Beneath, a wood-cut of an old man and a young one in the attitudes of walking, and the last pointing to the preceding figure, yet looking at an object past; probably meant to represent the intention of youth to follow the course of experience. A tree between the figures and a blank label over each person. The same cut appears noticed in Herbert, 1780, as prefixed to "the complaynt of a louer's lyfe." On the second page the poem commences, and might have

been entitled "prologe." Some letters of the rhyme of the first couplet remain, as follows :

aye
ye
gesse

haue I blesse
it well by a thyng
whiche I hauh had knowlegynge

As here after ye shall here full well
Of a knyghtes sone howe it befell
A ryche kuyght there was in Fraunce I vnderstnade
And was a man of grete lande
And hyght Syr Thomas perlore
A sone he hadde wyth his wyfe and no more
And she was called fayre ysaungrayne
And theyr sone was called Rafeleyne
And of this chylde ye shall here
And of his fader and his moder dere
Of his fader he was lefe and dere
So was he of his moder I you ensere
So it happened vpon a daye
That this yonge man sholde sporte and playe
His fader badde hym go amonge wyse men
That he myght lerne some good of theym
But this yonge man hym be thought
That after his faders counseyll he wolde do nought
But to yll compayne he hym drewe
And lerned all vyce and lefte vertue
Tyll fader and mode[r] were dede
T..an coude he none other rede
But burye theym after the comen vse
Othersorowe wolde he none vse

[Conclusion of second side.]

Whan soeuer in the world of ryote my be th[ought]
I coude it lyghtly helpe for to be wrought

Whiche

Whiche is now bytter it was than swete at that
Therefore spare your good that ye haue in hap

Wherefore sholde not I take no sorowe agayne

Ye certes there is none that wyll me ony thyng lene

Euen thus the whele of fortune rennethe

And yf good locke dyde rayne, I sholde not be wete

If it be good locke or yll happe

It cometh to hym that shall haue it at a clappe

Euery body may se by me in this shande

Thyr fore spare your good that ye haue in hande

A man maye well a good felawe be

In the wyne in good ale in bere where so it be

And yf he thynke for the comune profyte also

Here or there where so euer he go

Thus maye a man haunte myrth and game

If he do it not by mesure he is to blame

For in euery thyng mesnre is good I vnderstande

Therefore spare your good that ye haue in hande

Fare well I sette you all this testamente

Who well lerne this shall be vnshente

And can kepe hym amonge good company

Shall be fre of all sorowe and myserye

Who so euer taketh this testament in remembraunce

Pouerte and myserye shall not fall to his chaunce

His good his worshyp shall he kepe I vnderstande

Therefore spare your good that he haue in hande

F I N I S

[*Conclusion of third side.*]

[Her]e endeth a lytell treatyse very profytable for
[euery] yonge man and yonge women called Syrs spare
[youre] good. Emprynted at London in the Fletestrete
[at the] sygne of the Soone by me Wynken de Worde.

A M E N,

After the colophon the printer's device, as described in *CENSURA*, Vol. VIII. p. 354.

From the errors of the press, and entire neglect of punctuation, this tract appears to have been one of the earliest attempts by Wynken de Worde. The alteration of measure in the verse also implies the first portion contained an introductory description of the whole relation, and the hiatus a deficiency of four pages.*

These fragments were pasted within fly leaves of an old folio volume, and are now in the possession of the Reverend JAMES ASHLEY, of Binfield, Buckinghamshire, from whose obliging communication the transcript has been made.

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. IX. *A treatise of Morall Philosophy contaynyng the sayinges of the wyse, wherein you maye see the woorthye and pyththe sayinges of Philosophers, Emperors, Kynges and Oratours; of their liues their aunsweres, of what linage they came of, and of what countrey they were; whose worthy sentences, notable preceptes, counsailes, parables, and semblables doe hereafter followe. First gathered and partly set forth by William Baudwin, and nowe the fourth time since that enlarged by Thomas Paulfreyman, one of the Gentlemen of the Queenes Maiesties Chappell. If wysedome*

* It is difficult to ascertain the deficiency of such fragments. To ascertain at what period printers first adopted the plan of occasionally printing by sixes of a quarto size, or inserting a half sheet in the middle, is become material from the many titles and ends discovered as above described. I believe it was not practised so early as Wynken de Worde.

*enter into thyne harte, and thy soule delyght in knowledge; then shall counsell preserue thee, and vnderstanding shall keepe thee. Prouer. ij. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum 1579. 12mo. 136 leaves.**

Dedicated to Henry Hastings, Earle of Huntington, as a treatise “very expedient to al estates but most necessary (as Aristotle saith in his Ethnicks) to those y^t. by vertu of knowledge shal haue the gouernance of a com^on wealth.” In the prologue to the reader the writer states having read Bauldwin’s work to avoid idleness, and calling “to reme^mbrance the like worthy and notable sentences and good counsailes that I had often read in diuers and sundry other woorks; and to thentent by placing them together, I might the better keepe them in memory, and effectuallye bestowe some smale part of my tyme in such kinde of exercise, as should be to the glory of God—I minded this slender and small enterprise, which by his grace I haue most gladly finished.”

The volume commences with the history of philosophy, a brief notice of several philosophers, princes, poets and wise men, from whose works the selection is

* The work originally formed by Baldwin passed three editions; then followed the enlargement of Palfreyman, printed by Tottel 1564. The words of the title, “fourth time,” was continually repeated in subsequent editions. That of 1579 is without printer’s name or colophon.—Again, “Imprinted at London by Thomas Este, 1584.”—Again, “at London, printed by Robert Robinson, dwelling in Feter Lane neere Holborne. 1587.”—According to Brand’s catalogue, by Whitchurch, without date.—The latest edition I have is also without date. “London, printed by Thomas Snodham,” and described as “the sixth time since enlarged by,” &c.—An edition “by Richard Bishop, 1651,” and probably many others.

formed. This portion is considered the first book, and concludes with a piece of poetry as

“ The summe of al.

“ In this first booke of Philosophers I briefly declared
The right order of their liues, and godly conuersation,
Whose examples of vertue ought ioyfully be embraced
And to be followed of al men without exception.
Their counsailes are comfortable in euery condition,
And next the deuine scriptures there is nothing more
true
Then their godly good doctrine, to trade men in vertue.”

Repeated publication for above a century multiplied the number of copies of this work to leave few persons without one. A short extract from the twelfth and last book may conclude.

*“ Of pithy meeters of diuers manners, of Prouerbes,
and Semblables. Wherein chiefly consisteth man’s
happy life in this world.*

“ My frind the things that do attaine,
the happy life, be theis I find:

The riches left, not got with paine,
the fruitly ground, the quiet mind.

The equal frind, no grudge & strife,
no charge of rule nor gouernance:

Without disease, the healthie life,
the householde of continuance.

The meane dyet, noe deinty fare,
wisdomme ioyned with simplenes.

The night discharged of al care,
where wine the wit doth not oppresse.

The faithful wife without debate,
such sleepes as may beguile the night.

Content thy selfe with thine estate,
nether wishe death, not feare his might.*

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. X. *The treatise of Heauenly Philosophie: conteyning therein, not onely the most pithie sentences of God's sacred scriptures: but also the sayinges of certeine auncient and holie fathers as also of sundrie others, prepared and ordered greatly to edifie (according to the time) the vertuous and godlie Christian. By T. P. The worlde passeth away, and the lusts thereof: but he that fulfilleth the will of God, abides for euer. Psal. lxxxix. Esaie. xl. 1 Iohn ii. Imprinted at London for William Norton. 1578. 4to. pp. 816, without introduction and table.*

Increasing popularity of the work, mentioned in the preceding article, probably suggested a formation of the present. As that was modelled on a commonplace arrangement of the moral sentences of heathen philosophers, this is a similar arrangement derived from scripture. It did not extend to a second edition.

By the Epistle Dedicatory "to the Right Honorable and his very good Lord, Thomas Earle of Sussex, Viscount Fitzwater, and Lord Egremount and Burnell, Knight of the most Honorable Order of the Garter, Capteine of the Queene's Maiestie's Gentlemen Pensioners, and Gentlemen at Armes, Chiefe Iustice and Iustice in Oyre of all her Maiestie's Forrestes, Parkes,

* These are by Lord Surry, from Martial.

Chases, and Warrens by South Trent, and Lorde Chamberlaine to her Highnesse; Thomas Palfryman, one of the Gentlemen of her Maiestie's Chappel, wisheth the continuance alwayes of the grace & fauour of Almighty God, health, long life, and the increase of much honor." The other prefixtures are an address to the reader, the lives of Moses and of David, and one page entitled "of Heauenlie Theologic and of the onely necessitie thereof, to eternall saluation, &c. As I haue heeretofore, [says the author] with right glad endeuour bestowed my simple trauell and diligence, in the studies of morall philosophie, & haue gathered thereout together at times not onely for my selfe, but for the delight also of others, the most apte (and as they seemed) diuine, vertuous, pleasant and quicke sentences (intituled the treatise of Moral Philosophie,) tending in effect for sundrie purposes, to the vpholding, or fauouring at the leaste of vertue, and to haue vice in vtter detestation, &c.—So I haue now—applied my selfe to be studious in Heauenlie Philosophie;—I haue not therefore ouerslipped the order of the other treatise: but according to the verie effect or pith of the said worke,—the whole booke conteyning, or diuided into 10 partes, haue set in the end of euery chapter, the summe thereof in meeter; and for the most parte, an exhortation according to the matter preceding: and thereunto also a prayer for the atteynment of God's fauour, to obserue in conuersation the effects of the same."

The verses at the conclusion of each chapter, and other pieces, must add the author's name to the list of poets of that period. From the chapter on Sloth are the following

following lines as “ needefull trauell auoydeth shame and euill life.”

“ If thou be borne the ground to till,
 or else to labour with thine hand:
 T’ auoyde all shame and life moste yll,
 seeke then not idly for to stand.

But see thou plowe, both plant, and sowe,
 and doe thy needefull businesse:
 As one that doth his duetie knowe,
 of will, God’s lawes not to transgresse.

For what doest thou, if thou desire,
 to be a lorde or gentleman;
 But still to heape on thee God’s ire,
 and shewe thy selfe no Christian.

For Christe’s sheepe doe heare his voyce,
 which biddeth worke moste busily;
 Sixe dayes, and in the seuenth reioyce,
 and where neede is, to giue freely.”

As a specimen of the prose dissertations the following extract is from the one “ of Vertue,” and contains an extraordinary description of the spiritual man, and seems framed for a member now bawling to the modern sectarists.

“ There hath beene some, as nowe doubtlesse there are also some, which so are be deawed with the sweete droppes of God’s grace, that they are euer studious to knowe the dignitie and woorthinesse of thinges pertinent both to bodie and soule: howe muche they shoulde be esteemed, trulye valued, or had in regard of vs: which laboureth with diligence (touching himself and others) to sifte, to trie, and truely to finde out what

is to bee of duetie embraced, and what also moste gladly to bee lefte and refused. And all suche men for their vertue, for their will to studie and Christian practise, are worthily called spirituall menne. For wee must knowe, that an husbandman, a farmer, a poore labouring man, a weauer, a carman, a taylour, a glouer, a tanner, a currier, a shoemaker, a carpenter, a wheerie man, or mariner, and all others of more inferiour state, without bothe learning, degrees of schoole, or taking orders vpon them may become spiritual: when a maister of arte, a bachelor or doctour of diuinitie, an archedeacon, a deane; yea, either a bishop, or archebishoppe, lacking the spirit of God, and destitute of true mortification, with all their highe cunning, shewe of great learning, holinesse and dignitie may be temporall and not spirituall: for so muche, as the true definition of a spirituall man, is in deede to bee such a one, in whome not the power of fleshe and bloude, but where the minde and spirite chiefly beareth rule. Likewise also the temporall man is hee, in whome the present time of this transitorie life, beareth with mis-happe, the moste greate and forceable swaye.”

In describing persons who are daily incurring diuine vengeance by their acts, they are supposed to “haue more in reuerence the shewes of triumphes and vanities, and to reade of them, then reuerently to reade the histories of Moses, Genesis, and suche like: they esteeme more of Tullie’s Offices, then of Saint Paule’s Epistles: of a tale of Bocace, yea or Robin Whoode, then the historie of the Bible: suche count but as fables, the holie mysteries of Christian religion: yea, they make Christe him selfe and his gospell to serue onely for ciuil policie: there commeth not amisse

vnto them any religion: and in time of them both they be open promoters: and againe, in apt places for their purpose, but gybers & priuie mockers of bothe: as in these verses following, is very aptly and truely set forth, by a right vertuous, wel learned, and godlie gentleman, lately in office about the Prince. *

Now newe, nowe olde, nowe bothe, nowe neither:

To serue the worlde's course, they care not with whether."

In the tenth and last book are

" *Sentences in meeter, tending to sundrie purposes.*

Against the wicked.

"The Lord of hostes most stronge, a right man is of warre,
Who soon confoundes his foes, that vaine and wicked arre.
His friendes he doth preserue, and shield them from their foe,
But such as them afflicte, he sharply workth their woe.

Beholde the Egyptian king, full proude with all his power,
In raging seas were cast, which them did straight deuower."

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. XI. [Diuine Meditations. Title wanting. Colophon.] *Imprinted at London by Henry Byneman, for William Norton. Anno 1572. Printed in eights. 91 leaves.*

By the Epistle "to the Righte Worshipful, Maistresse Isabel Harington, one of the Gentlewomen of the Queene's Maiestie's most Honorable Priuie Chamber, Thomas Paulfreyman, hir dayly orator, wisheth (with continuance) the increase of God's eternal grace and fauour." This address occupieth twelve pages, and

* Probably George Ferrars.

concludes

concludes “to the ende therefore, this small and moste simple volume, may (vnder youre godly protection) gather the rather some estimation and credite, & passe forth for good to the vse of the godly, I moste humbly beseeche your Worship, so to accepte it in the simplicitie therof, and graunt thereunto your Christian furtherance, that some good for Godde’s glory, may growe thereby to some—I shall (as of bounden duetie, for this and for other the like causes deserved) most humbly pray for you, that God in mercie may euer blesse, both you, your moste worthy beloued in Christe, your ofspring, and whole familie. Your humble and daily oratoure, Thomas Paulfreyman.”

“An exhortation to the Christen reader,” extending through seventeen leaves, is succeeded by the work as “a deuout meditation of the godly Christian, with a briefe confession and prayer.”

The volume is neatly printed in a fancy border. Herbert, p. 878, has “Diuine meditations of the milde Christia,” 1574, an imperfect notice from a catalogue, which may be the same work mis-dated.

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. XII. *A treatise against iudicial astrologie Dedicated to the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Egerton, Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seale, and one of her Maiestie’s most Honorable Priuie Councill. Written by Iohn Chamber, one of the Prebendaries of her Maiestie’s Free Chappell of Windsor, and Fellow of Eaton College.* [A pair of compasses on an ornamented oval, scroll without having

having motto "*Labore et Constantia.*"] Printed at London by John Harison, at the signe of the Grey-hound in Pater-noster Rowe. 1601. 4to. pp. 132, without Introduction.*

The science of astrology has now only a few weak and credulous followers, whose ignorance becomes the dupe of art and cunning, otherwise this treatise, like the "*Vulgar Errors*" of Dr. Brown, should be universally read. The author "having done," says Wood, "no less than a Christian learned man ought to have done, he had reason to look for another reward of his labours than he found. For instead of thanks and commendation for his labours so well placed, he was roughly entertained by Sir Christopher Heyden, Knight, in his defence of judicial Astrology, Cambr. 1603, qu. a work full of no common reading, and carried on with no mean arguments." To this answer Chamber wrote a reply, but did not live to see it printed. †

Leaving astrology to the very few, two passages that notice an early poet may afford more rational amusement for the many. It is the "*merrie Skelton, who thrust his wife out at the doore, and receiued her in againe at the window. The storie is well known how the Bishop had charged him to thrust his wife out of the doore,*" and thus mentioned forms an apposite introduction to the following, which occurs upon the

* This volume is printed on large paper, perhaps one of the earliest specimens of that plan, being systematically adopted by the printer, the type not being cast for more than an octavo page.

† Wood's Ath. Ox. Vol. I. col. 324, contains a brief memorial of the life and writings of the author. He died Aug. 1, 1604, aged 35.

discussion of the supposed change in things that must take place in every leap year.

“The leape yeare for any thing I see, might well vse the defence of merie Skelton, who being a priest, and hauing a child by his wife, euery one cryed out, oh Skelton hath a child, fie on him, &c. Their mouthes at that time he could not stop: but on a holy day, in a mery mood, he brought the child to church with him, and in the pulpit stript it naked, and held it out, saying, ‘See this child, is it not a pretie child, as other children be, euen as any of your’s; hath it not legs, armes, head, feet, limbes proportioned euery way as it should be? If Skelton had begot a monster, as a calfe, or such like, what a life should poore Skelton haue had then?’ So we say for the leape yeare, if it had changed the nature of things, as it is charged, how should it haue done then to defend itselfe? If the nature of any thing change in the leap yeare, it seemeth to be true in men and women, according to the answer of a mad fellowe to his mistresse, who being called knaue by her, replied that it was not possible, for, said he, if you remember your selfe, good mistresse, this is leape yeare, and then, as you know well, knaues weare smockes.”

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. XIII. *Seneca his tenne tragedies translated into Englysh. Mercurij nutrices, horæ. Imprinted at London in Fleet streete neere vnto Saincte Dunstan's Church by Thomas Marsh. 1581. 4to.*

Dedicated to Sir Thomas Henneage, Treasurer of the Queen's chamber. The first play is Hercules furens,

furens, translated by Jasper Heywood,* and the recital of the chorus, at the conclusion of the first act, thus commences :

“ The fading starres now shyne but seelde in sighte,
 In stipye skye, night ouercome with day
 Plucks in her fyres, while spronge agayne is light,
 The day starre drawes the cleresome beames their waye.
 The yeye signe of haughtye poale agayne,
 With seuen starres markt, the beares of Arcadye,
 Do call the light with ouerturned wayne;
 With marble horse nowe drawne, hys waye to hyc
 Doth Titan toppe of Oetha ouer spred;
 The bushes bright that nowe with berryes bee
 Of Thebes strewde, by daye do blushe full redde;
 And to returne doth Phœbus syster flee.
 Now labor harde begynnes, and euery kynde
 Of cares it styrres, the shepehearde doth vnfolde;
 His flockes vnpende do grase their foode to fynde,
 And nippes the grasse with hoary frost full colde.
 At will doth play in open medow faire
 The calfe whose brow did damme yet neuer teare,
 The empty kyne their vdders doe repayre;
 And lyght with course vicertayne here and there.
 In grasse full soft the wanton kidde hee flynges;
 In toppe of boughe doth sitte with chaunting songe,
 And to the sunne newe rose to spreade her wynges,
 Bestirres herselfe her mourneful nestes amonge]
 The Nightingall; and doth with byrdes aboute
 Confuse resounde with murmure mixed ryfe
 To witnes day. — — —”

The following is the description of the dog Cerberus, in the third act.

* Nat. 1535. Ob. 1597.

“ Of greedy Ditis after this doth then the house appere,
 The fierce and cruell Stygian dogge doth fraye the spirites there,
 The whiche with great and roaring sounde his heads vps shaking three
 The kingdome keepes his vgly head with filth full foule to see
 The serpentes licke ; his hayres be fowle with vipers set among,
 And at his crooked wrested tayle doth hyssse a dragon long,
 Like yre to shape : when him he wyst his pace that way to take,
 His bristle hayres he listeth vp with fierce vp bended snake,
 And sounde sent out ; he soone perceyues in his applyed eare
 Who euen the sprits is wont to sent as soone as stode more neare
 The sonne of Ioue, the doubtfull dogge strait couched downe in denne,
 And eche of them did feare ; beholde with dolefull barking then
 The places dumme he makes a dred, the threatning serpent stout
 Through all the fieldes about doth hyssse ; the bawling noyse sent out
 Of dredfull voyce from triple mouth, euen sprits that happy bee
 Doth make afrayde.”

Col.—“ Here endeth the first Tragedye of Seneca,
 called Hercules furens, translated into Englishe by
 Iasper Heywood, studente in Oxenforde.” Then fol-
 lows a head title.

*The second tragedie of Seneca entituled Thyestes,
 faythfully Englished by Jasper Heywood, fellow
 of Alsolne Colledge in Oxenforde.*

The chorus at the conclusion of the first act thus de-
 picts the fate of Tantalus.

With empty throate standes Tantalus begylde,
 Aboue thy wicked head their leanes to thee,
 Then Phineys fowles inflight a swifter pray,
 With turned bowes declynd on euery syde,
 And of his fruites all bent to beare the sway.
 The tree eludes the gapes of hunger wyde,
 Though hee full greedy feede theron would fayne,
 So oft deceyude neglectes to touch them yet ;
 He turns his eyes, his iawes he doth refrayne,
 And famine fixt in closed gummes doth shet :

But

But then each branch his plenteous ritches all
 Lets lower downe, and apples from an hie
 With lither leaues they flatter like to fall
 And famine styrre, in vayne that bids to trye
 His handes; which when he hath rought forth anone
 To be begnyld, in higher ayre againe
 The haruest hanges, and fickle fruit is gone;
 Then thirst him greeues no lesse then hungers payne:
 Wherwith when kindled is his boyling bloud
 Lyke fyre, the wretch the waues to him doth call
 That meete his mouth; which straight the fleeyng floud
 Withdrawes, and from the dryed soorde doth falle,
 And him forsakes that followes then. He drinckes.
 The dust so deepe of gulfe that from him shrinkes."

A speech by Atreus, in the third act, describing
 portion of his revengeful cruelty, thus begins:

"Entrapt in trayæ the beast is caught and in the snare doth fall,
 Both him, and eke of hated stocke with him the ofspryng all,
 About the father's syde I see; and now in sauſfety stands
 And surest ground my wrathiull hate, now comes into my hands
 At lengthe Thyestes; yea hee comes and all at once to mee;
 I scant refrayne my selfe, and scant may anger brydled bee.
 So when the bloud hound seekes the beast, by step and quick of sent
 Drawes in the leame, and pace by pace to wynde the wayes hee went,
 With nose to soyle doth hunt, while he the boare alooffe hath founde
 Farre of by sent, he yet refraynes and wanders through the grounde
 With silent mouth; but when at hand he once perceuies the pray,
 With all the strength he hath he striues with voyce, and calls away
 His lingring maister, and from him by force out breaketh hee,
 When ire doth hope the present bloud, it may not hydden bee."

*The thyrd tragedy of L. Annaeus Seneca: entituled
 Thebais, translated out of Latin into Englishe by
 Thomas Newton, * 1581.*

* Born about 1540—50. Ob. May 1607.

A few lines from the speech of Antigone, when her father Œdipus would have him leave her, will suffice.

“ No, though the worlde went all on wheelles ; though Ioue should from
about

Hurle flashing flakes vpon the earth, all shall not quayle my loue.
No, though his thumping thunderbolt (when wee together stand)
Should light betweene vs, whereas we are plighted hand in hand,
Yet wil I neuer thee forsake, but hold my handfast still ;
Therefore its booteles, father deare, to countermand my will
In this my full resolved mynd. Forbid me if you please,
But surely I wil be your guide in weale, woe, dole, & ease.
And maugre all your sharpe reprofes (though much against your mind)
I will direct your steppes and gate, that your way may fynd,
Through thick & thinne, through rough and smoth, I will be at an ynch ;
In hill and dale, in wood & groue, I'll serue at eu'ry pinch.”

*The fourth and most ruthful tragedie of L. Annaeus
Seneca, entituled Hippolytus, translated into
Englishe, by Iohn Studley.**

From the chorus at the end of the second act,

“ Hippolytus euen as the raging storme away doth fly,
More swift than whirling westerne wynde vptumbling cloudes in sky,
More swift then flashing flames, that catch their course with sweeping sway,
When stars ytest with whisking windes long fiery drakes display.
Fame (wondring at of alder time our auncestours renowne)
Farewell with thee, and beare away olde worship from our towne.
So much thy beauty brighter shines, as much more cleare and fayre,
The golden moone with glorious globe full furnisht in the ayre
Doth shine, when as the fiery tips of wayning hornes doe close,
When lifting vp her fulgent face in ambling waine she goes,
Vpon her nightwatch to attend, the starres of lesser light
Their darckned faces hide, as hee the messenger of night,
That watchword geues of th' evening tide and Hesperus hee hight ;
That glading earst was bath'd in seas, and hee the same agayne,
When shades be shrunk, doth then the name of Lucifer obtayne.”

* Killed in Flanders, 1587. *Cbetwood,*

*Oedipus, the fifth tragedy of Seneca, Englished the
yeare of our Lord M. D. LX. By Alexander
Nevyle.**

This play has an Epistle Dedicatory addressed “to the Right Honorable Maister Doctor Wotton, one of the Queene’s Maiestie’s Priuy Counsayle;” which describes the translatour as only sixteen, and in a preface to the reader he states “his author in word and verse somewhat tra’sformed, though in sense little altered; and yet oftentimes rudely increased with mine owne simple inuention, more rashly (I cōfesse) than wisely, wishing to please all; to offend none.”

The chorus at the end of the first act, gives minute particulars of the misery arising from the wrath of the gods.

“ Nothing, alas! remaynes at all in wonted old estate,
But all are turned topset downe, quight voyd and desolate;
The fainting horse for sodayne paine from back his burden tats,
And after on his maister’s brest his liueless lym he squats;
Who cries for help; but all in vain the beastes in field that bide
Vnkept, vnknown wayes and paths do raunge and ouerstride.
The bull for lacke of foode and meate in field all faintyng lyes,
And all his flocke dispersed quight, the sely shephard dyes.
The herdman eke amongst his beastes his fatal breath expiers,
And to the heuens with piteous cries commends his last desiers,
The harts without all feare of wolues do lyue in wretched peace,
The rage, and wrathful roring sounds of ramping lions cease;
The vengeance wylde outragious beares are now as tame as sheepe,
The vgly serpent that was wont the rocky dennes to keepe,
Oft quaffing poisoned venom sups in inward heat she boyles,
And ail inflam’d and schorcht, in vayne for lenger lyfe she toyles.
The woods are not adourned now, with fresh and lyuely hue,
The wonted shades are gon. All things are quight out of their queu!
No greenish grasse on ground doth grow, the earth no moisture soupes,
The vine withouten any sap his drowsy head down drowpes.

* Nat. 1544. Ob. 1614.

What shall I say? All things alas are writen out of course,
 And as they seeme to me are lyke to fare still worse and worse.
 O mighty God about! When ende these euer duryng yls?
 When cease these plages that gittles bloud thus fierce and raging spils?
 I thinck but we, almost alyue there do no men remayne,
 Whom dolful darts of destenies on earth haue left vnslayne;
 I thinke the darcksome shades of hell where filthy fluds do flow
 Where plages and vile diseases too, where dredfull horrors grow,
 And all the furies brasten loose do mischiefs on vs throw,
 With botch and blaine of sundry kindes which sothern blasts do blow,
 And wreckful vexed haggas of hell do breath and on vs bringe;
 The angry fendes of hell I thinke their vengeaunce on vs flinge,
 And out their mortall poyson spue which they agaynet vs beare!
 Lo see how greedy death on vs with scowling eyes doth leare;
 See, see, Oh Ioue! howe fast hee throwes his dartes; not one he spares,
 But all confounds, his thretning force withstand no creature dares.
 No doubt, the lothsome feryman the sinfull soules that traynes,
 Through stincking fluds, his labour loths that he for vs sustaynes,
 Such presse by plunips to him is made which still renews his paynes. }
 But harke yet monsters more then these, the fame abroade doth fly
 That hellishe dogges wth bawling sound were heard to howle and cry,
 And y^t. the ground with trembling shooke, and vnder feete did moue,
 And dreadful blasing comets bright were seen in skies aboue;
 And gastly shapes of men besides to wander on the ground,
 And woods, and trees on euery syde, did fearefully resound;
 Besides all this strange ghosts were seene in places where they stooode
 And ryuers more than one, or two, that ran all blacke goord bloode;
 O cruell plague! O vile disease! farre worse then speedy death;
 O wee vnhappy thrise and more, who doe prolonge our breath!"

*The sixte tragedie of the most grave & prudēt author
 Lucius Annæus Seneca entituled Troas, with diuers
 and sundrye additions to the same by Iasper Hey-
 vwood.*

An Address to the Reader, considers the writer, will
 be accused of arrogance in attempting to give in
 English the flower of all writers, Seneca, when so many
 fine wits and towardly youth are at that time flourish-
 ing

ing. The several additions are noticed and the favour requested for his beginnings. The argument is in thirteen seven-line stanzas; as a specimen of Heywood's original composition the first five are taken.

“ The ten yeares siege of Troy, who list to heare,
 And of th' affayres that there befell in fight;
 Reade ye the workes that long since written were,
 Of th' assaultes, and of that latest night,
 When turrets toppes in Troy they blased bright;
 Good clerkes they were that haue it written well,
 As for this worke, no word therof doth tell.

But Dares Phrygian well can all report,
 With Dictis eke of Crete in Greekish tounge,
 And Homer telles, to Troye the Greekes resort
 In scanned verse, and Maro hath it song
 Ech one in writ hath pen'd a stoary long,
 Who doubttes of ought, and casteth care to knowe
 These antique authors, shal the story showe.

The ruines twayne of Troy, the cause of each,
 The glittering helmes, in fieldes the banners spread,
 Achilles' yres, and Hector's frightes they teach;
 There may the iestes of many a knight be read,
 Patroclus, Pyrrhus, Ajax, Diomed,
 With Troylus, Parys, many other more,
 That day by day, there fought in field full sore.

And how the Grekes at end an engine made;
 A hugie horse where many a warlike knight
 Enclosed was; the Troians to inuade
 With Sinon's craft, when Greekes had fayned flight,
 While close they lay at Tenedos from sight,
 Or how Eneas els as other say,
 And false Antenor did the towne betray;

But

But as for me I naught therof endight,
 Myne author hath not all that story pen'd;
 My pen his wordes in English must resight,
 Of latest woes that fell on Troy at end,
 What finall fates the cruell God could send;
 And how the Greekes when Troy was burnt gan wreake
 Their ire on Troians, therof shall I speake."

The chorus of the second act is composed in similar measure, and commences;

" May this be true, or doth the fable fayne,
 When corps is deade the sprite to liue as yet?
 When death our eies with heauy hand doth strain,
 And fatall day our leames of light hath shct,
 And in the tombe our ashes once be set,
 Hath not the soule likewyse his funerall,
 But still, alas! do wretches liue in thrall?
 Or els doth all at once togethér die?
 And may no part his fatal howre delay,
 Bul with the breath the soul from hence doth flie?
 And eke the cloudes to vanish quite awaye,
 As danky shade fleeth from the poale by day?
 And may no iote escape from desteny,
 When once the brand hath burned the body?
 What euer then the ryse of sunne may see,
 And what the west that sets the sunne doth know;
 In all Neptunus raygne what euer bee,
 That restles seas do wash and ouerflow,
 With purple waues stil tombling to and fro;
 Age shal consume, each thing that liuth shal die,
 With swifter race than Pegasus doth flie." —————

*The seventh tragedye of L. Annaeus Seneca, entituled
 Medea, translated out of Latin into Englishe by
 Iohn Stvdley.*

The argument is rendered in three seven-line stanzas. A long speech of the chorus at the end of the third act begins :

“ No fier's force, nor rumbling rage of boistrus blustering winde,
 No dart shot whirling in the skies such terrour to y^e. minde
 Can driue, as when y^e. ireful wife doth boile in burning hate
 Deprived of her spousall bed, and comfort of her mate,
 Nor where the stormy southerne winde with dankish dabby face,
 Of hoary winter sendeth out the gushing showres apace.
 Where veightment Isters waumbling streame comes waltring downe amayne,
 Forbidding both the banks to meete, & cannot oft contayne
 Himselfe within his channels scoupe, but further breakes his way ;
 Nor Rodanus whose russhing streame doth launch into the sea.
 Or when amid the floured spring with hotter burning sunne
 The winter's snowes disolude with heate downe to the ryuers runne ;
 The clottred top of Haemus' hill to water thin doth turne,
 Such desperate gogin flame is wrath that inwardly doth burne,
 And modest rule regardeth not, nor brydels can abyde,
 Nor dreading death doth wish on dinte of naked blade to slyde.”

*The eyghth tragedye of L. Annaeus Seneca entituled
 Agamemnon, translated out of Latin into Englishe
 by Iohn Studley.*

To this play Studley added, at the conclusion, a whole scene, from which is selected a relation of the death of Cassandra.

“ While thus were woefull waylings hard in euery place about,
 The good Cassandra (come from Troy) to death is haled out.
 Like as the swan, who when the time of death approacheth nye,
 By nature warned is thereof, and pleased well to dye,
 Doth celebrate her funerall with dirge and solemne songe ;
 Euen so the noble vyrgin who in woe hath liued longe,
 Most ioyfull goes she to her death with milde and pleasaunt face,
 Stout boulstring out her burly breast with pryncely porte and grace.
 Nothing dismayde with courage bolde, and chearefull countenaunce,
 On stage ordeyned for her death shee gan her selfe aduance ;

As though she had not thither come, to leaue her lothsome lyfe,
 As though she had not come, to taste the stroke of fatall knyfe;
 But euen as if in brydale bed her iourney were to meete
 Corebus deare, not hauing mynde of death, nor winding sheete,
 When looking rounde on euery side she took her leaue of all,
 From vapourde eyes of younge and olde the trickling teares doe fall.
 The Greekes themselues to grieffe are mou'de to see this heauy sight,
 So pity pearst the headman's heart, that thrise aboute to smite
 He stayde the smot; with shiuering hand yet once agayne he tryed,
 And from her shoulders stroke her heade, and thus the vyrgin dyed,"

*The ninthe tragedy of Lucius Annæus Seneca, called
 Octauia; translated out of Latine into Englishe
 by T[homas] N[uce or Newce].**

Seneca, in character, having described the age of
 Saturn, &c. proceeds;

" But now this age much worse then all the rest
 Hath leapt into her mother's broken breast:
 And rusty lumpish yron and massy gold
 Hath digged out, that was quite hid with mold.
 And fighting fistes haue armd without delay,
 And drawing forth their bondes for rule to stay,
 Haue certayne seuerall ioly kingdomes made,
 And cities new haue raysde now rulde with blade,
 And fenseth eyther with their proper force
 Strav̄ge stoundes, or them assaults the which is worse,
 The starry specked virgin, flowre of skies,
 Which Iustice hight, that guilty folke discries,
 Now lightly esteemd of mortall people here,
 Each earthly stound is fled, and comes not neere
 The sauage mannerd route, and beastly rude,
 With dabbed wistes in goary blond embrude;
 The great desyre of griesly warre is sprong:
 And raping thirst of gold, it is not young."

* Prebendary of Ely Cathedral, 1586. Ob. 1617.

*The tenth tragedy of L. Annae. Seneca, entituled
Hercules Octævs: translated out of Latin into
Englishe by I[ohn] S[tvdley.]*

The following lines are from the chorus to the third
act.

“ Full true the dytty is
that holy Orphevs sang,
On Thracian harpe with sounde whereof
the rocks of Rodop rang,
That nothing is creat
for euer to endure;
Dame Nature’s byrdes each on must stoupe;
when death throwes out the lure.
The head wyth cri:pen lockes,
or goulden hayres full,
In time liath borne an hoary bush,
or bin a naked scull.
And that which tract of time
doth bring out of the grayne,
Olde Satvrne sharps his syth at length
to reape it downe agayne.
Though Phoebvs ryse at morne,
with glistring rayes full proude,
Hee runnes his race, and ducketh downe
at length in foggy clowde.
To th’ Gætans Orphevs sang
such kinde of melody;
And how the gods themselues were boude
to lawes of destiny.—
The shiuerynge sunne in heauen
shall lee:se his fadyng lighte;
The pallace of the frames of heavens
shall runne to ruin quight.
And all these blockish gods
some kynd of death shall quell,
And in confused chaos blynde
they shall for euer dwell,

And after ruin made
 of goblin, hegge, and elfe,
 Death shall bringe finall destenye
 at last vppon it selfe."——

Col. *Imprinted at Londön in Flet' streate neare vnto
 Saint Dunstons church by Thomas Marshe. 1581.*

These short specimens are given as supplementary to the critical account of the volume inserted by Warton in the History of English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 382. That writer observes, "it is remarkable that Shakspeare has borrowed nothing from the English Seneca;" yet it seems probable a translation produced at the juncture when holy mysteries were fast declining in estimation, assisted other writers, and formed no mean extension of the rising freedom given to dramatic genius. George Gascoigne, whose pieces for public representation class among the earliest we now possess, has some lines in one of his miscellaneous poems descriptive of the characters that supported the extravagant buffoonery then displayed on the stage in the form of a pageant.

" Thus is the stage slakt out, where all these partes be plaide,
 And I the prologue should pronounce, but that I am afraide.
 First Cayphas plays the priest, and Herode sits as king,*
 Pylate the judge, Judas the jurour verdiete in doth bring,

* " If one at a solemne stage play, would take vpon him to pluck of the plaier's garments, whiles they were saying theyr partes & so discipher vnto the lokers on the true & natiue faces of eche of the players, shoulde hee not (trow yee) marre all the matter; and well deserue for a madman to be pelted out of the place with stones: yee shoulde see yet straightwayes a new transmutation in thinges, that who before played the woman, should than appeare to be a man: who seemed youth, should shew his hore heares: who counterfaited the king should tourne to a rascall, and who played God Almighty, shoulde become a cobler as he was before." *The prayse of Follie, &c. Englished by Sir Thomas Cbaloner, Knight. 1577.*

Vaine tatling plaid the vice, well cladde in rich aray,*
 And poor Tom Troth is laught to skorn, wt. garments nothing gay;
 The woman wantonnesse, she commes with ticing traine,
 Pride in her pocket playes bo-peepe, and bawdrie in her braine.
 Hir handmaidens be deceipte, daunger, and dalliance,
 Riot and reuell follow hir, they be of hir alliance;
 Nexte these commes in Simme Swash, to see what sturre they keep,
 Climme of ye. Clough then takes his heeles, tis time for him to creep;
 To packe the pageaunt up, commes Sorowe with a song,
 He says these iests can get no grotes, & al this geare goth wrong;
 Fyrst pride withoute cause, why he sings the treble parte,
 The meane he mumbles out of tune, for lack of life and hait:
 Cost lost, the counter tenor chanteth on apace,
 Thus all in discords stands the cliffe, and beggrie sings the base.
 The players loose their paines, where so few pens are sturring,
 Their garments weare for lacke of gains, & fret for lack of furring;
 When all is done and past, was no parte plaide but one,
 For euery player plaide the foole, till all be spent and gone."

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. XIV. *On the modern Corruption of Sternhold's
 Version of the Psalms.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

As some persons, I find, have doubted whether there are so many variations between the ancient editions of Sternhold's version and the modern ones, as I have

* "Now Roscius pleades in the senate house; asses play vpon harpes; the stage is brought into the church; and vices make plaies of church matters.—They shall put off their fooles coate, and leaue snapping of their wudden dagger, and betake themselues to a soberer kinde of reasoning, which will bee verie hard for such vices to do.—Wearie of our stale mirth, that for a penie may haue farre better by oddes at the Theater and Cu. taine, and any blind playing house euerie day.—Like *Wil. Sommers*, when you knowe not who bob'd you, strike h'm that first comes in your foolish head." *Martin's Month's minde*, 1589.

mentioned

mentioned in my last, the following comparison between them will sufficiently convince them of the truth of the fact with respect to that short portion alone of the ninetieth Psalm.

“*Edit. of 1597.*”

V. 2. The earth and all abroad.

Edit. of 1715.

The earth and world abroad.

V. 3. And then thou sayest againe return,
Agaïne ye sons of men.

Thou unto them dost say again

Return ye sons of men.

V. 5. All as a sleep and like the grass.

Ev'n as a sleep or like the grass.

V. 7. And of thy fervent wrath and fume

And of thy fervent wrath O Lord.

V. 8. Our privie faults, yea, eke our thoughts.

Our privy faults yea all our thoughts.

V. 10. Our time is threescore yeeres and ten

That we do live on mould,

If we see fourscore, surely then

We count him wondrous old.

V. 10. *The time of our abode on earth*

Is three score years and ten,

But if we come to four score years,

Our life is grievous then.

V. 11. Yet of this time the strength and age,

The which we count upon,

Is nothing else but painfull grief.

V. 11. *For of this time the strength and chief,*

We dote so much upon,

Is nothing else but pain and grief.

V. 12. Who once doth know what strength is there,

What might thine anger hath.

V. 12. *What man doth know what power, and
What might thine anger hath."*

Now if so many alterations were made, many for the worse and none for the better, except sometimes an obsolete word removed, it were to be wished that a different plan had been adopted, that of equally removing the most flat and vulgar expressions, in order that by substituting more select phrases the insipidity might be removed without destroying the simplicity of language. This is an excellence in poetry, of which the writers in Elizabeth's reign seem to have had no conception; for they often overwhelm their thoughts under a profusion of high-flown, pompous and turgid expressions, which lift us up to the third heavens, and then in the very next line we sink down again, along with Sternhold, far below the level of mediocrity, and down to the very dust of the ground. Now as *essences* are so much in fashion, it seems to me possible however to have extracted from Sternhold's lines an *essence* of some better poetic effect, by the preparation above-mentioned; whereas the opposition between the high flights of other Elizabethian poets and their inclination to creep upon the ground, presents itself so continually, as renders the operation more difficult in them, and indeed almost impossible without a double distillation from the grosser materials, in order to be able to extract any poetic essence, even in almost any two stanzas together, without the spirit evaporating altogether. The Psalms by Sternhold, so modelled, would have been more acceptable to common congregations than any new version in a higher style; and it was with this view, that I have given a sample of such an *essence of*

Sternhold, in which more is retained from the ancient edition of 1597, than from the variations in the later ones. S.

In Shakespear's *As You Like It* the following lines are known to all.

“ Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot ;
 Tho' thou the waters *warp*,
 Thy *sting* is not so *sharp*
 As fiends rememb' red not.”

But I doubt whether all persons understand in the same sense the line *Tho' thou the waters warp*. The word *warp* is now always used in a bad sense to denote the perversion of an object from its right state to one less natural or proper, as when a board is said to be warped: among weavers only it is still used in a sense approaching nearer to its original meaning of *to work*; thus their first parallel threads extended for a web are called the warp, as being the foundation of the *work*, which are afterwards crossed by other threads by means of the shuttle, and called the *woof*. Did Shakespear then mean to suggest, that the conversion of water into ice might be considered as a perversion of it from its right state? This may be possible, and, I believe, it is thus generally understood; yet it seems to be both an uncommon and even harsh kind of expression. Or did he allude to the parallel threads of icicles hanging from the eaves of houses, which in the first scene of this act he calls the *icy phang*, and may here mean

mean by the *sharp sting*? Now I doubt whether he meant either sense, and did not rather use *warp* here in its original sense of merely *to work upon* the waters, which primitive sense the word still retained in his age, and is often employed in that sense in the version by Sternhold; nay, I know of no example there, where it has any other meaning, the idea of perversion not being then included in *warping*. Thus in Ps. 52.

“ Why doth thy minde yet still devise

Such wicked wiles to *warp*?

Thy tongue untrue in forging lyes

Is like a rasour *sharp*.”

Where we may observe also that it rhymes to the very same word *sharp* as in the poet, and is a mere variation of the prose version, “ Thy tongue deviseth mischiefs like a sharp razor, *working* deceitfully.” This extensive sense *weorpan* always has in the Anglo-Saxon, i. e. *projicere, jactare, immittere*, and *to do* any thing in general; a mole was called a mould-warp, on account of its *throwing out* the mould and *working* under ground. Again in the seventh Psalm,

“ He whets his sword, his bowe he bends,

Aiming where he may hit,

And doth prepare his mortal *darts*,

His arrows *keen* and *sharp*,

For them that do me persecute,

Whilst he doth mischiefe *warp*.”

Here *warp* means again to work mischief in the original sense of the Saxon word; in the prose it is only *conceived mischief*: but the edition of Sternhold of 1715 has changed it to *harp*. “ And do at mischief *harp*.” In another Psalm we have,

“ What vantage or what thing

Gettest thou thus for to *sting*?

Thy tongue doth hurt, I weene,

No less than arrows *keen*." 120th.

In these lines we find so many thoughts, words and rhymes, similar to those lines of Shakespear, that one would be almost tempted to think those psalms to have been uppermost in the poet's mind at the time of composition, and although he followed the ungodly trade of a poet, yet that he did sometimes go to church and sing psalms, and even remembered them the next day: he had only to change the meaning *mutatis mutandis* from inveighing against the malice of open enemies to the above lines against the ingratitude of false friends; and we have no reason to conceive that he meant any thing more by *to warp the waters* than to *operate upon, or work upon the waters*, agreeably to the sense of warp in the version of his cotemporary Sternhold. We have seen in the case of Coligny's ghost how ready he was to turn every thing which he read to use, and pluck flowers from every bush in his way.

P. S. It being mentioned in your last, p. 258, that Hawking has been noticed by Firmicus, in his astrology, who lived under Constantine, I find there the following words: "In Virgine si Mercurius fuerit inventus, quicumque sic eum habuerint fortes erunt et industrii, sagaces, equorum nutritores, accipitrum, falconum cœterarumque avium, quæ ad aucupia pertinent, similiter et canum, molossorum, vertagorum et qui sunt ad venationes accomodati. Homines quoque et milites tenebunt, omniaque munimenta ad militiam pertinentia, ac plurimum equestri jaculatione delectabuntur." *Lib. v. 8.* Query whether the Greeks had preceded the Romans in this art? S.

ART. XV. *On the Mode of Interpreting the Prophecies.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

With very great respect for the learning and talents of your venerable Correspondent *S.* to whom I think all your readers are under much obligation, I must differ from him with regard to some of the positions stated in his letter inserted in your last Number. That there is a medium to be observed between the wholly literal and wholly allegorical or mystical interpretation of the prophecies cannot be denied. But the difficulty still remains to know where to draw the line. Good and eminent men, Jews as well as Christians, ancients as well as moderns, have erred on both sides. In our own days we have seen the virtuous and learned Bishop Horne allegorizing almost the whole of the scriptures; and Rosemuller (as I judge from what *S.* says of him) reducing them again to their literal meaning. Yet surely there is a line to be drawn, safe at least, though neither inclusive nor exclusive of a great part of the Bible, which is from the information of the New Testament. Whatever Rosemuller or any other commentator may say, while I believe in the general inspiration of the apostles I must also believe that those prophecies which they expressly quote, and to the completion of which in their own sight they bear witness, were in the proper sense prophecies and to be fulfilled at a future time, however literally they might appear to be accomplished in their first and most obvious sense: and references of this kind in the New

Testament are too numerous and well known to make it necessary to quote them. That these were also the sentiments of Bishop Lowth, who in the opinion of S. maintains the literal in opposition to the mystic sense of prophecy, appears from his own words, in a part of the very note which he quoted in your last; “yet obvious and plain,” says the Bishop, “as I think this literal sense is, we have nevertheless the *irrefragable* authority of John the Baptist, and of our blessed Saviour himself, as recorded by all the evangelists, for explaining this exordium (of the xlth ch. of Isaiah) of the prophecy of the opening of the gospel by the preaching of John, and of the introducing of the kingdom of Messiah.”—“And this we shall find to be the case in many subsequent parts also of this prophecy, where passages manifestly relating to the deliverance of the Jewish nation, effected by Cyrus, are with good reason and upon undoubted authority to be understood of the redemption wrought for mankind by Christ.”

“If the literal sense of the prophecy cannot be questioned, much less surely can the spiritual; which I think is allowed on all hands, even by Grotius himself.”*

I cannot therefore see how Lowth “completed what Martin begun and Grotius corrected.” For in reality Lowth was not a commentator but a translator. It was to the structure and imagery of the language to which he particularly applied his attention, both in his Isaiah, and in his “*Prælectiones de sacra Poesi.*” †

* *Even by Grotius*; it may then be observed here, obiter, that the Bishop evidently means to infer that Grotius attached himself too strictly to the *literal* interpretation of prophecy.

† It is not meant that no other subjects are embraced in this elegant work, but that the explanation of the prophecies makes no part of it.

In neither of them does he enlarge on the scope and design of the prophecy explained, though he sometimes refers to it in a short and cursory manner. But let him speak for himself. "Whatever senses are supposed to be included in the prophet's words, spiritual, mystical, allegorical, analogical, or the like, they must all depend upon the *literal* sense." * And again, "The † design of the notes is to give the reasons and authorities on which the translation is founded; to rectify or to explain the words of the text; to illustrate the ideas, the images, and the allusions of the prophet, by referring to objects, notions and customs, which peculiarly belong to his age and his country; and to point out the beauties of particular passages. I sometimes indeed endeavour to open the design of the prophecy, to shew the connection between its parts, and to point out the event which it foretels. But in general I must entreat the reader to be satisfied with my endeavours faithfully to express the literal sense, which is all that I undertake. If he would go deeper into the mystical sense, into theological, historical, and chronological disquisitions, there are many learned expositors to whom he may have recourse, who have written full commentaries on this prophet; to which title the present work has no pretensions." The *literal* sense therefore in which the Bishop is supposed to follow or agree with Grotius, is in reality only the *literal* manner in which he has thought proper to translate his original. It refers merely to the version, not to the explanation of the prophecy. With respect to the 40th chapter, Lowth certainly supposes that the prophecy

* Preliminary Dissertation, p. lii.

† Ib. p. lxxiii.

has a double meaning, the one nearer and the other more remote; but I am at a loss to discover where S. has found (as he asserts p. 298) that Lowth differs from Origen concerning the meaning of the 53d chapter. I can find nothing like it either in his notes or in his Prælections. In the latter (Prælect. xix) he uses this strong expression about it, "illustre illud Vaticinium de Messiaë humilitate & pænis piacularibus." In the former he introduces this prophecy by saying, "here Babylon is at once dropped.—The prophet's views are almost wholly engrossed by the superior part of his subject. He introduces the Messiah as appearing at first in the lowest state of humiliation; and obviates the offence which would be occasioned by it, by declaring the important and necessary cause of it, and foreshewing the glory which should follow it." The only place in which the Bishop mentions Origen is to introduce a note by Dr. Kennicot on the eighth verse, to prove a various reading of the Hebrew from the lxx; nor does he in any of his notes even hint at any application of this prophecy to any other person, primarily or remotely, but to Christ alone.

P. M.

ART.

ART. XVI. *The Ruminator. - Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

N^o. LV.

On the Beneficence of Providence in bestowing a Sensibility to the Charms of Nature; and on the permanent Power of delighting possessed by Poetry; which describes them.

It is probably for the most beneficent purposes that we are endued with a keen sensibility for the charms of Nature. Even now, when winter howls round us, and a damp and black gloom hovers over the lawn, and the brown leafless woods that skirt it, I look abroad from my retirement, and feel my anxieties gilded by a solemn kind of pleasure. Addison has a paper on this subject written with all that philosophical truth, that beauty of imagery, moral pathos, nice discrimination, and felicity of language, which render his essays inimitable.

From the very earliest period of my life, almost every thing which has been of sufficient interest to make a lasting impression on my memory, has intermixed itself with some look of the sky, or the fields, or the woods; or some other image of Nature. I remember, though I have not power to describe, a hundred aspects of the sun and the moon over the scenes of my nativity, as connected with some childish exploit, from the age of six, nay of four, years. And surely, as sensations of this kind are among the most pure and virtuous of our existence, we may be allowed to look back upon them with satisfaction and delight!

The

The remark may be sufficiently obvious, but I cannot help here expressing it, that this habit of associating all his feelings and every event which he describes with natural scenery, is among the principal charms of the poetry of Burns. It almost always makes the opening of his love-songs; and generally even of his songs of war. For this we need look no further than the index, containing the first lines of his songs, in the fourth volume of Currie's edition of his works. And I will only specify two or three, which immediately cross my eye.

“ The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee;
 Nor lavrock sung on hillock green,
 But Nature sicken'd on the e'e.
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel in beauty's bloom the while;
 And aye the wildwood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballockmyle.” &c.

“ Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently; I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not my dream.” &c.

“ Behold the hour, the boat arrive;
 Thou goest, the darling of my heart;
 Sever'd from thee, can I survive?
 But fate has will'd, and we must part.
 Ill often greet this surging swell;
 Yon distant isle will often hail:
 E'en here I took the last farewell;
 There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail!” &c.

“ *Evan*

“ *Evan Banks.*

“ Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
 The sun from India’s shore retires :
 To Evan banks with temp’rate ray,
 Home of my youth, he leads the day.
 O banks, to me for ever dear !
 O streams, whose murmurs still I hear !
 All, all my hopes of bliss reside
 Where Evan mingles with the tide !” * &c.

It appears to me that Burns never made an assignation of pleasure or friendship, without feeling that the tints of the sky, and the natural scenery around him, were prominent ingredients in his enjoyment. This is one striking feature among the many exquisite charms of *Gray’s Elegy*. All the characteristics, every leading event of the rustic’s life, which are delineated with such admirable feeling, and such vigorous and living touches, are connected with, and marked out by some image of surrounding nature. Thus “ the breezy call of incense-breathing morn,” (one of the finest lines in the whole body of English, or any, poetry) “ the twittering swallow;” the “ woods bowing to the axe,” &c. &c. (all of which are too familiar to every reader to be here particularized), so soften and smooth the melancholy created by the affecting ideas of mortality and earthly oblivion, as to make us in love with a peaceful obscurity, and hang with benevolent and tender hearts over the “ short and simple annals of the poor.”

* This last is from Mr. Cromek’s new volume of “ *Reliques of Burns,*” just published, by Cadell and Davies. 8vo.

This was also the vital charm of the poetry of Cowper, who says, speaking of the country,

“ I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But here I laid the scene !”

But it has been doubted, and justly doubted, whether descriptions of this kind will long interest without much intermixture of sentiment and moral remark. Man must form an important part of the picture; and to develop its operations on him will always give it its highest interest.

I will venture to say, that no ambitious verbal delineation, no unchaste and gorgeous heaping together of imagery, no laboured combination of objects, will gain the approbation of judges, or the sympathy of those, who have a genuine taste. They, whose writings are dictated by artifice and imitation, want those infallible directors in selecting and combining their materials, which are to be found in the voluntary impulses of the head and the heart endowed with genius. These mocking-birds of poetry catch perhaps distinct parts of the songs of their masters with tolerable exactness; but being insensible of the flow of soul, by which they have been produced, they jumble them together in an association so unnatural, as to retain no part of the charms which the originals possessed. We see similar defects every day exhibited in pictures; we see glaring colours, distorted invention, and incredible toil: but all is vain; and whatever the mob may pronounce, the eye of skill turns away from them unaffected, except with disgust. In the mean time the real painter combines without effort; embodies the unsought visions of
his

his fancy; and meets delight in every cultivated spectator; and a mirror in every well-formed bosom.

The test, which I have now, and often before, mentioned, I believe to be infallible, if applied to the merits either of poetry or painting. It will shew where lies the radical defect of the multitudes of second-rate rhymers, who follow at the heels of the few poets of every age. It will account for the similitude of the outward forms of their productions; and the marked dissimilitude of the souls which animate them. In the first a secret power carries us along with them in every line; in the others it is *vox et præterea nihil*.

Let us instance in a poetess lately dead. Where lies the charm of those little poems of Mrs. Smith, which she has entitled SONNETS? Is it in description? We shall find many among her cotemporaries, whose descriptions are more abundant, more uncommon, and more splendid than hers! But are they equally natural? Do they seem equally to breathe the freshness and vigour of original feeling? And is the association such as equally to command the sympathy of the reader?—Is it in sentiment? Perhaps few among her rivals exhibit sentiments less recondite, or even less free from some appearance of triteness. But have they the effect of triteness in her? No: because they evidently spring from the fulness of a pure, a pathetic, and an overflowing heart.

The well-spring of natural eloquence was never yet tedious or insipid. The unsophisticated ideas; whose vividness shines through the language in which they are clothed, possess a permanent attraction; and though they are such as have appeared to the world a thousand times before, still continue to delight. Stupid critics analyse,

analyse, and the charm is gone; they separate the parts, and find nothing in them. We may say with Burns,

These "pleasures are like poppies spread;
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snow-falls in the river,
 A moment white, then melts for ever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanishing amid the storm." *

But the charm will be renewed; and real poetry will always delight, as it re-appears, in spite of critics and analysers; while all the rules of writing, and all the praise of the mechanical judges, will not preserve a production, where the soul of poetry is wanting. A simple, touching, and vivid description of the scenery of Nature, is an ingredient which has never been known to fail in giving permanent interest to a composition.

Dec. 15, 1808.

Nº. LVI.

*On the Allegorical Style of Poetry of Collins;—with
 a Comparison of it with that of Sackville.*

Melior fieri tuendo.

I doubt whether there are any poems in our language more elegant and highly finished than those of Collins. There scarcely occurs an imperfect line, a lame sen-

* Tam O'Shanter.

tence, or a flat and improper word. They are perhaps more marked by the singular praise of being such as none but himself have produced than the compositions of any other author. On the other hand they are, I think, deficient in some ingredients, which constitute the very first charms of poetry. Let me be forgiven, if with a love of this great poet above that of most men, I endeavour with candour to point these out; while I trust I shall shew myself fully sensible of his inimitable beauties.

His Odes are principally descriptive of single allegorical figures. We know that in painting no subjects are more generally tiresome than these. Whether it requires too great a habit of abstraction, or whether the condensing into one person all the varieties of a passion, too much narrows our ideas, or whatever be the cause, it is certain that even of those who are pleased with such exhibitions at first, the major part soon grow weary. Collins's delineations partake of this defect; and partake of them the more, because he has chosen to delineate them too much in the manner of a painter. He has not sufficiently enriched his figures with sentiment; and with that expression of the movements of the soul, which the pencil of the painter, and he who is merely conversant with matter, can never reach. I do not mean that he has not gone beyond the painter; because a painter cannot exhibit the successive movements of a figure, nor place it in a variety of situations and circumstances in the same picture, nor express any of those invocations, which the dulness of the spectator will seldom be able to supply to the lips of the person worshipping the goddess which may form the main feature on the canvass.

But

But why should the poet so much curtail, if he do not entirely forego, his superiorities? Why should he leave those paths, whither the painter cannot follow him, for others, in which the painter in some important points has even the advantage. The finest Ode of Collins, next to that to the Passions, is the Ode to Fear; it contains the strongest expression of the internal workings of the spirit of the personified being addressed: but perhaps even this sublime composition is in some degree liable to these objections. The animated and inimitable groups of the PASSIONS themselves disclose their characteristic impulses by action only.

There is I think another trait in the allegorical personages of Collins. They are almost too abstract; too far removed from human creatures; instead of earthly beings somewhat elevated and purified. I can more easily illustrate this by instances, than by definition. When Gray personifies ADVERSITY, he manages his invention in such a manner, as to give it a more moral effect, and bring it more "home to men's business and bosoms," while his composition loses nothing of the poetical character.

But there is a poet, who appears to me to have given this moral cast to descriptions of this kind beyond all others. The vigour and solemnity of his personifications, and the powers of his language are entitled to the highest praise, without reference to the age in which he wrote, while the fact of their having appeared two hundred and sixty years ago must excite not only admiration but astonishment. I refer to the INDUCTION of Thomas Sackville, the first Earl of Dorset, in the *Mirror for Magistrates*.

The poet is conducted by **SORROW** to the classical hell, the place of torments and the place of happiness, where he describes the dreadful group of beings whom he found sitting within the porch.

—“ She forthwith uplifting me apace
 Remov'd my dread, and with a stedfast mind
 Bade me come on, for here was now the place,
 The place where we our travel end should find
 Wherewith I arose, and to the place assign'd
 Astoin'd I stalk, when strait we' approached near
 The dreadful place, that you will dread to hear.

An hideous hole all vast, withouten shape,
 Of endless depth o'erwhelm'd with ragged stone,
 With ugly mouth, and grisly jaws doth gape,
 And to our sight confounds itself in one.

Here entred we, and yeding forth, anon
 An horrible loathly lake we might discern,
 As black as pitch, that cleped is Avene.

A deadly gulf; where nought but rubbish grows,
 With foul black swelth, in thicken'd lumps that lies,
 Which up in th' air such stinking vapours throws,
 That over there may fly no fowl but dies,
 Choak'd with the pestilent vapours that arise.
 Hither we come, whence forth we still did pace,
 In dreadful fear amid the dreadful place.

And first within the porch and jaws of hell
 Sat deep **REMORSE OF CONSCIENCE**, all besprent
 With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
 Her wretchedness; and cursing never stent
 To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament
 With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain
 Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unstedfast rolling here and there,
 Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
 So was her mind continually in fear,
 Toss'd and tormented with the tedious thought
 Of those detested crimes which she had wrought;
 With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
 Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next saw we DREAD, all trembling how he shook
 With foot uncertain proffer'd here and there:
 Benumb'd of speech, and with a ghastly look
 Search'd every place, all pale and dread for fear,
 His cap borne up with staring of his hair,
 Storm'd and amaz'd at his own shade for dread,
 And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And next within the entry of this lake
 Sat fell REVENGE, gnashing her teeth for ire,
 Devising means how she may vengeance take,
 Never in rest till she have her desire;
 But frets within so far forth with the fire
 Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
 To die by death, or veng'd by death to be.

When fell REVENGE, with bloody foul pretence
 Had shew'd herself as next in order set,
 With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
 Till in our eyes another sight we met;
 When fro my heart a sigh forthwith I set,
 Ruing alas upon the woeful plight
 Of MISERY, that next appear'd in sight.

His face was lean, and some-deal pin'd away,
 And eke his hands consumed to the bone;
 But what his body was I cannot say,
 For on his carcase raiment had he none,
 Save clouts and patches pieced one by one;

With

With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he;
As on the which full daintily he would fare:
His drink the running stream; his cup the bare
Of his palm clos'd, his bed the hard cold ground.
To this poor life was MISERY ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him and on his fears,
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held;
And by and by another shape appears
Of greedy CARE, still brushing by the breers;
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deep dented in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun
To spread his light e'en peeping in our eyes,
When he is up, and to his work yrun;
But let the night's black misty mantle rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while;
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy SLEEP, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath;
Small keep took he, whom Fortune frowned on;
Or whom she lifted up unto the throne
Of high renown; but as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travel's ease, the still night's seer was he;
And of our life in earth the better part,

Rever of sight, and yet in whom we see
 Things oft that tide, and oft that never be;
 Without respect esteeming equally
 King Cræsus' pomp, and Irus' poverty.

And next in order sad OLD AGE we found:

His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,
 With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
 As on the place where Nature him assign'd
 To rest, when that the sisters had untwin'd
 His vital thread, and ended with their knife
 The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broken and hollow plaint

Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
 And all for nought his wretched mind torment
 With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
 And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste;
 Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
 And to be young again of Jove beseeke.

But, an' the cruel fates so fixed be

That time forepast cannot return again,
 This one request of Jove yet prayed he,
 That in such wither'd plight and wretched pain
 As eke, (accompanied with his loathsome train)
 Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,
 He might awhile yet linger forth his life;

And not so soon descend into the pit,

Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
 With reckless hand in grave doth cover it,
 Thereafter never to enjoy again

The gladsome light, but in the ground ylain,
 In dept of darkness waste and wear to nought,
 As he had never into the world been brought.

But who had seen him sobbing, how he stood

Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
 His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good

To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone,
 He would have mus'd, and marvell'd much whereon
 This wretched age should life desire to feign,
 And knows full well life doth but length his pain.

Crook'd back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear eyed,
 Went on three feet and sometimes crept on four,
 With old lame bones, that rattled by his side,
 His scalp all pil'd, and he with eld forlore:
 His wither'd fist still knocking at death's door,
 Fumbling and driveling as he draws his breath,
 For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale MALADY was plac'd,
 Sore sick in bed, her colour all foregone,
 Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste;
 Ne could she brook no meat but broths alone.
 Her breath corrupt, her keepers, every one,
 Abhorring her; her sickness past recure;
 Detesting phisick, and all phisick's cure.

But O the doleful sight that then we see;
 We turn'd our sight, and on the other side
 A grisly shape of FAMINE mought we see,
 With greedy looks, and gaping mouth that cried,
 And roar'd for meat as she should there have died;
 Her body thin and bare as any bone,
 Where to was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas, was knawn on every where,
 All full of holes, that I ne mought refrain
 From tears, to see how she her arms could tear,
 And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain;
 When all for nought she fain would so sustain
 Her starven corpse, that rather seem'd a shade,
 Than any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom stone wall could not stay;
 Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw;
 With gaping jaws that by no means ymay

Be satisfied from hunger of her maw ;
 But eats herself as she that hath no law ;
 Gnawing, alas, her carcase all in vain,
 Where you may count each sinew, bone and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fix'd our eyes,
 That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
 Lo, suddenly she shright in so huge wise,
 As made hell gates to shiver with the might,*
 Wherewith a dart we saw how it did light
 Right on her breast, and therewithal pale DEATH
 Enthrilling it to reve her of her breath.

And by and by a dumb dead corpse we saw,
 Heavy and cold, the shape of death aright,
 That daunts all earthly creatures to his law ;
 Against whose force in vain it is to fight ;
 Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight ;
 No town, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
 But all perforce must yeild unto his power.

His dart anon out of the corpse he took,
 And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
 With great triumph eftsoons the same he shook,
 That most of all my fears affrayed me ;
 His body dight with nought but bones, perdie,
 The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
 All, save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly stood WAR, in glittering arms yclad,
 With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hued,
 In his right hand a naked sword he had,
 That to the hilts was all with blood embrued ;
 And in his left, that kings and kingdoms rued,
 Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
 He razed towns, and threw down towers and all.

* What an admirable and highly poetical line !

Cities he sack'd, and realms that whilom flower'd
 In honour, glory, and rule above the best,
 He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
 Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceas'd,
 Till he their wealth, their name, and all opprest,
 His face forehew'd with wounds; and by his side
 There hung his targe with gnashes deep and wide.
 In midst of which depainted there we found
 Deadly DEBATE, all full of snaky hair,
 That with a bloody fillet was ybound,
 Outbreathing nought but discord every where;
 And round about were pourtray'd here and there
 The hugy hosts; Darius and his power,
 His kings, princes, his peers, and all his power!" * &c.

The merit of these descriptions does not require to be pointed out. They seem to me more picturesque, and of a more sombre and sublime cast than those of SPENSER himself. I trust my readers will think they illustrate the point, for which I have introduced them.

To return to Collins. His imagination, if not always quite as moral or as bold as Sackville's, was eminently beautiful and brilliant. In the *Ode to the Passions* the personifications are exquisitely picturesque, animated, and appropriate; the language is so purely poetical and finished, and the harmony of the numbers is so felicitous, as to leave it without a rival; and indeed without any attempt at rivalry in its own class. †

Dec. 14, 1808.

* *Mirror for Magistrates*, second edition, 1563. But these lines are extracted by Warton in his *History of English Poetry*, which I did not recollect when I first began to transcribe them.

† Mrs. Barbauld has prefixed an excellent Essay on Collins's Poetry, before her edition of his *Poems*, 1797; but in the view which I have taken, I am not aware that I have interfered with it.

N° LVII.

On Book-Making.

There cannot be a question, that re-combining the old materials of literature, without any new results, or even any material improvement of the order and method pursued, to which the term *Book-making* has been contemptuously applied, requires discouragement and censure. It is, no doubt, a common practice in these, and has been in all days, since the first invention of printing.

But it is equally certain that the word so understood is very often most grossly misdirected. This blame is often thrown upon volumes where new results arise from the new position of the matter; where research has been exercised in bringing it forward; or at least an active and cultivated memory employed in forming its new arrangement. As books increase, they still generate the necessity of others; and compilers, though not among the higher ranks of authors, are labourers whose services in the fields of literature are indispensable. They are often requisite to do the drudgery even of first gathering together and binding up the sheaves where others have cut the corn.

He, who tells me that he requires no aid to his memory, and that the repetition of any thing which is to be found in print among the books of his library, is absolutely superfluous, must either deem me very stupid, if he hopes to gain my belief, or must allow me to suppose his books very few, and the course of his studies exceedingly limited, I even consider no small benefit

benefit gained, in many cases, by the addition of a few notes, or a better type and paper.

The mere use of paste and scissars, the jumbling together the disjointed parts of books in a different form, merely by way of disguising the piracy, and for the mere purpose of lucre, is indeed vile and highly reprehensible. And every one must observe daily instances of this contemptible abuse.

If vanity induces a man, who dares not trust the powers of his own mind, to grasp at the fame of authorship, by re-editing the works of others, the passion is at least innocent, and often produces effects useful and laudable. But it is something much better than vanity that frequently generates this exertion. It is often a generous duty; and often a noble desire of a virtuous intellectual occupation in pursuits productive of public instruction or pleasure.

It may be admitted that persons so employed sometimes mistake the value of their materials, and sometimes when they judge rightly of them make a false estimate of the public taste. But for these errors or ill fortunes, no liberal or wise mind will blame their undertakings; nor need they despair that full justice will at length be done them. Time will weigh them in the true balance; and they will find their place according to their worth.

There was a day probably, when old Fuller was confounded by those, who when they get a cant term of censure deal it about them to the right and to the left, and always without discrimination, among the book-makers of his generation! I am afraid he was not totally without an occasional trait or two of it in some of his numerous works. But his predominant merits

have

have made his volumes buoyant over all these prejudices. His *Worthies*; his *Church-History*; his *Abel Redivivus*, &c. not only rise in price, but are found to contain large portions of instructive and amusing matter. His vivacity and his learning have surmounted his quaintness; and his diligence has brought together, if not exclusively preserved, numerous minute notices, which they who love to make the past predominate over the present will always highly value. Loyd, the imitator, and in many parts plagiarist, of Fuller, may more properly be called a book-maker; but even his volumes contain many memorials, and remarks, which are now become interesting. I cannot say much for poor Winstanley; but we sometimes see that contemptible scribbler quoted to this day by respectable authors; because he has intermixed here and there a scrap or two of original information.

If books were to be written by none but by men of the first genius; and nothing were to be said that had been said before, I am afraid that the lovers of new publications must be without a rational amusement, and the trades of printers and booksellers be nearly annihilated.

But this is the cant of a set of beings, who are determined to find fault, and whose interest and whose malignity it gratifies to deal in censure.

Dec. 17, 1808.

ART. XVII. *On Arrowsmith's Map; the Highland Roads; and the Caledonian Canal.*

A sense of public duty demands the insertion of the following important communication. No one will suspect the Editor of having local or personal prejudices on this subject to gratify.

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

Having lately seen your Miscellany, I read in it two communications from FACT AGAINST PUFF. These contain some severe truths, from the effects of which the Commissioners for Highland Roads and Bridges cannot escape; nor the Scotch nation claim exemption. I trouble you with this letter in order to explain to FACT the probable reason why Arrowsmith's Memoir has not been published; and to communicate some important information to the Commissioners, on a subject of which they appear to be as ignorant, as of the mode employed for constructing the great Map from Roy's justly celebrated Survey.

It is very well known, that in the Memoir there was a description of a new discovery by Mr. Arrowsmith, which was neither more nor less than that of a method of finding the variation of the magnetic needle. It is very probable that the Memoir was to be made subservient to the annunciation of the discovery; for on its being submitted to the revision of scientific men about two years ago or more, they pronounced Mr. Arrowsmith's lucubrations to be little if at all better than nonsense. I do not know that Mr. Arrowsmith is
yet

yet convinced that his discovery is good for nothing; but it is likely that he is; and that the Memoir has become so crippled by so severe an amputation as to be unfit to appear. Indeed it could contain no other information than that Professor Playfair, Mr. Nimmo of Inverness, and a few private individuals had compared the map with such parts of the country as they best knew. Mr. Playfair has often travelled through the Highlands and other parts of Scotland not frequented by ordinary tourists; and as he is undoubtedly one of the few profound mathematicians which inhabit Great Britain, his authority is of the highest order. Mr. Nimmo is a young man of very considerable talents and learning; and he has rendered a most important service in delineating the boundaries of the northern counties. While executing the task assigned to him, he experienced many of those privations and annoyances so glowingly described by your Correspondent in his second communication. In every instance when it was not possible for Arrowsmith to procure authority for deviating from the original survey, we find the map perfectly correct. But he has neglected many alterations which were necessary on account of the removal of villages, and the changes in the names of places, which have taken place since the survey was made. The Commissioners have certainly trusted too much to Arrowsmith, who ought to have been contented with the profits of publishing a copy of Roy's survey, without permitting his ambition to dare to correct it.

In one of the reports of the progress of the Caledonian Canal the Commissioners gravely state that a steam engine, which was not immediately wanted, had been sunk for *preservation* in one of the lakes. If this
statement

statement be true, it betrays a most unpardonable degree of ignorance. The meanest labourer on the canal knows that any thing made of iron, especially an apparatus, the goodness of which depends on the smoothness of its surface, will be destroyed by such treatment. How this has escaped censure in the House of Commons it is not easy to discover. But the statement is *false*, and the Commissioners have allowed themselves to be grossly deceived by their tutor Mr. Telford. The engine in question was put upon a raft, in order to render its conveyance easy. The raft *gave way*; and the *engine was lost*. Whether the canal was originally intended as a tub to amuse the Highland whale, or as a big gew-gaw to divert some great treasury babies I do not know. But the whale is tired of it; and Jolin Bull had better take care of those he trusts with such expensive playthings as steam-engines.

ANOTHER FACT AGAINST PUFF.

ART. XVIII. *Salle Tragedie di Vittorio Alfieri, da Asti.*

SONNET.*

1.

O HAIL, ALFIERI!—To thy tragic tone
 The GRECIAN BARDS, a band sublime appear,
 And with a pleas'd and deep attention hear
 A voice and spirit ah how like their own!
 Far was that spirit from our regions flown.

* I prefer the arrangement of the Sonnet which marks the recurrence of the rhimes by correspondent indentings.

SIENNA 1783 Quattro Tragedie. Quindci Traged: EDIMBORGO 1806.
 3 vols. 12mo—Editore il Dottor: ANTONIO MONTUCCI.

But

But Dante's self, the awful, the severe,
 Bends to thine accents the approving ear:
 Nor SHAKESPEARE breathes his energies alone.

2.

Light-rob'd SIMPLICITY, and keen-cy'd ART,
 And high-ton'd GENIUS, in thy labours join,
 And philosophic VIRTUE calm and free.

PITY and AWE fill the expanding heart;
 Exalt and purify!—such works divine
 Merit the glorious name of TRAGEDY.

Troston, 21 Oct. 1808.

C. L.

Die, NELSONI ultimâ Victoria & Morte, insigni.

 ERRATA

P. 201, Quinzain, l. 15. r. "purest day."—Sonnet III. v. 3.
 transpose thus :

When their melodious way graceful they wind
 Sonnet V. after "mourn" a comma—p. 204. Ruminator,
 No. XLIX. ΕΤΩΝΗ ΦΙΑΤΑΤΗ. iota subscript—stanza 2.
 l. 2. φαλαγγων.—ΕΔΟΑΡΔÖC Αυλγ.—st. 4. Δικησιε—st. 5.
 της μειον—St. 6. p. 205, ὀρμαινεσαι & φεβγος—st. 7. εστιν—st. 8.
 αμηχωνει—st. 9. Πιδαρικον in one word—st. 10. ΑΙΣΧΥΛΕΙΟΝ
 —st. 13. Μαθηματων—st. 14. p. 206, Σωσιπολει in one word—
 st. 16. εξελαμψε—st. 17. θεμις—Μαιμακλησιωνος.

CORRIGEND:

for Ταυτης γ. Της μεν γαρ.

ART. XIX. *Old Poetry.**Preceptes of Wisdom.*

| | | | |
|------------|-----------|---|-------------------------------|
| Credite | } not all | { | thow heerest others saye; |
| Saie thow | | | thow thinkest in thy mynde; |
| Covet | | | thow seest by night or daye; |
| Trust thow | | | thow knowest to be kinde; |
| Dispend | | | thow hast for fear of lack; |
| Doe thow | | | thow mayst for fear of wrack. |

In each beginning take good heed,
 The middle likewise well perpend;
 Proceeding, make not too much speed;
 Then mayst thow haply praise the end;
 Doo that is good, saie that is true;
 Cherishe old frindes, chainge for no newe.

Who speakes thee faire and looves thee not,
 Geve him good speech and trust him not;
 As good a foe that hurteth not,
 As frinde at need that helpeth not.

Ro. Da.

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. XX. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

A Prognostication for ever of Erra Pater, a jewe borne in Jewrye, and Doctour in Astronomie and phisicke. Profitable to kepe the bodye in health, and also Ptholomeus saieeth the same. This Prognostication serueth for all the world ouer. Oct. 12 leaves. b. l. n. d. or printer's name.

An angur prognosticating the events of the year from the day of the week on which it commences, can only awaken compassion for the credulity of some portion of the human kind. A specimen equally fallacious is the following;

" Of

“ Of the signification of thonder in every day of the weake. If it thonder on the Sondaye, there wil be a great death of clarkes, of judges, and other pervers people by signification. If on the Mondaye it chaunce to thonder, then many women shall dye, and the corne will suffer an eclipse by signification. If it thonder on Tuesdaye it betokeneth plentie of corne. If on Wednesdaye it chaunce to thonder, it betokeneth that yere that common women and lighte wenches and folishe women shall die, and then shal be great bloudsheding. If it thonder on the Tuesday then shal be great chepe of corne. If on Friday it chaunce to thonder it betokeneth that a great man shalbe slaine, and diuers other murthers shalbe done. If on Saturday it chaunce to thonder it betokeneth that then shall be a generall pestilent plague whereof many shall die &c. Expilcit. Thus endeth this prognostication for euer.”

Art. 2. *A Modell of trvths or a Discovery of certain reall passages of this Párliament. Printed in the Yeaere 1642, qto 4 leaves.*

Prefixed is “ a copy of a letter sent from London to one Mr. N. C. living in Gloucester,” in answer to a desire of knowing the occurrences of the great throng swarmed together, “ commonly called the High court of Parliament; but things of this sort are of such a spreading nature, that what is newes when I write it, may grow old ere you have read it.” Not fearing to offend “ with a *Crambe*,” and being easier put to tune, the writer “ thought fit to deliver in that habiliment of a Madrigall.” The Poem is in nine stanzas, from which are selected the fourth and fifth.

“ They would not have the Kingdome fall
By an ignoble funerall,

But

But piously preferre the Nation
 To a renowned Decollation.
 The feet and lower parts 'tis sed,
 Would trample on, and off the head ;
 What e're they say this is the thing,
 They love the Charles, but hate the King.
 To make an even Grove, one stroake
 Should lift the Shrub unto the Oake.
 A new found musicke, they would make
 A Gamut, but no Ela take.

This is the pious good intent
 Of Priviledge of Parliament.

In all humility they crave
 Their Sovereigne to be their slave,
 Desiring him that he would be
 Betray'd to them most Loyally :
 For it were meeknesse sure in him
 To be a Vayvod unto Pym :
 And if he would a while lay downe
 His scepter, Majesty, and Crowne,
 He should be made for time to come
 The greatest Prince in Christendome.
 Charles at this time not having need,
 Thank'd them as much as if he did.

This is the happy wisht event
 Of Priviledge of Parliament."

A portion of this last stanza the reader will find inserted in most old collections of poetry as the humble petition of the House of Commons, with the King's answer.

Art. 3. *The Generall History of Women, containing the lives of the most holy and profane, the most famous and infamous in all ages, exactly described not only from poeticall*

fictions, but from the most ancient, modern, and admired Historians to our times. By T. H. Gent. London, printed by W. H. for W. H. at the sign of the blew Anchor, at the backside of the Roiall Exchange, 1657, oct. pp. 651.

At. p. 244 of this compilation, under the head of Incest, is inserted the story of the Mysterious Mother, transcribed from Byshop's Blossoms with trifling variation, which may be added to the account already given at p. 184 of the present volume.

In the Ductor Dubitantium, or the Rule of Conscience, &c. by Jeremy Taylor, 2d edit. 1671, the name of Manlius as an authority is converted into Comitolus; and given as what "was determined by a congregation of learned and prudent persons, in answering to a strange and rare case happening in Venice." The story is similar in principal facts, and the whole passage may be found among the Extracts at the end of "a Miscellany, containing, amidst a variety of other matters curious and interesting, remarks on Boswell's Johnson, &c. &c. by S. Whyte, and his son, E. A. Whyte." Oct. Dublin, 1799.

Art. 4. *The Choise of Change; containing the triplicities of Diuinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie; Short for memorie; profitable for knowledge; and necessarie for maners; whereby the learned may be confirmed, the ignorant instructed, and all men generally recreated. Newly set forth by S. R. Gent. and Student in the Vniuersitie of Cambridge. Tria sunt omnia. At London, printed by Roger Warde, dwelling neere Holburne Conduite, at the signe of the Talbot. An. Dom. 1585. qto. 58 leaves.*

"To the right honorable Sir Henry Herbert, knight of the most noble order of the garter, Lord of Cardiffe mannor and S. Quintin, and Earle of Pembrocke, the right worshipfull

shipfull Sir Philip Sidney Knight, with the right worthy Gentleman M. Robert Sidney Esquire, S. R. wisheth increase of vertuous qualities in the mind, of the gifts of the body, and goodes of Fortune.—I present these my three bookes of Diuinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie (comprized together in one volume) vnto you three right H. and W. (who are linked and vnited together in an indissoluble band of amitie and fraternitie) humbly requesting that you wil countenance them with fauour, and patronage them by your authoritie, that thereby they may eschew the reproches of malicious tongues, and bleare the enuious eyes of such as pryce at other mens faultes in the water, which cause thinges seeme bigger then they be; but regard their owne faultes as through small nets, which cause things to seeme lesse.—Your Honor and Worships to commaund. S. R.”

“ To the reader. 1. He that knoweth not that he ought to know, is a brute beast among men. 2. He that knoweth no more than he hath need of, is a man among brute beasts. 3. He that knoweth all that may be knowen, is a God among men. 1. Read willingly. 2. Correct friendly. 3. Judge indifferently.

Of each article, diuinity, philosophy, and poetry, there are the first and second hundredth only, leaving the work incomplete as to the triple number of books. The following class under the head of poetry.

“ There is a scarcitie of 3 sortes of men in this our age. Of priests, for if there were not, one should not need to haue 3 or 4 benefices. Of noble men, because citizens doe aspire to honor, and buy nobilitie. Of Jewes, because christians make an occupation of vsury.”

“ Whosoever will retaine a Lawier, and lawfully seeke his owne right, must be furnished with 3 pockets. In the first pocket he must haue his declarations and certificates, wherewith he may shew his right. In the second pocket

he must haue his red ruddockes ready, whiche he must giue vnto his Lawier, who will not set penne to paper without them. In the third pocket he must haue patience, which must stand him in stead when his Lawiers do delay him, and when sentence passeth against him."

" Mens iudgements differ much in these 3 things. Bookes. For one saith, this booke is too long, another too short, the 3 of due length, and for fine phrase and stile, the like that booke was not made a great while. It is al lies said another, y^e. booke is starke naught. Wine. For concerning the qualities of wine, men are diuersly affected. Ah, this is hard wine quoth one; it is too sweete in my opinion said another; nay, nay quoth the 3 ma, it is sharp and piercing me thinkes. It is a cup of neate wine said the owner; I said another it hath a good smacke of the caske, it will doe a man as much good in his shoes, as in his belly. Cheese. For diuerse hath diuers tastes in seuerall mens mouthes. He saith, it is too salt; he saith it is too fresh; he saith it is too hard; he saith it is too nesh. It is too strong of runnet, saith he. It is, saith another, not strong enough for me. It is sayd one as good as can be. Hereof no two of any ten can agree. So that, no booke, no wine, no cheese, be it good or bad; but praise and dispraise it hath, and hath had."

Art. 5. *A very proper treatise, wherein is briefly sett forthe the arte of Limming, which teacheth the order in drawing & tracing of letters, vinets, flowers, armes and Imagery, & the maner how to make sundry sises or grounds to laye siluer or golde vppon, and how siluer or golde shal be layed or limmed vppon the sise, and the waye to temper golde & siluer and other mettales and diuerse kyndes of colours to write or to limme withall vppon velym, parchment or paper, & how to lay them vpon the worke which thou entendest to make, & howe to vernish yt when thou hast done, with diuerse*

uerse other thinges very mete & necessary to be knowne to all suche gentlemenne, and other persones as doe delite in limning, painting or in tricking of armes in their right colors, & therfor a worke very mete to be adioined to the bookes of Armes, neuer put in printe before this time. Imprinted at London in Flete strete within temple Barre, at the signe of the Hande & starre, by Richard Tottill, an. 1573. Cum Priuilegio. 4to. 12 leaves.

This little collection of Receipts to assist in the art of limning is principally for emblazoning arms; gilding; and the mode of tracing with a pen; probably intended to assist the scribe in illuminating initial letters; an art now entirely neglected. Herbert notices only one edition printed by Purfoot, as the assignee of Tottill, 1583. In the catalogue of John Strange, Esq. 1801, are two copies, one printed by Purfoot, 1588, and another described as "The art of Limning, &c. with the names of all such colours, &c. as are mentioned and conteyned in this present booke, and are for the most part to be sold at the Potecaries," by same printer, 1596. This varying of title accords with the present copy, as the enumeration of colours is inserted at the last folio. The following receipt is yet in estimation. "To renewe olde and worne letters. Take of y^e best galles you can get & bruse them grosly then lay them to steepe one day in good whyte wine. This done distill them with the wyne, and with the distilled water that commeth of them, you shal wet ha^dsomly the olde letters with a little cotton or a small pe^cel, & they will shewe freshe & newe again in suche wyse as you may easely reade them."

Conduit street.

J. H.

ART. XXI. *Lines by Dr. Cowper, Father of the Author of the Task.*

Dr. Cowper addressed a poetical Epistle many years ago to the first Duke of Chandos, from whence the following extract

tract* is taken. (Dr. Cowper is said to have excelled in ballad-writing.)

Good-natur'd wit, a talent is from heaven,
 For noblest purposes to mortals given :
 Studious to please, it seeks not others harm,
 Cuts but to heal, and fights but to disarm.
 It cheers the spirits, smooths the anxious brow,
 Enlivens industry, and chaces wo :
 In beauteous colours dresses homespun truth,
 And wisdom recommends to heedless youth.
 At vice it points the strongest ridicule,
 And shames to virtue every vicious fool!
 Like you, my Lord, it all mankind invites ;
 Like you instructs them, and like you delights.

ART. XXII. *Literary Obituary.*

1808. October 20, at Pentonville, æt. seventy-five, Mr. John Coote, formerly a bookseller in Paternoster-row, a native of Horsham in Sussex. He was author of an Opera and five Farces, three of which have been printed.

Oct. 23. Rev. James Hare, Rector of Coln St. Denis, co. Glouc.; and Vicar of Stratton St. Margaret's, Wilts; author of an *Essay on Scepticism*, and several Sermons.

Oct. 30, at his Rectory of Ruan Lanyhorne, Cornwall, the learned and Rev. John Whitaker, born at Manchester, about 1735. He was educated at Oxford, where he obtained a Fellowship at C. C. C.; took the degree of A. M. 1759; and proceeded B. D. 1767. In 1771, he published the first volume of his *History of Manchester*, 4to.; and the second volume appeared in 1774. He had already published the

* Duncombe's Letters to Archbishop Herring, p. 69, 70.

Genuine History of the Britons asserted, in an 8vo. volume, 1772. In 1773, he held for a short time the morning preachingship of Berkeley chapel, London; and during his residence in the capital, he became acquainted with Johnson, Gibbon, and many other literary characters. In 1778 he obtained from his college the valuable rectory of Ruan Lanyhorne. In 1783 he published *Sermons upon Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell*; and he was author of a controversial tract, entitled *The Origin of Arianism*; of *The Real Origin of Government*, expanded from a sermon into a considerable treatise; and of *The Introduction to Flindell's Bible*. His *Mary Queen of Scots* appeared in 1787, in three vols. 8vo. He was author also of *The Ancient Cathedral of Cornwall*; and of a *Supplement to Polwhele's Antiquities of Cornwall*. He wrote also many articles for the *English Review*; *British Critic*; and the *Antijacobin Review*; and shewed his poetical talents by his contribution to the collection of *Cornwall and Devon Poetry*, two vols. 8vo. He was a great literary character; and good as well as great. He had an active and acute mind, and most vigorous imagination. An eloquent character of him appeared in the *Truro paper* of Nov. 5, (supposed to be written by Mr. Polwhele) which has since been copied into the *Gentleman's Magazine*, p. 1035, &c. &c.

Nov. 28. Sir Richard Hill, Bart. of Hawkstone in Shropshire, aged seventy-six, late M. P. for that county. His religious opinions are well known. He was of the sect of Whitfield in opposition to Wesley, and was author of a variety of pamphlets, in favour of the opinions which he embraced; of which one entitled *Pietas Oxoniensis*, was on the subject of the expulsion of his brother Rowland Hill, and five other students from Oxford in 1768, for preaching and praying there at prohibited times and places. Another brother is the Rev. Brian Hill, also an author. He is succeeded

ceeded by his next brother John, formerly M. P. for Shrewsbury, whose son, major-general Rowland Hill, a distinguished officer, is lieutenant-colonel of the 90th foot.

Dec. 17, aged eighty; the Right Honourable Charles Jenkinson, Earl of Liverpool, (whose father, colonel Jenkinson, who died 1750, was a younger son of Sir Robert Banks Jenkinson, Bart. who died 1738.) He was Under Secretary of State, 1761; and Secretary to the Treasury in 1763, and 1764; a Lord of the Admiralty 1766; and a Lord of the Treasury from 1767 to 1773. In 1786 he was created a Peer by the title of Lord Hawksbury; and appointed in that year Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. In 1796 he was advanced to the Earldom of Liverpool. He was author of *A Discourse on the establishment of a National and Constitutional Force in England*, 1756. Of *A Discourse on the conduct of the Government of Great Britain in respect to Neutral Nations, during the present War*, 1758. He edited *A Collection of Treaties from 1648 to 1783*, in three vols. 8vo. 1785; and about three years ago published an able *Treatise on the Coins of the Realm, in a Letter to the King*: to which the Edinburgh Review has paid great compliments. See *Longman's Biographical Peccage*, vol. i. p. 344.

The Index of this Volume will be given in conjunction with that of the next, peculiar circumstances having rendered it impossible to prepare it in time for this closing Number of the present Volume.

ERRATUM.

For Louth, read Zouch, p. 103.

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